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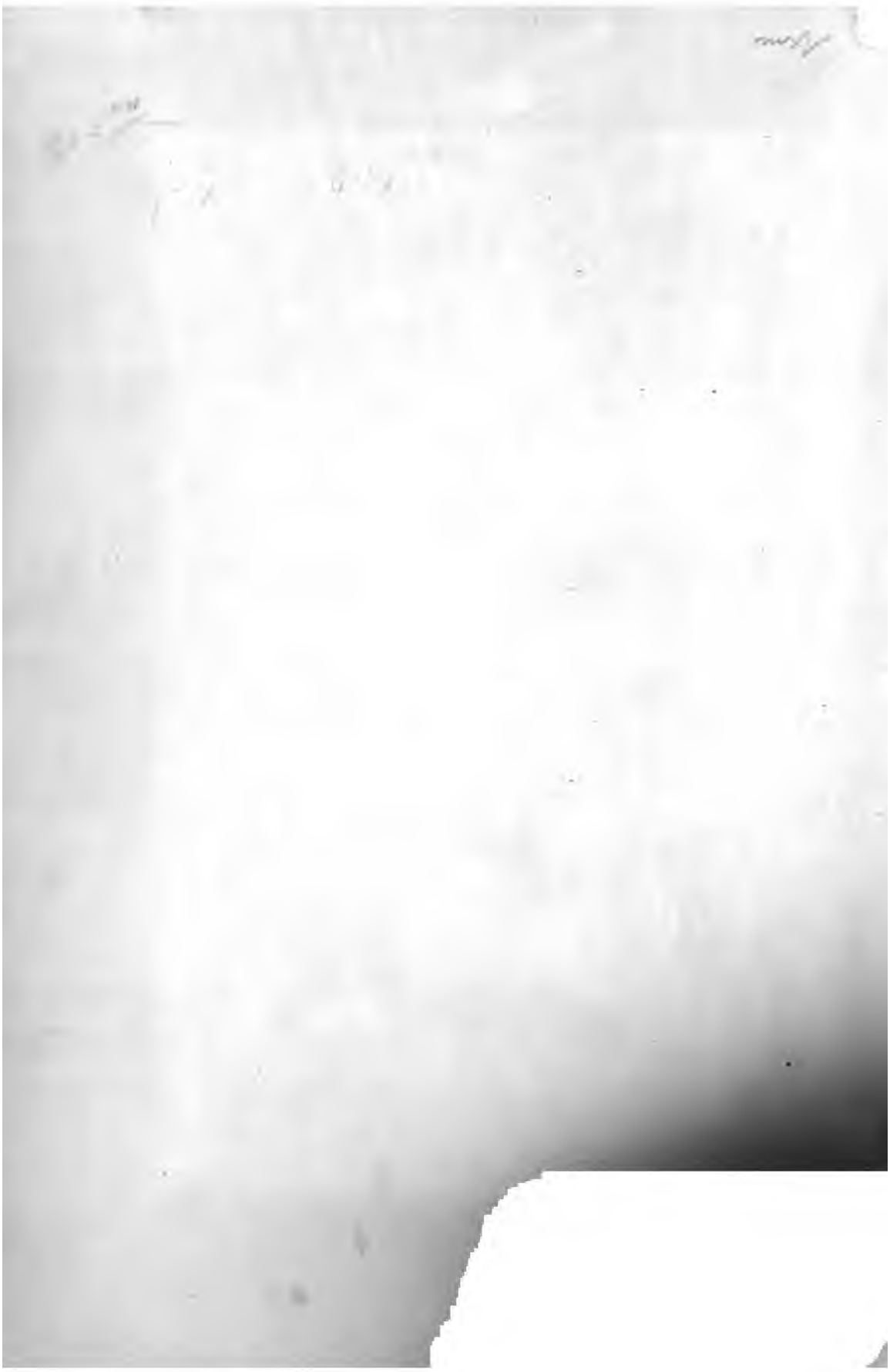

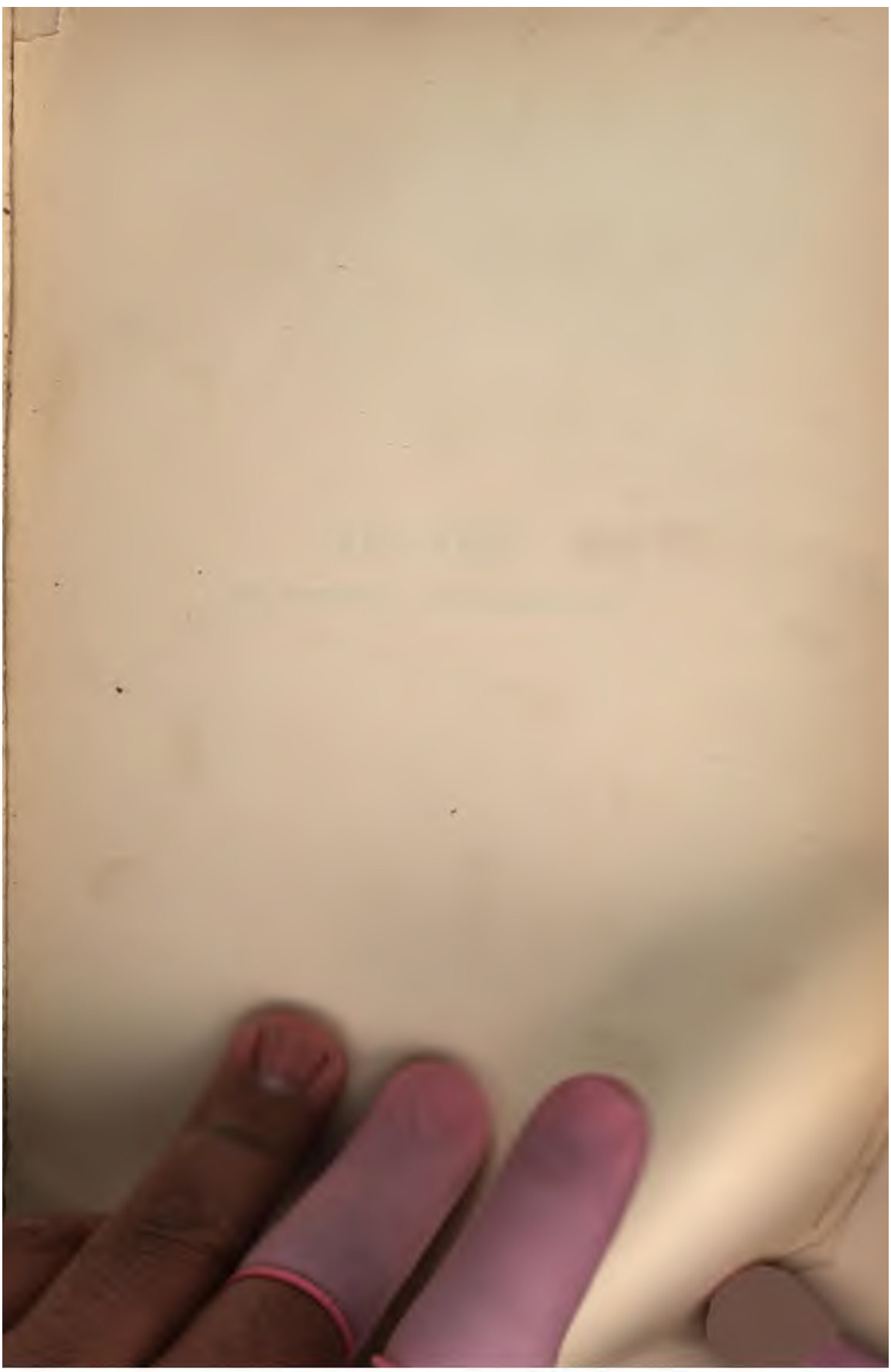

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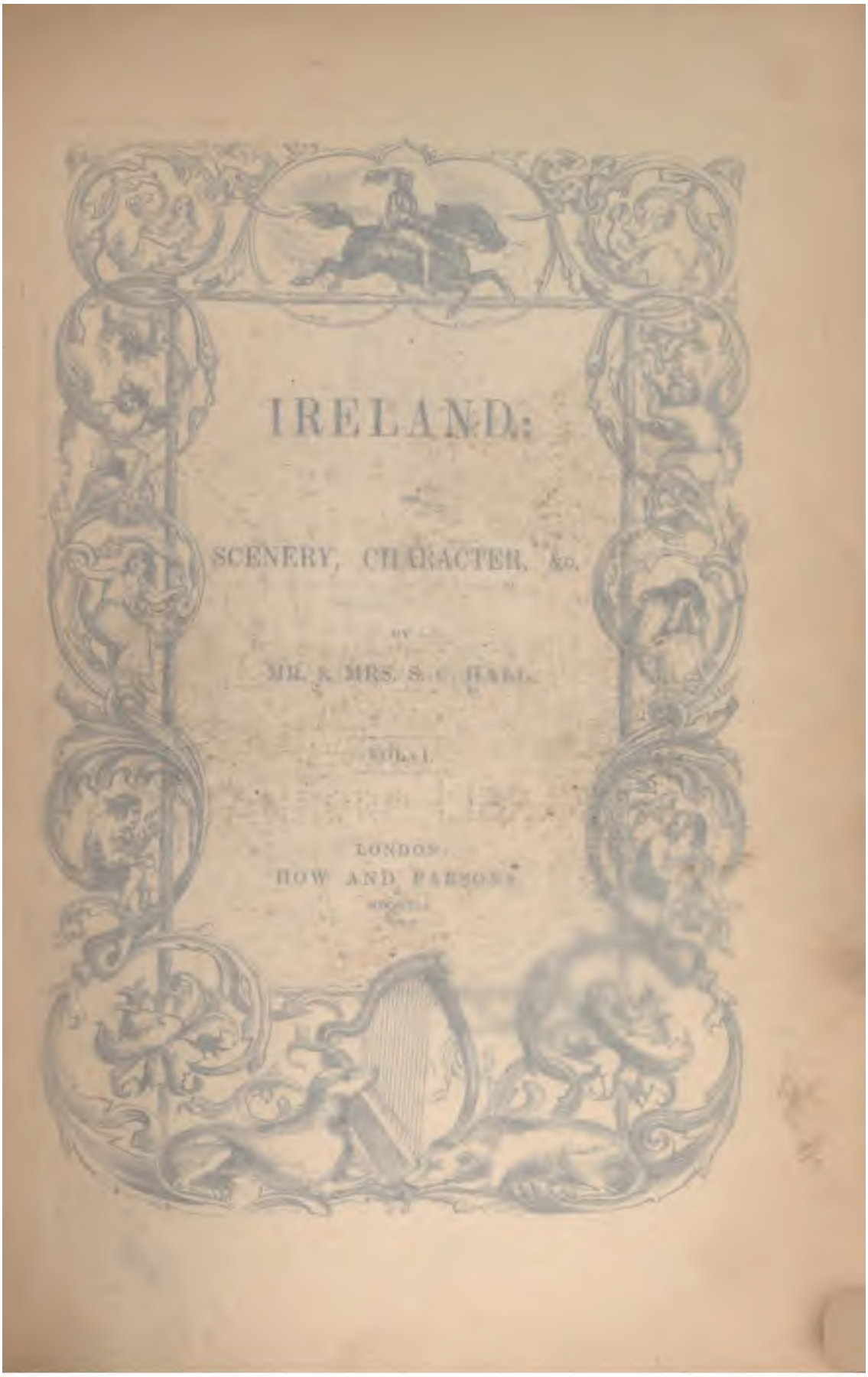

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BY

MR. & MRS. S. C. HALL.

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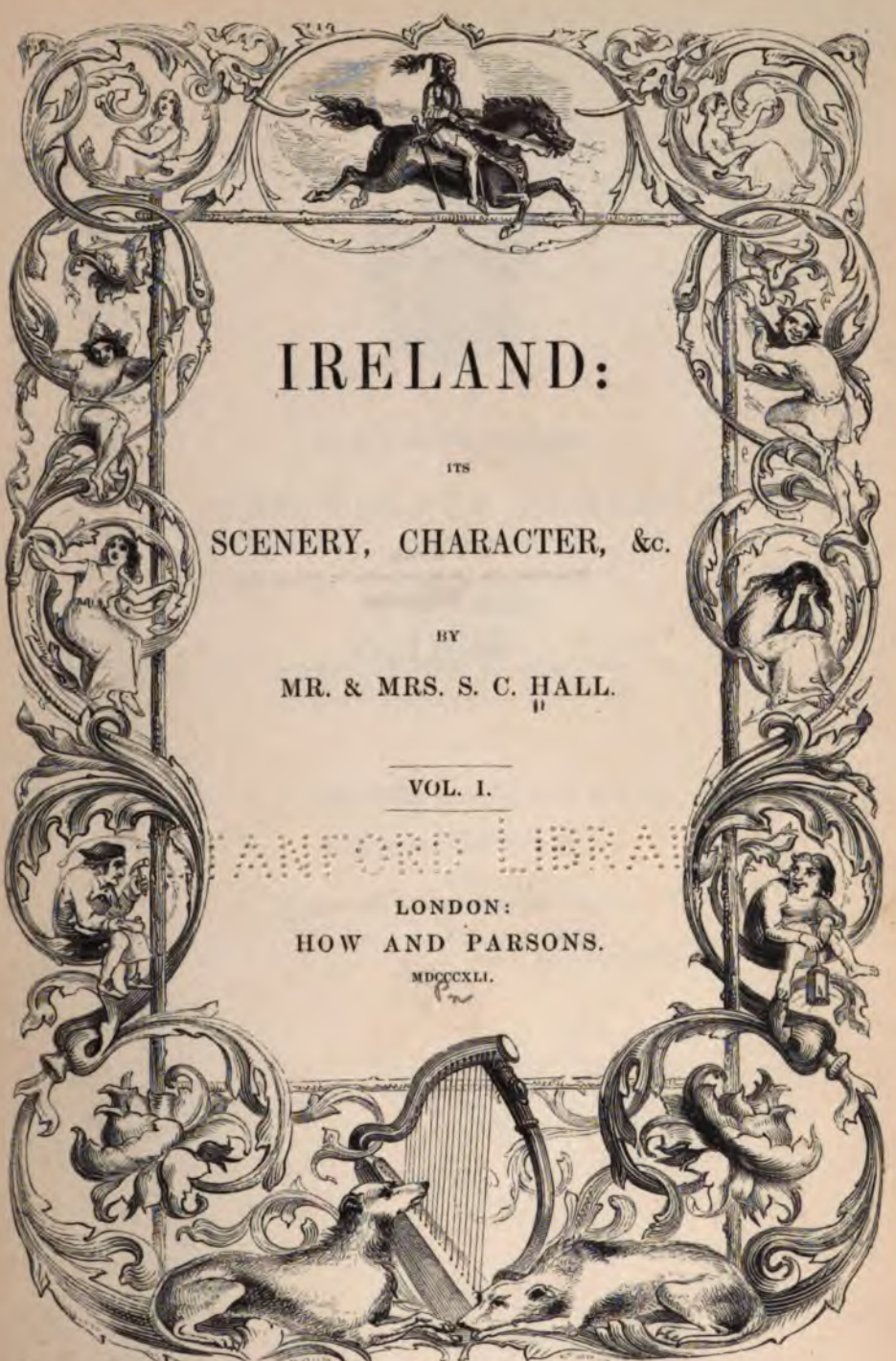

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TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE ALBERT,

ETC. ETC.

This Volume,

DESCRIPTIVE OF A COUNTRY WITH WHICH HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS IS SO CLOSELY,
AND SO AUSPICIOUSLY, CONNECTED,

IS,

BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY HIS FAITHFUL AND DEVOTED SERVANTS,

THE AUTHORS.

PREFACE.

It is necessary to preface, briefly, the First Volume of our Work on "Ireland;" chiefly, in order to express our grateful sense of the patronage it has received.

We are justified in assuming that it has not disappointed public expectation; for its sale has far exceeded our most sanguine hopes, having more than doubled the calculation of the Publishers. By the Press of England and Scotland—we believe universally—we have been greatly encouraged; and, also, by that of Ireland, with very few exceptions.

We have, therefore—we hope and think—induced that confidence in our honesty of intention, without which labour such as ours must be comparatively vain.

To have satisfied all parties, in Ireland, would have been a triumph we did not, for a moment, calculate on achieving. Although we have studied to avoid topics upon which opinions, in that country, are, unhappily, divided, it was impossible not to touch upon some of them; the rule we have laid down for our guidance, and to which we shall conscientiously adhere, is to

ENDEAVOUR TO CONSIDER EVERY SUBJECT, WITHOUT TAKING INTO ACCOUNT WHETHER IT IS SUPPORTED OR OPPOSED BY A PARTY — exercising our judgment only with a view to determine whether it is beneficial, or prejudicial, to the United Kingdom.

Unequivocal proof has been supplied us that we have, at least to some extent, succeeded in the attainment of our leading object —to direct public attention to Ireland, and to induce visiters to examine it for themselves. We repeat, there is no country in the world so safe or so pleasant for strangers; while so abundant is the recompense of enjoyment it can supply, that for every new visiter it receives, it will obtain a new friend.

We shall continue the work with the same anxiety to make Ireland more advantageously known to England—that the tie which unites them may be more closely knit; and that the people of both countries may think, feel, and act, as ONE PEOPLE. Under no other circumstances can the prosperity and happiness of either be essentially, or extensively, advanced.

THE ROSERY, OLD BROMPTON,
June 10th, 1841.

THE AUTHORS' ADVERTISEMENT.

THE work, of which the first Part is here presented to the reader, is the result of an early acquaintance with Ireland and its people; and of five several Tours made by the writers, together, since the year 1825—the latest of which took place during the autumn of the present year. They have, therefore, not considered it desirable to pursue any specified route, but will aim, rather, to give their general views of the condition and character of Ireland, as arising out of the various opportunities they have had, from time to time, for forming opinions. As some attention to ORDER is, however, indispensable, they purpose to divide the work into Counties, describing the more peculiar characteristics of each.

They have undertaken the task with a full consciousness of the difficulties they will have to encounter—difficulties that can be partially overcome only by a fixed determination in no instance to consult the wishes or intentions of any party; and a firm adherence to that honesty of purpose which can alone create confidence and produce success. Their great object is to promote the welfare of Ireland—but not by a sacrifice of truth; and their earnest hope is, that they may give effect to the care and consideration recently manifested by England towards Ireland, which cannot fail to increase the prosperity and happiness of both countries—their interests being mutual and inseparable.

Of late years a decided improvement has taken place among all classes throughout Ireland—referable to causes upon which it will be the authors' duty to comment.

The country is on the eve of a new era; from the one side jealousy and suspicion are gradually removing, and from the other, prejudice is rapidly departing. It cannot be doubted, that English capitalists consider Ireland a vast field in which judicious labour may be assured a profitable harvest; the barriers, which have heretofore obstructed the in-flow of their wealth, are giving way before the advancing spirit of the age; and it may be safely predicted that its great natural resources will be, ere long, made more largely available to the commercial, the agricultural, and the manufacturing interests of the United Kingdom.

Many valuable and important works, descriptive of Ireland, already exist, but they are, for the most part, local histories, which present so few attractions to the general reader, that they contribute little to increase intimacy between Ireland and England, or to establish that good understanding so essential to their well-being and well-doing. The proprietors of this publication, therefore, considered there was not only room for it, but that it was required by the public. The authors will labour with zeal and industry to obtain such topographical and statistical information as may be useful to those who visit Ireland, or who desire the means of judging correctly as to its capabilities and condition. But their especial duty will be to associate with more important details, such incidents, descriptions, legends, traditions, and personal sketches, as may excite interest in those who might be deterred from the perusal of mere facts, if communicated in a less popular form. Independently of their own actual observation and experience, they have the aid of many who have continually employed the pen or pencil—or both—in collecting and preserving records, that serve to throw light on the state of the country, and the character of its people; and they will endeavour to obtain the co-operation of others who are interested, with them, in making Ireland more advantageously known to England, and who have confidence in their competency for the due discharge of their important task*.

With a portion of the landscape embellishments—from paintings by Mr. CRESWICK

* The authors hope to be favoured with communications concerning matters of interest, connected with Ireland, from persons to whom they may be strangers, but who desire to forward their object and assist in giving completeness to their work. They will thankfully acknowledge any aid that may be rendered them.

—some persons may be familiar; but it was considered needless to procure others, when those at their command were not to be surpassed, either for accuracy, or for beauty of execution. Additions will be, of course, made to them. The wood-cuts will present such objects as shall seem best suited for that class of engraving:—fragments of architectural grandeur, ruins of ancient castles, characteristic portraits, natural productions peculiar to the country, relics of by-gone days, and fanciful visions of Irish superstitions;—all matters, indeed, that serve to illustrate and explain the course through which the traveller passes, or may be better understood by being pictured to the eye as well as to the ear; the design being to introduce illustrations sufficiently numerous to represent every object, from the most important to the most insignificant, that may be considered and treated as peculiar to Ireland.

With this view the zealous co-operation of many distinguished artists and amateurs has been obtained; among them may be mentioned,—

J. BELL.	W. HARVEY.	H. O'NEIL.
J. O. BRIERLY.	J. R. HERBERT.	T. S. PROUT.
W. H. BROOKE, F.A.S.	D. MACLISE, R.A.	G. F. SARGENT.
T. CROFTON CROKER.	H. MAC MANUS, R.H.A.	R. TONGUE.
LADY DEANE.	A. NICHOLL, R.H.A.	C. H. WEIGALL.
J. FRANKLIN.	J. NOBLET.	W. WILLES.

The Towers, the Castles, and the remains of Monastic Edifices, will be described, by the pencil, in the page that relates the more remarkable events in their several histories, and contrasts their present ruins with their former greatness. The Manners and Customs of the Irish will also afford ample scope from which to draw both entertainment and information;—the Baal-fire meetings on Midsummer eve; the patrons; the courtships; the weddings; the christenings; the wakes; the pilgrimages to holy wells; the sports on All-Hallow Eve, and the observances of Christmas; the peculiar dances and the music of the peasantry; the musical instruments, ancient and modern; the faction fights (now, happily, but shadows of what they were); and many other national points, usages, and ceremonies, will supply material for the pencil of the Artist, as well as the pen of the Writer. The Legends and Traditions of Ireland are full of interest; and its Superstitions are

rich in romance. It is, indeed, rare to pass a single mile, without encountering an object to which some marvellous fiction is attached. Every lake, mountain, ruin of church or castle, rath and boreen, has its legendary tale; the Fairies people every wild spot; the Banshee is the follower of every old family; Phookas and Cluricaunes are—if not to be seen, to be heard of, in every solitary glen. These stories the Authors will collect in their way; and not as gleaners merely; for the harvest, notwithstanding that so many labourers have been in the field, is, even now, but partially gathered in. For this department of the work too, the services of the Artist will be put into requisition. So with the PERSONAL SKETCHES of the peasantry; the Artist will go hand-in-hand with the Author in presenting them to the reader.

The Authors, therefore, trust they may be enabled to make the work attractive on the one hand, as well as useful on the other.

The Publishers, on their part, pledge themselves to spare no expense or exertion that may render the publication deserving of extensive patronage. It will be issued in Monthly Parts; each Part to contain Two Engravings of Scenery, upon Steel, an engraved Map of a County or District—carefully revised, according to the latest surveys, and, as far as possible, collated with the maps issued by the Ordnance, —with about Fifteen Engravings on Wood. The Letter-press will consist of Forty-eight large and closely-printed pages in super-royal 8vo. A Number will appear on the 1st day of the month; and it is designed to complete the Work in Twenty Parts. The Price of each Part will be Half-a-crown.

With the close of each volume, a title-page, &c. will be given, together with "directions to the binder," and at the conclusion of the work a carefully-compiled index.

THE ROSERY,
OLD BROMPTON,
Oct. 20, 1840.

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S. Adlard, Doctor's Commons

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IRELAND,

ITS SCENERY, CHARACTER,

&c. &c.

A VOYAGE TO IRELAND is, at present, very different from what it was, within our memory, before the application of steam had made its duration a matter of certainty, and enabled the traveller to calculate without reference to wind or tide. "The sailing-packet" was a small trader—schooner, or sloop; the cabin, of very limited extent, was lined with "berths;" a curtain portioned off those that were appropriated to ladies. In the centre was a table—seldom used, the formality of a dinner being a rare event; each passenger having laid in his own supply of "sea store," to which he resorted when hungered or athirst; finding, however, very often, when his appetite returned, that his basket had been impoverished by the visits of unscrupulous voyagers who were proof against sea-sickness. The steward was almost invariably an awkward boy, whose only recommendation was the activity with which he answered the calls of unhappy sufferers; and the voyage across was a kind of purgatory for the time being, to be endured only in cases of absolute necessity. It was not alone the miserable paucity of accommodation and utter indifference to the comfort of the passengers, that made the voyage an intolerable evil. Though it usually occupied but three or four days, frequently as many weeks were expended in making it. It was once our lot to pass a month between the ports of Bristol and Cork; putting back, every now and then, to the wretched village of Pill, and not daring to leave it even for an hour, lest the wind should change and the packet weigh anchor. But with us, it was "holiday time," and our case was far less dismal than that of an officer to whom we recently related it; his two months' leave of absence had expired the very day he reached his Irish home.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising that comparatively little intercourse existed between the two countries, or that England and Ireland

were almost as much strangers to each other as if the channel that divided them had been actually impassable.

The introduction of steam has made them, as it were, one island; the voyage, now, either from Liverpool to Dublin, or from Bristol to Waterford or Cork, is far more comfortable and less fatiguing than a journey to York; the natural effect has been that prejudices and popular errors are passing away from both countries, that a more just and rational estimate has been formed by the one of the other, and that a union, based on mutual interests, is rapidly cementing. The insane attempts to procure "Repeal" may retard, for a time, a consummation for which every upright British subject must devoutly wish; but a growing intelligence and an increasing intimacy are barriers which the advocates of the measure will vainly endeavour to break down. It is our intention to avoid, as far as possible, all irritating and party topics; but it will be our duty to consider England and Ireland as one country—to draw more closely the ties that unite them, and to condemn, as the most mischievous of all projects, that which either contemplates or leads to separation—the inevitable consequence of a repeal of the Union. Upon this subject, therefore, we may feel bound, hereafter, to submit to our readers the results of our observation and experience.

The steam-boats that ply between the two countries have, in fact, facilitated intercourse almost as much as a bridge across St. George's Channel would have done. The elegance with which they are fitted up, the moderate fares, and the attention to comfort, in all respects, have made the journey from England to Ireland an excursion of pleasure, instead of a weary, dangerous, prolonged, and expensive voyage. But they have produced advantages of far greater import; inasmuch as they have largely contributed to develop and increase the resources of the country and to improve the moral and social condition of the people. Sixteen years ago, the St. George Steam Company established packets between the port of Cork and the ports of Dublin, Liverpool, and Bristol, and, more recently, of London. The value of the poor man's property immediately augmented; previously, he was at the mercy of agents who purchased his produce at fairs, compelling him to sell at the prices they dictated, or to return with it, in many instances a distance of twenty miles. The old saying that "the pig paid the rent" was literally true; and the fair-day was always the rent-day. Now, he is, himself, very frequently, the export merchant, and accompanies to England his half score of pigs, his crate of fowl, or his hamper of eggs. Hence he obtains a knowledge of men and manners; naturally shrewd and inquisitive, he looks around him as he travels along; his curiosity is excited; he inquires and examines, and takes back with him

CORK.
Irish Miles.
English Miles.
Population 703,730.
English Acres 1,847,585.
Killmallock
Charleville
Cahir
Cloghern
Mitchelstown
Kilworth
Fermoy
Youghall
Middleton
Cobh
Passage
Queenstown
Killarney
Mill Street
Kanturk
Macroom
Bandon
Dunmanway
Bantry
Skibbereen
Castletownsend
Crookhaven
Mizen Hd
Fastnet
Berehaven
Glengariff
Bantry Bay
Dunmanus Bay
Roaring Water Bay
Kenmare River
Blackwater R.
Nagle Mts
Boggrah Mts
Mackerry Mts
Derrynasaggart Mts
Coom Diarmid
Priests Leap
Cork Harbour
Ballycotton B.
Youghall B.
Old Head of Kinsale
Courtmacsherry B.
Clonakilty B.
Kilbrittain Castle
Timoleague
Ballinspittle
Kinsale
Oysterhaven
Ballymacoda
Ballycotton
Ballintemple
Ballinacurra
Rostellan
Aghada
Ardgroom
Glanmire
Blarney
Inchigeelagh
Ballingeary
Gougane Barra L.
Lough Allua
Lough Ine
Castle Island
Dursey I.
Bere I.
Whiddy I.
Long I.
Cape Clear I.
Fastnet Rock
Sheep Hd
Three Castle Hd
Mizen Hd
Dursey Hd
Toe Hd
Galley Hd
Old Head of Kinsale
Ballycotton
Roche's Point
Spike I.
Haulbowline I.
Great I.
Carlisle Fort
Camden Fort
Cove
Queenstown
Cork Harbour
Roaring Water B.
Bantry B.
Kenmare River
Atlantic Ocean
St. George's Channel
Limerick
Waterford
Tipperary
Longitude West 9 from Greenwich.
10
9
8
52

notions of improvement and of the profit to be derived therefrom, which he not only turns to account, but disseminates among his neighbours.* As will therefore be expected, a material change for the better has taken place throughout Ireland—perceptible even in the remotest districts, but very apparent in the vicinity of sea-port towns. The peasantry are better clad than they formerly were, their cottages much more decent, their habits far less uncivilised. The very lowest class, perhaps, has not yet felt the full benefit of this movement, but every grade above that class has essentially advanced; in all respects the people of Ireland are gradually but certainly assimilating with the people of England.

Undoubtedly this most beneficial change may be dated from the introduction of steam into commerce; but it has been greatly promoted by other circumstances upon which we shall have to comment. In the year 1838 we made a tour in Ireland, and in 1840 another. The improvement, within these two years, was so extraordinary as almost to exceed belief: during our previous visits we noted comparatively little alteration in the external aspect of the country or in the condition of its people, from what we had known them twenty years ago; but, of late, the "move forward" has been wonderful; and if the future progress be in proportion, the serviceable results to the country cannot be estimated at too high a rate.

Hitherto, however, although steam has so largely aided in inducing visits from Ireland to England, visitors to Ireland from England have not, in the same ratio, increased. Happily, many of the causes that produced this evil exist no longer, and others are rapidly disappearing. It will be our leading object in this publication to induce the English to see and judge for themselves, and not to incur the reproach of being better acquainted with the Continent than they are with a country in which they cannot fail to be deeply interested, and which holds out to them every temptation the traveller can need—a people rich in original character, scenery abundant in the wild and beautiful, a cordial and hearty welcome for the stranger, and a degree of safety and

* Some idea of the extent of "stock" exported from Ireland may be gathered from the following return supplied to us at the single port of Cork; from the 1st June, 1839, to the 31st May, 1840 there were conveyed by the St. George Steam Company—

Cows,	5468	valued at	£54,700
Horses,	900		18,000
Pigs,	35,875		71,750
Sheep,	15,210		15,500
Fowl,	200	(crates)	1,000
Eggs,	7,883	(hampers)	24,000
Butter,	121,859	(firkins)	243,718
		Total	£428,668

security in his journeyings, such as he can meet in no other portion of the globe. In all our tours, we not only never encountered the slightest stay or insult, but never heard of a traveller who had been subjected to either; and although sufficiently heedless in the business of locking up "boxes" at inns, in no instance did we ever sustain a loss by our carelessness. We may add that travelling in Ireland and the charges connected with it are so moderate, that a month at Killarney shall cost less, the journey from London included, than would be expended, during the same time, at Ramsgate or Cheltenham.

The usual routes to Ireland are either from Bristol to Cork or Waterford, or from Liverpool to Dublin. The voyage across occupies, generally, to Cork twenty-four hours, to Waterford twenty hours, and from Liverpool to Dublin twelve hours; although it is frequently made in much less time. The shortest sea-passage is between Holyhead and Dublin, which is usually made in six hours.

Our Work commences with Cork.

The distant appearance of Cork harbour, from the seaward approach, is gloomy, rocky, and inhospitable; but as its entrance between two bold headlands—scarcely half a mile apart and crowned by fortifications—opens upon the view, its character undergoes a complete change. The town of Cove, with the island of Spike, forming a sort of natural breakwater, and several smaller islands, give variety and interest to a noble expanse of sea that spreads out,

like a luxuriant lake, to welcome and rejoice the visitor; its sparkling billows heaving and tumbling in sportive mimicry of the wild and wide ocean without. The harbour is one of the most secure, capacious, and beautiful of the kingdom,

THE FERRY AT PASSAGE.

CORK.

London Published by Tilt & Fortune

and is said to be large enough to contain the whole navy of Great Britain. It is diversified by other islands besides that of Spike; one of which, Haulbowlin —the depot for naval stores—is represented (on the opposite page) with the fishing-boats waiting for the tide to proceed to sea.

Another, "Rocky Island," is the government depot for gunpowder; the store-rooms are excavated in the solid rock, and communicate with each other by apertures in the sides. We thought it a desirable subject for the engraver. Passing Monkstown and Passage, two pretty and picturesque villages, which, together with the town of Cove, we shall presently describe, the vessel proceeds from the latter place, a distance of ten miles, to the Quay of Cork. To do full justice to the exceeding beauty of the river Lee is impossible. On either side, immediately after passing the harbour's mouth, numberless attractive objects, in succession, greet the eye; and the wild and the cultivated are so happily mingled, that it would seem as if the hand of taste had been everywhere employed, skilfully, to direct and improve nature. Moore during one of his visits called it "the noble sea avenue to Cork;" and an Eastern traveller, with whom we journeyed, observed that "a few minarets placed in its hanging gardens would realise the Bosphorus." As we proceed along, the land seems always around us; and from its mouth to the city quays, the river, in its perpetual changes, appears a series of lakes, from which there is no passage except over one of the surrounding hills. These hills are clad, from the summit to the water's edge, with every variety of foliage; graceful villas and ornamented cottages are scattered among them in profusion, and here and there some ancient ruin recalls a story of the past. A sail from Cork to Cove is one of the rarest and richest treats the island can supply, and might justify a description that would seem akin to hyperbole. It is, therefore, not surprising, considering also the cheapness and rapidity of the passage to and fro, that a vast proportion of the citizens have

dwellings, magnificent or moderate, according to their means, along the banks of their glorious and beautiful river; although it is to be lamented that its attractions too generally wile them from business, and keep them at "the receipt of custom" but for a few hours of the day.

The moment the voyager lands, he is impressed with a conviction that the natural advantages of Cork have been turned to good account. There is bustle on the quays; carriages and carts of all classes are waiting to convey passengers or merchandize to their destination; and an air of prosperity cheers him as he disembarks.

Unhappily, however, the first peculiarity that strikes a stranger on landing here, or, indeed, in any part of Ireland, is the multiplicity of beggars. Their wit and humour are as proverbial as their rags and wretchedness; and both too frequently excite a laugh, at the cost of serious reflection upon their misery and the means by which it may be lessened. Every town is full of objects, who parade their afflictions with ostentation, or exhibit their half-naked children, as so many claims to alms as a right. Age, decrepitude, imbecility, and disease, surround the car the moment it stops, or block up the shop-doors, so as, for a time, effectually to prevent either entrance or exit. In the small town of Macroom, about which we walked one evening, desiring to examine it undisturbed, we had refused, in positive terms, to relieve any applicant; promising, however, the next morning, to bestow a halfpenny each, upon all who might ask it. The news spread, and no beggars intruded themselves on our notice for that night. Next day, it cost us exactly three shillings and tenpence to redeem the pledge we had given; no fewer than ninety-two having assembled at the Inn gate. We encountered them, nearly in the same proportion, in every town through which we passed.

It is vain to plead inability to relieve them; if you have no halfpence the answer is ready, "Ah, but we'll divide a little sixpence between us;" and then comes the squabble as to which of the group shall be made agent for the rest. Every imaginable mode of obtaining a gratuity is resorted to; distorted limbs are exposed, rags are studiously displayed, and, almost invariably, a half idiot, with his frightful glare and paralysed voice, is foremost among them. The language in which they frame their petitions is always pointed, forcible, and, generally, highly poetic:—"Good luck to yer ladyship's happy face this morning—sure ye'll lave the light heart in my bussom before ye go?"—"Oh, then, look at the poor that can't look at you, my lady; the dark man that can't see if yer beauty is like yer sweet voice;"—"Darling gintleman, the heavens be yer bed, and give us something;"—"Oh, the blessing of the widdy and five small children, that's waiting for yer honour's bounty, 'ill be wid ye on the road;"

—"Oh, help the poor craythur that's got no childre to show yer honour—they're down in the sickness, and the man that owns them at sea;"—"Oh, then, won't yer ladyship buy a dying woman's prayers—chape?"—"They're keeping me back from the penny you're going to give me, lady dear, because I'm wake in myself and the heart's broke wid the hunger." Such are a few of the sentences we gathered from the groups; we might fill pages with similar examples of ingenious and eloquent appeals. There is no exaggeration in the striking but melancholy scene the artist has portrayed.

A beggar, on receiving a refusal from a Poor Law commissioner, addressed him with "Ah, then; it's little business you'd have only for the likes of us;" another, vainly soliciting charity from a gentleman with red hair, thrust forward her child, with "And won't ye give a ha'penny to the little boy? —sure he's foxy like yer honour." "You've lost all your teeth," was said to one of them.—"Time for me to lose 'em when I'd nothing for 'em to do," was the reply. Some time ago, we were travelling in a stage-coach, and at Naas, where it has been said "the *native* beggars double the population of the town," a person inside told a troublesome and persevering applicant, very coarsely, to go to ——. The woman turned up her eyes, and said, with inimitable humour, "Ah, then it's a long journey yer honour's sending us; may be yer honour 'll give us something to pay our expenses." We saw, in Waterford, a gentleman angrily repulse a beggar, with a call to his servant to shut the door; and an odd soliloquy followed: the woman half murmured and half hissed, "Shut the door; and that's it, is it? Oh, then, that's what

I'll be saying to you when ye want to pass through the gate of heaven. It's then I'll be saying to St. Peter, shut the door, St. Peter, says I, to a dirty nagur, that 'ud disgrace the place intirely, says I—and ye'll be axing me to let ye in; the never a fut, says I—shut the door, says I; shut the door! Ould go-by-the-ground (the person who had excited her wrath was of diminutive stature,) what 'll ye say then?" "May the spotted fever split ye in four halves!" was a curse uttered by a beggar who had been rejected somewhat roughly. "Foxy-head, foxy-head," was called out by one as a reproach to another; "That ye may never see the Dyer!" was the instant answer. Our purse having been exhausted, we had been deaf to the prayer of one who was covered so meagrely as scarcely to be described as clad: she turned away with a shrug of the shoulders, murmuring "Well, God be praised, it's fine summer clothing we have, any way." Once, —it was at Macroom, of which we have particularly spoken—among a group we noted a fair-haired girl. She might have been the study from which Mr. Harvey copied this picture; and let no one think it idealized. We have seen many such, along every road we travelled. Perfect in form as a Grecian statue, and graceful as a young fawn. The hood of her cloak shrouded each side of her face; and the folds draped her slender figure as if the nicest art had been exerted in aid of nature. There was something so sad, so shy, and yet so earnest, in her entreaty for "charity, for the love of God," that we should have at once bestowed it, had not a thin, pallid woman, whose manner was evidently superior to those around her, and whose "tatters" bore a character of "old decency," made her way through the crowd, and, struggling with excited feelings, forced the girl from our side. Curious to ascertain the cause of this interference, we followed them and learned it. "My name's Mac Sweeny," said the woman somewhat proudly, after a few preliminary questions, "and I am a lone widow, with five of these craythurs depending on my four bones. God knows 'tis hard I work for the bit and the sup to give them; and 'tis poor we are and always have been; but none of my family ever took to the

road or begged from any Christian—till this bad girleen disgraced them." The mother was sobbing like a child, and so was her "girleen." "Mother," said the girl, "sure little Timsy was hungry, and the gentleman wouldn't miss it." Our car was waiting; we had far to go that day, and we were compelled to leave the cabin without hearing what, we are sure, must have been a touching story; but we left the widow less heart-broken than we found her. As a contrast to this, let us relate an incident that occurred in Cork, where, by the way, the beggars seldom appear in public until nearly mid-day. We were sitting at the window of our hotel ("the Imperial," which for elegance and comfort may vie with any hotel of the kingdom); our attention had been frequently called from the book we were reading, by the querulous whine of a beggar, who uttered at intervals, not far between, the customary salutation of "Good luck to ye," and the usual accompaniment of "Lave us a ha'penny for God's sake; for the lone widdy and her five fatherless childre." As we had heard but few blessings follow the appeal, we concluded that her efforts were unsuccessful; the more especially as at times her prayer ended with an undefined growl that sounded very like its opposite. Still she kept her position, directly beneath our window. We had seen her there in the morning; her tattered grey cloak falling back from her long lean throat; her dirty cap so torn as to be insufficient to conceal her tangled tresses; her right hand supported by her left, so as to stand out in the most imploring posture; while she lolled first on one side, then on the other, sometimes balanced on her right, then on her left, foot—the sad picture of confirmed and hardened beggary. As the evening was closing in, we were calculating how much longer she would remain in the same spot, when a very loud double knock echoed from the opposite side of the street, followed almost immediately by the woman's strenuously repeated petition, with the addition of "Do, dear, honourable, handsome young gintleman, bestow a halfpenny on a poor lone widdy, with *seven* small starvin' little childre, that haven't broke their fast this blessed day." We looked out of the window and saw she had crossed over and was urging her request most emphatically, while the young man thundered again at the knocker. "Why thin, more power to yer elbow, and it's yerself that's strong enough in the wrist, anyhow. God keep it to ye, sir, and lave the little token of a halfpenny with the lone widdy and her seven fatherless childre." "I really have not any silver about me," drawled out the young man. "Bedad," replied the beggar, "I did not ax ye for silver nor goold, but for one halfpenny for the broken-hearted widdy and her poor little naked fatherless childre." "I tell ye I've no halfpence," he replied, losing what people should never lose in Ireland, seeing that the loss is taken

immediate advantage of—his temper. "Why thin, bad luck to ye," she exclaimed, setting both her arms a-kimbo and looking a fury—while the impatient youth knocked more loudly; "then what the dickins did ye bring me from my comfortable sate, across the street, wid such a knock as that for, if ye hadn't money in yer pocket—ye poor, half-starved, whey-faced gossoon!"

The beggars in the various towns have their distinctive characters, and they differ essentially from those who beg in the country. In the towns it is usually a "profession;" the same faces are always encountered in the same places; and they are very jealous of interlopers, unless good cause be shown for additions to "the craft." In Dublin they are exceedingly insolent and repulsive; in Cork, merry and good-humoured, but most provokingly clamorous; in Waterford, their petitions were preferred more by looks than words, and a refusal was at once taken; in Clonmel—we were there during a season of frightful want—they appeared too thoroughly depressed and heart-broken to utter even a sentence of appeal*; in Killarney they seemed trusting to their utter wretchedness and filth of apparel, as a contrast to the surpassing grace and beauty of nature all around them, to extort charity from the visiters; and in Wicklow, where we encountered far fewer than we expected (always excepting Glendalough), they laboured to earn money by tendering something like advice as to the route that should be taken by those who were in search of the picturesque. One had followed a friend of ours, to his great annoyance, for upwards of a mile, and on bidding him good-bye, had the modesty to ask for a little sixpence. "For what?" inquired the gentleman; "what have you done for me?" "Ah, then, sure haven't I been keeping yer honour in discoorse?" In the country, where passers by are not numerous, the aged or bed-ridden beggar is frequently placed in a sort of hand-barrow, and laid at morning by the road side, to excite compassion and procure alms: not unfrequently their business is conducted on

* In Wexford, charity had been so liberally administered by several of the resident gentry, and under such judicious arrangements, that, during our recent visit, we were met by the most practised beggars with only prayers and blessings, when driving into the town with a dear friend who had been foremost to aid, and who had actually stocked the market with food so as to compel a reduction of prices to the poor. "I'm not come," said one woman, who was accompanied by a troop of children, "I'm not come to ax yer honour's glory for anything; but only that the five childre ye saved from starving may look in yer sweet face."

the backs of donkeys; and often they are drawn about by some neighbour's child.

The reader will naturally inquire as to the influence of the New Poor Law upon a state of things certainly without parallel in any civilised country; to such an inquiry, however, we are, at present, unable to supply any answer. The act is in operation only in Dublin and Cork; and although architects are busy, in every district, erecting "poor-houses," it would be premature to offer an opinion as to its practical working. Before our task is finished we shall have had abundant opportunities for arriving at some definite conclusion in reference to a matter of vital importance. It was unquestionably a monstrous evil—that which left the aged, incompetent, and diseased, altogether to private charity; for, although charity is a fountain that, in Ireland, is never dry, the supply was insufficient and unwholesome, taxing largely the generous and humane, but levying no impost upon the selfish or indifferent.

It will be readily believed that, if a large proportion of the class consists of the idle, reckless, or unprincipled, the number of those who really want is by no means small: among a people very improvident, and living "from hand to mouth," a small deviation from the usual course of labour brings absolute destitution, and suggests the only mode, within reach, of continuing existence. Whole families are frequently met who have "taken to the road"—a phrase which denotes beggary as a business; the potato garden has been bared; the man is seeking labour at a distance from his home—perhaps in England; the cabin door has been closed; and the woman with her children are travelling from village to village, asking, and invariably receiving, aid "for the love of God" from the "good Christians." We might relate scores of strongly characteristic and not uninteresting anecdotes of parties who have thus fallen in our way; but our readers will permit us to tell one story, although in so doing we may encroach somewhat too largely upon the space we desire, as much as possible, to vary.

There is a beautiful terrace along the north bank of the Cork River; the gardens are so steep that the walks hang, as it were, one above the other; the houses stand on a sort of platform, and the hill at their back is beautifully planted with trees and evergreens; roses climb in the most luxuriant profusion—and clematis, honeysuckle, and various creeping plants, mingle with their branches. We had been spending the evening with some friends whose exquisite taste had converted their hanging garden into a little paradise; the air was so balmy, and the moonbeams fell athwart the river in such long silvery lines, that we preferred walking to driving to our hotel. While lingering in the porch, bidding our friends adieu, our attention was arrested by the tones of

a female voice; it was feeble but very sweet; the burden of the song was that of an old ballad we had heard some fishermen sing on the Shannon two years ago. There was a wail at the termination, that seemed in harmony with the faint voice which gave it utterance;—it was—

"And has left me all alone for to die."

We paused to listen; but the strain was not renewed. It had made us sad; our adieus were repeated in a quieter tone; and as we proceeded, in the calm moonlight, we spoke of the poor singer.

Suddenly the melody was recommenced; not in the same place, but nearer town, and we had lost sight of the pretty river-terrace before we overtook her. Our interest in the ballad was now changed to an interest in the woman, for her song was interrupted by heavy, yet suppressed, sobs. She was leaning against the gate of a small house, trying to continue it: at length she sunk upon the steps, exclaiming, "I can't, afther all, I can't." We placed a coin of trifling value in her hand.

"God bless ye—God bless ye—" she said faintly; "God bless ye, though it's little good this or anything else can do me now; God bless you for it anyhow!" It is never hard to open an Irish heart. A few kind words, almost a kind look, will do it. "And afther all," she said, in reply to our inquiries, "and afther all, my lady, sure I sung it all along the river for practice, that I might have strength for it when I got here; and now there isn't power in me to say a word, though I know there's one in that house whose heart would answer me, though maybe her lips wouldn't own they'd know me."

We desired the poor creature to call on us the next day. "I can't," she replied, "lady honey, I can't; I'm almost as bare of clothes as a new-born babe. Oh that my soul was as bare of sin!" It was impossible for human words or human voice to convey the idea of more acute misery than was made manifest by this sentence; it sounded like the knell of a broken heart. We managed, however, to see her again, and our interest in Mary Nolan—such was her name—was increased on finding that she was the daughter of a person who had been known to one of us in early childhood.

"I was once," said poor Mary, "not what I am now: I had a bright eye and a mighty gay heart, and I gave the light of the one and the pulse of the other to a boy of this county; and if I tell his name, you won't brathe it, for it would harrum her who I thought might have heerd and known the song I sung, if I'd the power to tune it rightly; but somehow music is like lead upon a bosom like mine, it crushes it down instead of lifting it up; I've not much

to tell; we loved each other well in those days, so well, that when he was led astray by many things that war going on through the counthry at that time, when he used to be meetin' the boys by night in the Ruins of Kilcrea, or maybe away in the county Limerick, by the dancin' waters of the Shannon, why I thought it right, and many a moonlight meetin' I gave him, and many a gallon of mountain dew I brought him from the hills; and my husband (for he was my husband; and many a one besides the Priest knew he was) had a fine voice, and often we sung together, and many a pleasant heart that beat its last in a far counthry, shook the laves off the trees with the strength of fine music. Oh! we thought to carry all before us. And at other times the meetins would be silent as the ould graves over which we trod, until the whiskey they took would send them over the counthry with hot breath and burning eyes; the end came, and soon—but not the end we looked for; my husband (for he *was* my husband) staid on his keepin' many, many weeks, a starvin', wretched man, wild among the mountains, set by the soldiers as a dog sets a bird in a field of stubble; I have watched with a dry potato and a grain of salt for him the length of a summer day, shifting about so as to keep under the shadow of a rock to steal such as that to him, knowing he was dying of hunger all the time, and seeing his fetch-like before me, yet daren't stretch out my hand to him with a bit to eat. Oh! it was a woful time, but worse woe was afther it. When men are set on to hunt each other they have wonderful patience.

"He was took at last; and three days I sate at the gate of the ould jail, though they wouldn't let me in; my throuble came upon me then, and though my heart was broke, my child lived; my husband (for he *was* my husband) was sentenced to die; I was in the court-house and heard it, and *that* I can never forget; they say I tore through the crowd, that I fell at the judge's feet and laid my child on his robe, that I asked him to kill us all, that I told him the witnesses swore false, that it was the whiskey I brought him stirred him up, and that I had earned death most; that I was mad—and I do believe that God heated my brain in his mercy, for I do not know what I did. Many weeks after, I found my poor old mother sitting by my side with my babby on her knee; I had been an undutiful daughter to *her*, yet when she heard of my trouble, she left her comfortable home in the west, and came to seek her child. Oh! the love of that mother's heart beat all! She gave me the babby to kiss; I would have asked for its father, but the darkness came over my eyes again, and no voice rose to my lips; only *she* knew what I meant, and 'Praise God, Mary, ma-vourneen,' she said, 'praise Him, a-vourneen, in yer heart, Mary, for he's *not* dead, only transported.' I spoke no word,

but the tears came thick and fast; I felt my mother wiping them off, and her breath on my cheek like a blessing!"

Poor Mary covered her face with her long shadowy hands, and I saw that the memory of her mother was tugging at her heart.

"She *was* a good woman," she resumed after a pause—"the heavens be her bed!—She was an honest industrious good woman—Oh, if I could but think she'd welcome me to glory, I'd die happy; she brought me up well, as far as book-reading went; but she let me grow wilful, and suffered for it in the end; oh! it's hard to suffer for love, and yet mine grew out of that. My poor mother, when I recovered, wanted to take me to her own place, but I could not content myself without my husband. I went to every one who had the knowledge and power of the counthry, and I asked to be let go out to him; they laughed, and said none but criminals were sent there. I had never kept back my will for any of them; I would not do it now; I forgot all my duties but the one; I became a criminal; I forced those who had jeered to send me out; and when with my babby still at my breast (for they didn't part us, as they told me they might) I got to the end of the voyage, I found he was almost as far away from me as ever, up the counthry, while I was to remain near the town. I thought I should have gone mad; I wrote to him; weeks and months passed and I had no answer; I gave so much satisfaction to my master that I was left at liberty. After long slavery I used that liberty to escape to him; I took my girl with me; I roved like a wild animal through as wild a counthry, but I found him—my first love! the thought of my life; my heart's core, for whose sake I had become a thief—I found him, married to the daughter of one of the overseers; a free man.

"At first he pretended not to know me, but I had kept my marriage lines in my bosom, and showed them to him; he came round, and promised if I would keep quiet a little he would do me justice; he said how well he was off, took his child in his arms, and kissed and blest it; I saw him do that much, anyhow; he brought us food, and made us rest under a shed close to where he lived; he came again that evening and laid the child on his bosom, and excused himself, as he always could, to me. And I forgot his falsity when I heard his voice and saw his face once more, though the sunshine of love had left it; he asked to look at my marriage lines; I gave them to him; in an instant he tore the paper into scraps; I fell on my knees and would have cursed him, but for my little Mary; she covered my mouth with her sweet innocent face; I could not curse then; the power left my limbs; I fell on the floor, and he stood by and offered me money, and threatened if I did not go, to send me back as a runaway convict. To this day I verily believe it was *himself* was in

with his fine clothes and *cowld* way; he bid me good night, said he would give me till the morning to consider of it; kissed the little girl, and left us. Weak as I was I crawled afther him, and saw his shadow on the grass; I wished for God to direct me and prayed for that; my child and I cried together, and before the day rightly broke, she said, 'Mother, let us go home,' and I got up, as well as I was able, and followed my little girl back to slavery.

"It was long before we reached where we had left, and I was afeard at first they'd be hard on me; but they wer'nt; and when my time was up they would have kept me there, but I wanted to set my foot on the sod once more, and to see my mother before she died; they would have kept the little girl but she would not leave me.

"When I got sight of ould Ireland, I felt as if my troubles war over; for a little while that lasted. I went to my old home; my mother was dead, though the grass wasn't grown on her grave. All I could do was to kneel on it with my child; what little property she had she had left me, though I was anything but worthy of it; it didn't thrive, and I feared that my poor girl would fall under her mother's ban; this thought was over me day and night; I heard that her father's sister was living near Cork (*she* knew that he *was* my husband) and I laid a case before her that I'd give up the child to her, for she had lost all her own; she agreed, on *one* condition—that I was never to see her more.

"Oh lady, it was hard; and I had to trap away my own child; to invent a rason for leaving her, and then she was to hear I was dead, which I will be soon, plase God!—they have changed her name, and for the last four years I've been begging over the poor counthry, going a round * betimes, and making my soul as I ought; but now, God help me, my heart fails me; I do want to see the face of my own child once more; I thought last night if she heard the song she'd know the voice; I was that heart-sore to see her that I think the last breath would lave me asy if I could just listen to her one word; and yet," she added, "I don't know why; God help me I don't know why; it was good of the woman to take her, she had no reason to think well of me, or of her father; God reward her; I heard from one who knows, that my poor child would be happy if she knew anything of her mother; and for all that she wouldn't be happy to see me as I am; I oughtn't to break my promise; but sure the love of a mother breaks through stone walls! I mind when I was a girl having taken a bird's nest and put it in a cage, and I tended the young ones

* "Going a round"—travelling from one sacred place to another, and saying a stated number of prayers at each. It is frequently undertaken "for the repose of a soul." At Kilcrea, we met a woman so aged as to be scarce able to walk, who had journeyed from the extreme end of Kerry in order to perform for her dead daughter a duty which the daughter had promised to do.

with the best of food, but the old birds would come with the first and with the last light—there they war feedin' and cherishin' the young, and I used to tell them their birds war better off than they could make them; but still they'd come, they'd come, and wail and murn—and wail and murn," repeated poor Mary mournfully. Her reason and affection were at variance; but I saw, as is generally the case with her countrywomen, that, if she lived, the love of parent towards child must triumph.

When we returned from Killarney, she had been dead some days; and although we knew the house in which her daughter resided, we had no means of ascertaining if she had seen her mother.

Cork holds rank as the second city of Ireland—in extent, population, and commercial importance. Its situation is low, having been originally built on marshy islands; whence its name—"Corcagh," signifying, in Irish, land occasionally overflowed by the tide; but the northern and southern suburbs stand upon high ground. Scarcely a century has passed since the river ran through its principal streets, which are formed by arching over the stream. The poet Spenser has happily deseribed—

"The spreading Lee, that like an island fair
Encloseth Cork with his divided flood."

In a very rare tract, so rare indeed as to be said to be unique, entitled "A relation of the most lamentable burning of the city of Cork by thunder and lightning," which was printed in London in 1622, the following graphic account of old Cork occurs:—"The citie of Corke hath his beginning upon the side of an hill, which discendeth easily into one wide and long streete; the onely principall and chiefe streete of the cittie. At the first entrance there is a castle called Shandon Castle, and almost over against it, a church built of stone, as the castle is a kinde of marble, of which that country yeeldeth store. The cittie hath many houses built of the same stone, and covered with slate. But the greatest number of houses are built of tymber or mudde walls, and covered with thatch." About the year 1600 Camden described the city as enclosed "within a circuit of walls in forme of an egge, with the river flowing round about it and running betweene, not passable through but by bridges, lying out in length as it were in one broad street, and the same having a bridge over it." The foundation of Cork is generally attributed to Danish adventurers in the ninth or tenth century; it is contended, however, that its origin was earlier, and that the founder was St. Finn Bar, (the fair-haired or white-headed, for the Irish name admits of both translations,) whose ecclesiastical establishments contained, it is said, no fewer than seven hundred priests,

monks, and students. For several centuries the annals of Cork are little more than records of skirmishes between English settlers and Irish clans. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, the chronicler Hollinshed pictures the city as so "beset with rebels neighbouring upon it, that they (the citizens) are fain to keep watch and ward, as if they had continual siege laid unto it." During the reign of Henry VII. it was destined to achieve a fatal notoriety: the mayor, John Walters, having abetted the pretensions of Perkin Warbeck to the throne, was hanged for treason, and the city was, for a time, deprived of its charter. While the contest continued between the Crown and the Parliament, Cork generally remained firm to the cause of Monarchy, but succumbed to Oliver Cromwell; who, during a brief visit, ordered the church-bells to be converted to the purposes of his army, and is said to have answered a remonstrance on the subject by facetiously remarking, that "since gunpowder was invented by a priest, he thought the best use for bells would be to promote them into canons." The city was early in declaring for the restoration of Charles II.; and it is a singular fact that the King was proclaimed there eleven days before the proclamation was made in London. In the revolution of 1688, it supported the cause of James, and sustained a siege of three days' duration; remarkable chiefly as having laid the foundation of the future fame and fortune of the hero of Blenheim. After an unsuccessful effort to reduce Limerick, William III. had returned to England, and Marlborough, anxious to distinguish himself, was appointed to the command of an expedition for Ireland—it is believed, through the influence of the Princess Anne's party; by whom the necessity was urged of securing Cork and Kinsale, which were open to receive troops and supplies for the support of the army of James II. William, although he could not well refuse his sanction to the proposed expedition, is said to have viewed it with a jealous eye, and to have caused, what is asserted to be, the unnecessary co-operation of the Duke of Wirtemberg at the head of a body of foreign troops, which led to a dispute between the two generals, as to the command—Wirtemberg claiming it as a Prince, and Marlborough as the senior officer—and which dispute ended in an adjustment that they should command on alternate days.

Marlborough, having commanded on the first and third days of the siege, obtained the credit of taking the city. As a military exploit it was one of no great difficulty, but in a political view was important, and the achievement at the time was proportionably magnified for party purposes. A few days after the capture of Cork, Kinsale, from which an obstinate defence was

expected, surrendered, and the adherents of James truly sung, in rhymes still current in Ireland—

> " There are no fortresses that we can call our own,
> But Limerick stout, Galway, and brave Athlone.
> Sing oh—oh, hone."

With this event, the active military history of Cork terminates: its political importance being derived exclusively from its position as a sea-port, and as the first commercial city of Ireland; its noble harbour having originated the motto—" Statio bene fida carinis "—so aptly and deservedly applied to it *. The city arms, here represented, there can be no doubt, were suggested by the arms of Bristol, similar privileges to those enjoyed by that city having been granted to Cork by charter.

Cork has a cheerful and prosperous aspect; the leading streets are wide; and though the houses may be described as built with studied irregularity, their character is by no means ungraceful or unpleasing. The quays at either side of the Lee—here of course a river muddied from traffic—are constructed of granite, and may be said to merit the term so frequently applied to them, " grand and elegant." The city is a mere mart for commerce; the whole of the gentry, and indeed a large proportion of the trading inhabitants, living in the picturesque and beautiful outskirts. The public buildings of Cork are neither numerous nor remarkable; the court-house being almost the only good example of modern architecture,

* In the report made in 1832 by the commissioners appointed to inquire into the parliamentary representation of Ireland, it is stated that—"The county of the city of Cork consists of the city, suburbs, and liberties, the whole containing 45,000 statute acres, which entire district forms the borough, is subject to the jurisdiction of the city magistrates, and contributes to the city taxes, and is in these respects, as well as in point of elective franchise, wholly distinct from the county at large.

" The site of the ancient city is an island, dividing the river Lee into two channels, which, after passing round, unite their waters below it. A portion of this island was formerly considered the city, and the neighbouring land, for a mile in every direction, constituted the suburbs under one of the charters (Edward IV.). The tract of land now called the liberties was added by a subsequent charter (James I.), under which the whole became the county of the city of Cork.

" The island is connected with the main land on each side by numerous bridges, beyond which the suburbs have in course of time grown to a great extent, and form, in point of fact, a most important portion of the city.

" The limits of these suburbs were decided in 1813 for the purposes of local taxation; and a boundary separating them from the liberties was then laid down by the act of 53 George III. c. 3. Since that time, however, the suburbs have spread considerably.

" The government of the city is vested in a mayor, two sheriffs, a recorder, an unlimited number of aldermen, and a sufficient number selected from the burgesses to make up twenty-four, forming the common council.

" The number of dwelling-houses within the city and suburbs is 7,928, besides 1,684 warehouses, stores, and buildings; making a total of houses of all descriptions of 9,612. Of these 8,584 are slated, 1,028 are thatched, and 5,602 have seven windows and upwards."

ST PATRICK'S BRIDGE.

CORK.

London, Published by How & Parsons.

if we except the offices recently erected by the St. George Steam Packet Company, on the quay which their vessels have made more bustling than that of the Custom-house—an ungainly structure, that stands on the opposite side of the river. The bridges, as may be supposed, are numerous. St. Patrick's bridge, represented in the annexed print after the pencil of Mr. Creswick, had formerly a drawbridge attached to it; but being one of the most frequented thoroughfares to a new and populous district, and the portcullis being of comparatively small value to the navigation, it was removed in 1823. In 1830, Anglesey bridge, or, as it is more generally called, "the metal bridge," was constructed by the eminent architect, Sir Thomas Deane, from a design by Mr. Griffiths; it consists of two elliptic arches, forty-four feet in span, with a drawbridge to admit vessels to the quays on the south branch of the Lee, which it crosses.

Antiquities are rare; the cathedral, dedicated to St. Finn Bar, is built on the site of the early church, a few of the remains of which have been introduced into the modern structure. The tower of the steeple is, comparatively, ancient: the pointed doorway recessed, and richly moulded, as shown in the annexed wood-cut, from a drawing by Mr. H. Hill. It consists of two distinct arches, the inner being ornamented by bold and well-relieved mouldings, and the outer by cluster columns and a cinquefoiled head, all in low relief. It is curious that the inner portion of the archway should have been executed in a free-stone, of which there is none now to be had in Cork, and that the outer should have been executed in a different material, lime-stone. The building, taken as a whole, has no pretensions to Cathedral grandeur. It was erected in 1735, the expense having been defrayed by a tax of one shilling per ton on all coals and culm consumed within the city. A round tower formerly stood in the church-yard; but, having been considerably injured by the fire, from the Fort on Barrack Hill, when Marlborough stormed Cork, this venerable remain was taken down, and no trace of it at present exists. In the churchyard there are few monuments that call for notice; one tablet, containing merely two lines, however, hints at a touching story.

"Here lies a branch of DESMOND's race,
In Thomas Holland's burial-place."

Institutions, charitable, scientific, and literary, abound in Cork; it has been celebrated more than any other city of Ireland for the production and fosterage of genius, and is the birth-place of many distinguished characters, as well as of persons who have attained considerable eminence in literature, science, and the arts. Among the former who are at present living, or recently were so, may be named General O'Leary, the South American patriot, Mr. Hastie, the tutor of King Radamah, and to whose exertions the present civilised state of Madagascar may be mainly attributed, and Miss Thomson, the favourite wife of Muli Mahomed, late Emperor of Morocco *. The most remarkable of the latter—of whom we could readily enumerate several—is the painter James Barry; of the house in which he was born, Mr. Crofton Croker has supplied us with a sketch; which we copy, not merely because of its interest in association with the memory of the eccentric artist, but as affording a correct idea of the peculiar character of the suburb of an Irish town. The house is in Water-lane, in the northern, or "Blackpool," suburb, and is marked by two women at the door.

The jails of Cork—the "city" and "county"—are models of good management, cleanliness, and order. In the former, during our latest visit, were confined the notorious culprits Casey and Hartnett, who had been tried and found guilty of the murder of a policeman on the Glanmire road. The crime was deprived of much of its atrocity by the fact that it was not premeditated. They had robbed a gentleman, the policeman pursued them, and in the struggle he was killed. The characters of the men, however, were so bad, that they were sentenced to die; their graves had actually been dug beneath the wall of their prison, and the gallows erected on which they were to suffer,

* See Mrs. Broughton's Algiers, 1839.

when it was remembered that the judge in passing sentence had forgotten to add the—as it afterwards appeared—important words, " and be buried within the precincts of the jail ;"—" The Court awards it, and the law doth give it." A motion in arrest of judgment was moved ; the judges deliberated ; and the result was the acquittal of the prisoners. They were, however, subsequently tried for the robbery, and have been since transported. Another circumstance renders the case memorable: Casey, whose horror of death was so excessive, that one of the jailors assured us there would have been no chance of bringing him to execution except in irons and by main force, had determined on making an effort to escape. He had nothing to assist him but a slight file conveyed to him by his wife, it is conjectured in an oaten cake, notwithstanding the vigilance of a most scrupulous jailor and particularly watchful and adroit turnkeys. Before he was locked up in his cell, he contrived to file the iron fastening nearly through, and had no difficulty in forcing open the entrance. Hartnett was confined in the cell next but one; his first object was to release his fellow-prisoner, and next to wrench out one of the iron window-bars. In this he succeeded, but the aperture was so small that it is almost incredible how he could have forced himself through it ; he did so, however, after two or three hours of almost superhuman effort, fainting thrice during the struggle. At length he was in the first yard, comparatively free ; he had still three very high walls to climb, and as Hartnett found it impossible to follow him, he had to trust entirely to his own exertions. He surmounted two of the prison-walls, and in reaching the third actually stepped over the grave that had been dug for him : the third wall was topped by loose brick-work and a *chevaux-de-frise ;* on reaching the summit, part of this gave way, and he fell to the ground. At the moment, the jail clock struck five, and he knew that his escape must be ascertained in a few minutes more, as at that hour the turnkeys would open the wards. He, therefore, concealed himself under a heap of filth in the yard, where he was, after about half an hour's search, discovered; and conveyed back to his cell. The turnkey who first laid hands upon him assured us that no disappointed fiend could have looked more ferocious ; and that he would certainly have killed any one who approached him, if a weapon of any kind had been within his reach.

The expression of his countenance, although not that of a ruffian, was strongly characteristic of energy and determination. His chest was remarkably broad, and his arm so muscular as to feel almost like iron ; his neck was short and thick, his head black and round, his eyes were peculiarly bright and sparkling, and his air was bold and fearless,—while his less assured companion, an ill-looking fellow, hung back. Casey was of short stature; and on

the governor remarking that he was a small man to have so much strength, we whispered something to the effect, that "all great men were small men." His ear was, to our surprise, quick enough to catch the words, and he laughed with as much evident enjoyment as if he had been a player acting his part before a satisfied audience.

As in nearly all the jails throughout Ireland, there is, in those of Cork, otherwise so admirably managed, a grievous want of classification; atrocious criminals and petty offenders are mixed togther in a manner sadly prejudicial. At Clonmel, in particular, the evil is especially great; the prisoners were placed before us in files; among them we saw an elderly and respectable-looking man striving to hide his face with his hat, and stepping back to elude observation. We found he had been confined for "drunkenness," and that the person next to whom he stood was about to take his trial for sheep-stealing, and had previously been in custody on suspicion of murder. This most injurious system is, however, rapidly giving way, and we must do the governors of the several prisons we inspected the justice to say that they are making unceasing efforts for its entire removal.

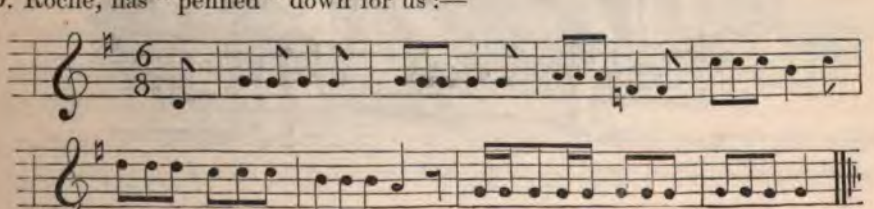
The most remarkable and, to a stranger, the most interesting of the public institutions of Cork, is the lunatic asylum of the county and city. The latest return—dated March, 1840—gives the amount of patients at 406; 200 males, and 206 females. Among the unhappy inmates of this establishment, is one to whose delirium seven fellow-creatures were sacrificed, and in a manner so singular as to appear incredible. Captain Steward was master of the "Mary Russell," a merchant brig engaged in the West India trade; and the frightful act, for which he was subsequently tried and acquitted, on the ground of insanity, was perpetrated during the homeward voyage on the 22nd June 1828. His crew consisted of six men and three apprentice boys, and on board there were three passengers; the three passengers and four of his seamen he murdered, cruelly maiming the other two men; the boys narrowly escaping with their lives. Under the delusion that they were arranging a mutiny, he induced them to allow themselves to be tied; to which they consented in order to allay his imaginary fears; while in this helpless state, he killed them with a crow-bar.

Steward is a small and slight man, now apparently under fifty years of age. He was dressed in a sailor's garb, remarkably neat and clean. He conversed with us freely upon ordinary topics, and referred to the time when he was in jail, without however alluding to the crime for which he had been imprisoned. There is, to our minds, no expression in his countenance that indicates insanity; and, certainly, it is by no means characteristic of ferocity.

His visage is thin, long, and pallid; his hair sandy; his mouth narrow, close, and inflexible; his eyes small, grey, restless, and very acute,—more like the eyes of a rat than of a human being. We understand that he frequently speaks of the murders he had committed, and always as necessary for the preservation of his own life from the plots of his mutinous crew. We confess that his absence was a relief; for it was impossible to avoid recalling to remembrance the appalling deed which had made so many parents childless; or to look upon the wretched man without feelings akin to loathing.

The national customs that prevail among the people of Cork are common to other parts of Ireland, with one exception; and although it is partially found elsewhere—in the Isle of Man for instance—it is certainly confined to the southern districts of Ireland.

For some weeks preceding Christmas, crowds of village boys may be seen peering into the hedges, in search of the "tiny wren;" and when one is discovered, the whole assemble and give eager chase to, until they have slain, the little bird. In the hunt, the utmost excitement prevails; shouting, screeching, and rushing; all sorts of missiles are flung at the puny mark; and, not unfrequently, they light upon the head of some less innocent being. From bush to bush, from hedge to hedge, is the wren pursued until bagged with as much pride and pleasure, as the cock of the woods by the more ambitious sportsman. The stranger is utterly at a loss to conceive the cause of this "hubbub," or the motive for so much energy in pursuit of "such small gear." On the anniversary of St. Stephen (the 26th of December) the enigma is explained. Attached to a huge holly-bush, elevated on a pole, the bodies of several little wrens are borne about. This bush is an object of admiration in proportion to the number of dependent birds, and is carried through the streets in procession, by a troop of boys, among whom may be usually found "children of a larger growth," shouting and roaring as they proceed along, and every now and then stopping before some popular house—such as that of Mr. Olden the "distinguished inventor" of EVKEROGENION (a liquid soap) and half-a-dozen other delightful and useful things to which he has given similar classical names—and there singing "the wren boys" song, to the air which a professional friend, Mr. Alexander D. Roche, has "penned" down for us:—



To the words we have listened a score of times, and although we have found them often varied according to the wit or poetical capabilities of a leader of the party, and have frequently heard them drawled out to an apparently interminable length, the following specimen will probably satisfy our readers as to the merit of the composition :—

The wran, the wran, the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's day was cot in the furze,
Although he is little his family's grate,
Put yer hand in yer pocket and give us a trate.
  Sing holly, sing ivy—sing ivy, sing holly,
  A drop just to drink it would drown melancholy.
And if you dhraw it ov the best,
I hope in heaven yer sowl will rest,
But if you dhraw it ov the small
It won't agree wid de wran boys at all.

Of course contributions are levied in many quarters, and the evening is, or rather was, occupied in drinking out the sum total of the day's collection.

The accompanying sketch, from the pencil of Mr. Maclise, will describe better than language can do the singular ceremony, and the fantastic group by whom it is conducted. This is, we believe, the only Christmas gambol remaining in Ireland of the many, that in the middle ages were so numerous and so dangerous as to call for the interposition of the law, and the strong arm of magisterial authority. As to the origin of the whimsical but absurd and cruel custom, we have no data. A legend, however, is still current among the peasantry which may serve in some degree to elucidate it.

In a grand assembly of all the birds of the air, it was determined that the sovereignty of the feathered tribe should be conferred upon the one who would fly highest. The favourite in the betting-book was, of course, the eagle, who at once, and in full confidence of victory, commenced his flight towards the sun; when he had vastly distanced all competitors, he proclaimed with a mighty voice his monarchy over all things that had wings. Suddenly, however, the wren, who had secreted himself under the feathers of the eagle's crest, popped from his hiding-place, flew a few inches upwards, and chirped out as loudly as he could, "Birds, look up and behold your king."

There is also a tradition that in "ould ancient times," when the native Irish were about to catch their Danish enemies asleep, a wren perched upon the drum and woke the slumbering sentinels just in time to save the whole army; in consequence of which, the little bird was proclaimed a traitor, outlawed, and his life declared forfeit wherever he was thenceforward encountered.

Another old custom prevails also to some extent. May eve, the last day of April, is called "Nettlemas night;" boys parade the streets with large bunches of nettles, stinging their playmates, and occasionally bestowing a sly touch upon strangers who come in their way. Young and merry maidens, too, not unfrequently avail themselves of the privilege to "sting" their lovers; and the laughter in the street is often echoed in the drawing-room. These are the only customs peculiar to Cork, if we except that of "the Christmas candle." A tallow candle is formed, as in the annexed print, without question to commemorate "the Trinity;" it is lit at three ends on Christmas eve, and burned until midnight. It is then extinguished, and carefully preserved during the year as a protection against the visits of all evil spirits—except whiskey.

Promenades in the immediate neighbourhood of Cork are few; the oldest is the Mardyke, a walk between rows of aged but ungracefully lopped trees,

which shade a gravelled path, at the side of a muddy and half-stagnant "canal." The new cemetery, however, demands some notice. It was formerly a botanic garden attached to the Cork Institution; but in 1826 was sold to the very Rev.

Theobald Mathew, who converted it to its present use. It is, therefore, perhaps unrivalled in the kingdom, being full of the rarest trees, from all parts of the world; its walls are covered with climbing roses and other shrubs; and, from the nature of its soil and aspect, everything is growing in luxuriant profusion. The hand of science has laid out its gravelled paths, and the art of the sculptor has been employed to ornament it—occasionally with remarkably good taste and effect, but not unfrequently so as greatly to mar its beauty. See, for instance, the two annexed examples, one of which will give a general idea of this romantic cemetery, and the manner in which its picturesque monuments mingle with fine foliage, although it by no means conveys a notion of the beauty or elaborate execution of some of the monuments, the best of which were designed by a young sculptor, Buckley, who now, alas! rests in this abode of the silent which his hand has so skilfully embellished. As a specimen of the bad taste occasionally, though we must admit rarely to be found here, the

clothing of an angel in a fashionable cravat and coat is an instance, copied from the "iron railing of a monument." We regret to add that the cemetery is completely overgrown with weeds—gigantic nettles and docks have been permitted absolutely to cover the graves, reminding the visitor far too forcibly of the lines on "the sluggard,"

"I went to his garden and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow higher and higher."

In such a situation, and under such circumstances, this is to be lamented; although Mr. Mathew himself is unable to attend to the proprieties of this naturally beautiful cemetery, the care of it should be confided to some one whose time and attention might be worthily employed in improving it and keeping it in order.

The prosperity of Cork is maintained exclusively by its export trade; —this principally consists of live stock, salted provisions, corn, whiskey, tanned leather, and butter. For butter it has been long celebrated; so early as 1744, the export was 97,852 cwt.; in the year 1836, it exceeded 270,000 firkins. The population of the city by the last census, was 107,016; of the county—the largest and most populous of Ireland—703,716.

Cork is the great "outlet" for emigrants from the south of Ireland, and the Australian Emigration Society have an agent there. Their plans appear to be conducted very judiciously, and although it can never be aught but a melancholy sight to see the most useful and valuable of its home produce exported to enrich distant lands, when there are so many thousand acres, unproductive, in all directions around them, the evil is greatly lessened by prudent and sensible arrangements, in transmitting them to the scene of their future labours. We are not, at present, about to consider the anomalies and contradictions of Ireland—her natural advantages and destitute population—her land wanting labour and her people wanting employment—or, as it was epigrammatically expressed by "a patriot" at Bannow, "lands wanting hands and hands wanting lands;" but there is no disputing the fact, that, under existing circumstances, emigration to some extent is a necessary evil.

We stood, in the month of June, on the Quay of Cork to see some emigrants embark in one of the steamers for Falmouth, on their way to Australia. The band of exiles amounted to two hundred, and an immense crowd had assembled to bid them a long and last adieu. The scene was touching to a degree; it was impossible to witness it without heart-pain and tears. Mothers hung upon the necks of their athletic sons; young girls clung

to elder sisters; fathers—old white-headed men—fell upon their knees, with arms uplifted to heaven, imploring the protecting care of the Almighty on their departing children. "Och," exclaimed one aged woman, "all's gone from me in the wide world when you're gone! Sure you was all I had left!—of seven sons—but you! Oh Dennis, Dennis, never forget your mother—your mother!—don't, avourneen—your poor ould mother, Dennis!" and Dennis, a young man—though the sun was shining on his grey hair—supported "his mother" in his arms until she fainted, and then he lifted her into a small car that had conveyed his baggage to the vessel, and kissing a weeping young woman who leaned against the horse, he said, "I'll send home for you both, Peggy, in the rise of next year; and ye'll be a child to her from this out, till then, and *then* avourneen you'll be my own." When we looked again the young man was gone, and "Peggy" had wound her arms round the old woman, while another girl held a broken cup of water to her lips. Amid the din, the noise, the turmoil, the people pressing and rolling in vast masses towards the place of embarkation like the waves of the troubled sea, there were many such sad episodes. Men, old men too, embracing each other and crying like children. Several passed bearing most carefully little relics of their homes—the branch of a favourite hawthorn tree, whose sweet blossoms and green leaves were already withered, or a bunch of meadow-sweet. Many had a long switch of the "witch hazel," doubtless to encircle the ground whereon they slept in a foreign land, so as, according to the universal superstition, to prevent the approach of any venomous reptile or poisonous insect. One girl we saw with a gay little goldfinch in a cage—she and her sister were town-bred, and told us they had learned "lace-work" from the good ladies at the convent "that look'd so beautiful on the banks of the Cork river," and then they burst out weeping again, and clung together as if to assure each other that, sad as it was to leave their country, they would be together in exile.

On the deck of the steamer there was less confusion than might have been expected. The hour of departure was at hand—the police had torn asunder several who at the last would not be separated—and as many as could find room were leaning over the side speechless, yet eloquent in gesture, expressing their adieus to their friends and relatives on shore. In the midst of the agitation, a fair-haired boy and girl were sitting tranquilly, yet sadly, watching over a very fine white Angora cat that was carefully packed in a basket. "We are going out to papa and mama with nurse," they said, in an unmitigated brogue; "but we are very sorry to leave dear Ireland for all that." Their father had, we imagine, been a prosperous settler. "Oh, Ireland, mavourneen—oh, my own dear counthry—and is it myself that's for

laving you afther giving ye the sweat of my brow and the love of my heart for forty years!" said a strong man, whose features were convulsed with emotion while he grasped his children tightly to his bosom. "And remember your promise, Mogue, remember your promise; not to let my bones rest in the strange counthry, Mogue," said his wife; "but to send me home when I'm dead to my own people in Kilcrea—that's my consolation."

It is impossible to describe the final parting. Shrieks and prayers, blessings and lamentations, mingled in "one great cry" from those on the quay, and those on shipboard, until a band stationed in the forecastle struck up 'St. Patrick's day.' "Bate the brains out of the big drum, or ye'll not stifle the women's cries," said one of the sailors to the drummer. We left the vessel and her crowd of clean, well-dressed, and perfectly sober emigrants with deep regret, that, while there are in Ireland so many miles of unreclaimed land, such a freight should be conveyed from her shores. The communicating plank was withdrawn; the steamer moved forward majestically on its way. Some, overcome with emotion, fell down on the deck; others waved hats, handkerchiefs, and hands, to their friends; the band played louder; and the crowds on shore rushed forward simultaneously, determined to see the last of those they loved. We heard a feeble voice exclaim, "Dennis, Dennis, don't forget your mother—your poor ould mother!"

The evening that succeeded this agitating morning was calm and balmy. We desired to examine the scene of the morning's turmoil, and drove along the quay; it was lonely and deserted save by a few stragglers. We continued our drive until the signs of immediate traffic were widely scattered. We passed through the village of Douglas, once famous for its sail-cloth manufactory, and proceeded onward until the Cork river widened into a mimic sea, called Lough Mahon. We drove slowly, enjoying the rare and exquisitely varied landscape, until our attention was attracted by a woman standing by the water's brink, whose eyes were looking towards the sea-path where it leads to the broad Atlantic. There was something firm and

statue-like in her figure, and her face had an earnest intense expression, that accorded with her high Spanish features and dark hair; a large shawl enveloped her head and draped her shoulders; her legs and feet were bare. We drove on about half a mile further, and when we returned she was there still on the same spot, with the same fixed and earnest gaze over the waters. This excited our curiosity, and the information we received was a very striking and gratifying illustration of the devotedness of woman's love.

"I have known her," said an old fisherman, "for four-and-twenty years—almost ever since she was born, and I must say—'Ay! there ye stand, Grace Connell, and a better woman never looked with a tearful eye, or a batin heart, along the waters.' And what do ye think her distress is now? an 'troth—like all tender people—the throuble is seldom altogether away from her; the *could* only look to themselves, the *kind* have a pulse for all the world. Grace Connell doesn't to say belong to Cork, but her father came here soon after she was born, a widow-man with only her; he settled down in Cove, and it wasn't long till he married again. And Grace's stepmother was kinder, I believe, than most of her like; anyhow when she died—which she did after being a wife about two years—Grace, and she little more than a slip of a child, took wonderfully to the babby the stepmother left, and every one wondered how one so young could manage an infant so well. Grace would mend her father's nets and things, keep all clean and comfortable, and yet find time to be with her little sister in summer shade and winter sunshine; finding out what best she'd like, what best would do her good, and learning her all she knew—not much to be sure—but *her* all. Nell grew up the conthrary to Grace in all things, a giddy goose of a puss of a girl, yet the purtiest ever seen in Cove; and the hand of God was heavy over them, for while they were both young, the father died. But Grace Connell kept herself and her sister well, for she's wonderful handy and industrious; and as was natural, in Ireland anyhow, Grace got a sweetheart, a fine handsome steady boy as you'd meet in a day's walk, and a clever hand at his trade. Now if Grace was steady, John Casey was steadier ten times over, and every one said they were just made for each other. And they took on at the 'courting' different to most, because they agreed to wait till John was out of his time before they got married. Weeks and months passed, and Nell grew up beautiful, a wild half-sailor sort of a girl, who could furl a sail or scull a boat, and sing *say* songs, and, all the while, was as shy and as proud as Barry Oge himself. Grace sometimes had a misgiving in her own mind that John was not as fond of her as he used to be; but then he had a quiet English sort of dry way with him, that led her off the notion again. One Sunday evening in particular

they, that is Grace and Nelly and John, were down nearly opposite where you saw Grace standing. Grace was sitting on the strand, and John by her side. While Nell was amusing herself climbing among the cliffs, and singing like a wild bird, two or three times they warned her not to be so venturesome, but she'd only laugh at them and be the more fearless; and soon Grace saw that John was watching Nell instead of listening to her, and a heavy cloud came over her, and both remained silent.

"All of a sudden, as Nell was reaching over the edge to pull some sea-pinks, she fell in; the rocks were sharp just there, and the water deep—and when Grace got to the spot, Nell was floating out with the tide, and the water red with her blood. John was a fine swimmer, and with a word, which even then Grace *felt*, he jumped in and brought her to shore in his arms in a few minutes; but before the sun set that had shone upon those three, Grace saw *by him* in his madness as he hung over her still senseless sister, that it was Nell he loved now—as he *once* said he had loved Grace. 'I didn't wonder at it,' said Grace Connell to my wife, who was her mother's own first cousin, 'I didn't wonder at his changing, for that night when I caught sight of myself in the glass afther looking at that fair young creature as she lay like a bruised water-lily on our little bed—I thought how much there was in the differ; and sure I couldn't be angry that she twined round poor John's heart, when I knew how she had twined round mine; didn't we both help to rear her as I may say, and the only dread in life I shall have, I know, when I get over the disappointment, will be, that she won't love John as long and as steadily as I have done.'" "My wife," added the old man, "is anything but tender-hearted, yet she cried like a child to hear Grace talk that way; so steady in herself, and all the time a breaking heart painted in every feature of her face. The next day she gave back all promises to John; and what made her stronger in her resolution than anything else, was, finding that Nelly had a childish fancy for him unbenownst to herself; it was no wonder that she should, for John certainly was as handsome a boy as ever crossed a chapel-green; but he must have been as blind as a star-fish to prefer her to Grace; it was a quare thing—I always think it as wonderful a thing as ever I *heerd* tell of—that creature watching and tending the restless tiresome girl, nursing her, and improving her as well as she knew how—and for what? to make her a fit wife for the man she had looked upon as her husband for more than five years, and loving him all the time. My wife spoke to her once about it; 'Let me alone,' she says, 'every one knows what's right if they ask their own heart, and loving them both, sure I've nothing left me in the world to seek for or pray for, but just the happiness of them two.'

Well, after a good deal of tacking about, it was laid out a year and a half ago that John was to go off to Australia, and when he had got settled a bit, send home for Nelly, and that she was to go out with his own sister; and they were to be married there; it was a wonderful thing to see how Grace bore it, and how she slaved to keep up everything for Nelly; and when the letter came at last from John, for Nell and his sister to go out in the next ship, I never shall forget the face of poor Grace, all flushed as it was, coming to my wife and the letter open in her hand—and she read every word of it; how everything had prospered that he took in hand, and how John prayed *her* to go out with Nell, and called her 'sister,' and how Grace almost choked at the word, and—'No,' says she, 'never! I will do all I can to make them happy to the end of my days, as I have done, but to stay there, with *them;* God forgive me,' she says, 'I could *not* do that.' Now," continued the old man, "what I look to is this, from the time Grace got that letter, until this blessed morning, all her thought was what she could make out to send that sister away in the best manner. I am sure, as I am of the light of heaven, that since she was born she never did think of herself—no; you saw her; every bit of finery, every stitch that could serve her sister, has she deprived herself of —for what? to make that sister better in the eyes of him who ought to have been her husband; to see them two girls as I saw them this morning, Nelly dressed like any lady, and those that had time whispering of her beauty—and poor Grace—as she is now, with nothing but the downright love of every heart that knows her to keep her from being alone in the world; to see her with her fine spirit and high-up thoughts that are as pure as God's breath in the heavens—to see her dressed like a beggar, without even shoes on her feet, stripped, as one may say, for the sake of them that wracked her happiness. And then the parting—how she kept up her own sister's and his sister's hearts to the last minute; and how she followed the steamer farther than any of the people; and stood, when it left her sight, in that spot, looking out for hours, as if to see, poor girl, what she will never see again. 'Let me alone,' she says to me, and I rasoning with her, 'let me alone; afther to-day I'll be as I always was.' Ah, then, it would be a heavy lead and a long line that would get to the bottom of her heart's love," added the old fisherman, "and if any of us could have the satisfaction of hearing her complain—but no, not she, not a murmur—only all cheerful, patient, loving, sweetness; yet I'm afraid that all this time there's *a canker in her own heart.* And there's my son, who would *kiss the print of her bare foot in a dirty road.* She won't look at him," said the old man pettishly; "but I don't care whether she does or not, Grace Connell shall never want a FATHER."

To the city of Cork belongs the honour of forwarding and establishing—if it did not originate—one of the most extraordinary moral revolutions which the history of the world records; we speak of the "Temperance Movement," at the head of which is the very Rev. Theobald Mathew, a Capuchin friar and superior of the order. The subject is one of such vital importance, and such immense results have already arisen from it, that we shall offer no apology for entering into it at some length.

For centuries past, drunkenness was the shame and the bane of Ireland; an Irishman had become proverbial for intoxication, and that, without reference to his rank in society; from the highest to the lowest—from

"The peer
Who killed himself for love—with wine—last year,"

to the peasant who "goes to a tent," where

"He spends half-a-crown,
Then meets with a friend, and, for love, knocks him down,"

the portraiture was invariably the same; and to picture an Irishman truly, either by words or on canvas, or to represent him accurately on the stage, it was considered indispensable that he should be drunk.

A manifest improvement had of late years taken place among the higher classes; we are ourselves old enough to recollect when a host would have been scouted as mean and inhospitable, who had suffered one of his guests to leave his table sober. Ingenious devices were invented for compelling intoxication; glasses and bottles so formed that they could not stand, and must be emptied before they could be laid upon the table—the object being to pass the wine rapidly round—were in frequent use. We dined once with a large party where the tea-kettle—from which the tumblers were supplied—had been filled with heated whiskey; the partakers of the "cheer" being too "far gone" to perceive they were strengthening their punch instead of making it weaker. If a guest were able to mount his horse, without assistance, in the "good old times," he was presented with a "deoch an durrass *" glass, which he was forced, seldom against his will, to "drink at the door." This glass usually held a quart; it was terminated by a globe, which of itself contained a "drop" sufficient to complete the business of the night. The degradation was looked upon as a distinction; an Irishman drunk was an Irishman "all in his glory;" and a

* "Deoch an durrass," means literally, drink at the door.

"strong head" was considered an enviable possession. Many years ago we were acquainted with a gentleman at Ross-Carbery, whose daily "stint" was five-and-twenty tumblers of whiskey punch, of the ordinary strength; and we knew another, whose frequent boast it was, that in a long life he had drunk enough to float a seventy-four gun ship.

Among the gentry, however, this most pernicious practice has been latterly not only in disuse, but treated as disreputable and disgraceful; and gentlemen after dinner have ceased to be disgusting in the drawing-room. Yet the middling and humbler classes had undergone little or no change. The vigilance of the excise, and a large reduction of the tax on spirits, had indeed destroyed the illicit trade in whiskey, and made the private still a rarity; but it was so cheap that any man, comparatively unpractised, might drink himself into a state of insanity for fourpence. The extent of the evil almost exceeds belief; in the towns and villages every other house was "licensed to sell spirits," or sold them without a licence. Fairs, wakes, and funerals, were scenes of frightful excess; in the former, men seldom met without a "fight," and the ensuing assizes always furnished a terrible illustration of the consequences; at the latter, the "merriment" excited by drink was unnatural and revolting; and very often a year's produce of the small farmer was consumed in a night. These degrading characteristics of "old Ireland" we shall have to describe hereafter. In brief, wherever twenty persons assembled within reach of spirits, nineteen of them were certain to be drunk. It is unnecessary to add, that nearly all the outrages that were committed were the results of intoxication; or rather, that drink was the preparation for every atrocity. We are prepared with abundant proofs (the various authorities we consulted were agreed upon the fact) that in every instance in which murder was either perpetrated or attempted, the murderer had previously fitted himself, or been fitted, for the work, by draughts of whiskey; leaving him just sense and strength enough to execute the act he contemplated. We do not go too far in saying, that all the mischievous tendencies of the lower Irish may be traced to their habitual intoxication; while it originated and kept up their poverty and wretchedness—withering and destroying all it could reach.

As with the aristocracy so with the people; drunkenness was inculcated as a merit, and almost as a duty. A large proportion of the songs popular among the peasantry were in praise of whiskey, and very few of them were without some reference to it. One of them blesses the Pope and the Council of Trent, who

"Laid fast upon mate and not upon drink."

It was "mate, drink, and clothing;" "father and mother, and sister and brother;" "my outside coat—I'll have no other;" "mavourneen, my joy and my jewel;" "vein of my heart;" "life-endearing, humour-lending, mirth-increasing;" "a cordial for all ages, that each evil assuages:"—in short, whiskey was the panacea recommended in song for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

While, therefore, the rich had their incitements to drink supplied to them in delicately turned rhymes—

"To wreathe the bowl with flowers of soul;"

the humble were lured to intoxication by the rude lays of their village poets—

"A glass of whiskey to make us frisky."

We cannot soon forget the figure of a fine stalwart fellow we once saw staggering homeward from Limerick, whirling his shillelah, and every now and then sending a shout—a "whoop hurra"—over the mountains, as he finished his song of a single verse, and so described the class to which he belonged:—

"The never a day have I for drink
But Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—
Och! the dickens a day have I for drink
But Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Whoop hurra—
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday!"

All attempts to check the progress of intemperance were fruitless; it had long been customary, indeed, to take oaths to abstain from drink for a season—but, if kept, they produced no permanent good; and the tricks and shifts to evade them were generally successful. We recollect a man swearing he would not drink for a month—he soaked bread in spirits and ate it; another, who swore he would not touch liquor while he stood "on earth," got drunk amid the branches of a tree; another who vowed not to touch a drop "in doors or out," strode across his threshold, placing one leg inside and the other outside: and so, persuading himself he did not break his oath, drank until he fell; another who bound himself not to "touch liquor in the parish," brought a sod of turf from a distance, and placed his feet upon it when he resolved to drink. We knew one who was kept sober thus: he was always willing to take an oath against whiskey for six weeks, but no longer; his master invariably watched the day on which "his time" expired, and compelled him to repeat his oath; which he would readily do after swallowing two glasses. To make the Irish abstain, even to a moderate extent, was, therefore, considered a hopeless task; and he would have been a visionary indeed, who foretold a time when a drunken Irishman would be a far greater rarity than a sober one.

The frightful nature and extent of the evil had long been fully understood, and exertions had been made to lessen it. On the 20th of August 1829, the Rev. George Carr, a clergyman of the established church, a near and dear connexion of our own, established the first Temperance society of Ireland in the town of New Ross. He had read some American newspapers which contained encouraging accounts of the progress the principle was making in the New World—we quote his own words—and saw at once "that there was no country where it was so much needed as Ireland; not only as removing the national stain of drunkenness, but by its operations, raising a platform on which all parties could meet without compromise of, or interference with, their respective principles, either political or religious." Having been called upon to attend a meeting of the Bible Society, at a Quakers' meeting-house, he took occasion to request that his auditors would remain in order to hear what he had to say on the subject of temperance. They heard him, were satisfied with his arguments, adopted his plans, and the work was at once commenced *. For several years, however, but little way was made; the advocates of temperance were exposed to contempt and laughter as idle dreamers; a coffee tent, which they erected at fairs, was an object of ridicule; and although they had not abandoned hope, their efforts were comparatively fruitless, and the most sanguine among them indulged in no idea of large success.

Shortly afterwards a temperance society was formed in Cork; the example of New Ross having, by the way, been followed in many other towns. Among its leading members were the Rev. Nicholas Dunscombe, Mr. William Martin, a Quaker, and two tradesmen, Mr. Olden, a slater, and Mr. Connell, a tailor; they conceived the idea of consigning the important task into the hands of the Rev. Mr. Mathew, then highly popular in the city, and so liberal in his opinions as to be respected by all classes. He met these gentlemen, seriously pondered over their plans and the probabilities of succeeding, and, ultimately though not immediately, joined them—"hand and heart." The road had thus been to some extent opened for him; and it is unquestionable that the gradual, although limited improvement which had taken place in the character of the peasantry, had greatly facilitated his progress. Notions of thrift, an

* The society did not, however, inculcate "*total* abstinence." The following is the resolution on which it was founded. "We, the undersigned members of the New Ross Temperance Society, being persuaded that the use of intoxicating liquors is, for persons in health, not only unnecessary but hurtful, and that the practice forms intemperate appetites and habits; and that while it is continued, the evils of intemperance can never be prevented—do agree to abstain from the use of distilled spirits, except as a medicine in case of bodily ailment; that we will not allow the use of them in our families, nor provide them for the entertainment of our friends; and that we will in all suitable ways discountenance the use of them in the community at large."

appreciation of comforts easy of attainment, and a conviction that a skilful application of industry might double the produce of the poor man's "bit of land," had been taught them by causes to which we have already referred, and had made them willing rather than averse listeners. The comparative dearth of topics for agitation, too, had left their minds at leisure to receive lessons, to which, a few years ago, they would have paid no attention.

On the 10th of April 1838, "the Cork Total Abstinence Society" was formed. It is certain that Mr. Mathew never for a moment anticipated the wonderful results that were to follow its establishment; and probably was as much astonished as any person in the kingdom, when he found not only thousands but millions entering into a compact with him "to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks"—*and keeping it.* His Cork society was joined by members from very distant parts—from the mountains of Kerry, from the wild sea cliffs of Clare, from the banks of the Shannon, and from places still further off; until at length he formed the resolution of dedicating his whole time and devoting his entire energies to attain the great object he now knew to be within his reach. He has travelled through nearly every district of Ireland; held meetings in nearly every town; and on the 10th October, 1840, his list of members contained upwards of two millions five hundred and thirty thousand names.

Previous to our latest visit to Ireland, we had entertained, in common with many others, strong doubts—first, as to the actual extent of the reformation; next, as to the likelihood of its durability; and next, as to whether some latent danger might not lurk under a change so sudden, so unaccountable by any ordinary rules, and so opposed to the character and constitution of the Irish people. As in our case these doubts have been entirely dispelled, it is our duty to labour to remove them from the minds of those of our readers by whom they may still be entertained.

In reference to the extent to which sobriety has spread, it will be almost sufficient to state that during our recent stay in Ireland, from the 10th of June to the 6th of September 1840, we saw but six persons intoxicated; and that for the first thirty days we had not encountered one. In the course of that month we had travelled from Cork to Killarney—round the coast; returning by the inland route; not along mail-coach roads, but on a "jaunting car," through byways as well as highways; visiting small villages and populous towns; driving through fairs; attending wakes and funerals (returning from one of which, between Glengariff and Kenmare, at nightfall, we met at least a hundred substantial farmers, mounted); in short, wherever crowds were assembled and we considered it likely we might gather information as to the state of the

country and the character of its people. We repeat, we did not meet a single individual who appeared to have tasted spirits; and we do not hesitate to express our conviction, that two years ago, in the same places and during the same time, we should have encountered many thousand drunken men. From first to last, we employed, perhaps, fifty car-drivers: we never found one to accept a drink; the boatmen at Killarney, proverbial for drunkenness, insubordination, and recklessness of life, declined the whiskey we had taken with us for the bugle-player, who was not "pledged," and after hours of hard labour, dipped a can into the lake and refreshed themselves from its waters; it was amusing as well as gratifying to hear their new reading of the address to the famous echo; "Paddy Blake, plase yer honour, the gintleman promises ye some coffee whin ye get home;" and on the Blackwater, a muddy river, as its name denotes, our boat's crew put into shore, midway between Youghal and Lismore, to visit a clear spring, with the whereabouts of which they were familiar. The whiskey-shops are closed or converted into coffee-houses; the distilleries have, for the most part, ceased to work; and the breweries are barely able to maintain a trade sufficient to prevent entire stoppage*. Of the extent of the change, therefore, we have had ample experience; and it is borne out by the assurances of so many who live in towns as well as in the country, that we can have no hesitation in describing sobriety to be almost universal throughout Ireland.

For its continuance we look, not only with earnest hope, but with entire confidence. We are not sanguine enough to expect that the whole of the millions will endure to the end; but that a very large proportion of them will persevere there cannot be a rational doubt. Intoxication now-a-days, instead of being a glory, is a reproach; the people look upon a drunken man, not with sympathy or even tolerance, but with absolute disgust, and point him out to their children as the Spartans did their helots—as a lesson, not to be forgotten, against vice. This, alone, affords a certain degree of security against any large return to evil habits.† But we trust, mainly, to the comforts, small

* The Excise Returns may be referred to as conclusive evidence of the diminution in the consumption of ardent spirits: it is understood that in all the southern provinces the revenue is not sufficient to pay for the collection of it; and it is rumoured that arrangements are in progress for a large reduction of the expensive force employed by the Office. There are now but two distilleries at work in the whole county of Cork, and at the late fair of Ballinasloe—the great cattle fair of Ireland—there were but eight gallons of whiskey consumed; the average consumption heretofore being between seven and eight puncheons—i. e. about 800 gallons. The private stills are, as we have stated, entirely abandoned; one of the most fertile sources of demoralisation among the peasantry has, therefore, been put an end to.

† At Clonmell we had the safest means of knowing that out of four thousand, of which one society consists, there had been but four "backsliders;" we naturally asked how it was possible to ascertain when the pledge was broken, if it were broken in private; and were told that each member was expected, as a moral

luxuries, and guarantees against periodical visitations of want, that will be obtained by the people, whose earnings were formerly squandered at "shebeen shops." One or two facts out of the many at our command may illustrate this view of the case better than argument. In 1838, while on a visit to a relative in Limerick, for the purpose of fishing on the all-glorious Shannon, our friend had engaged the services of a boatman; and, in order that he might make a decent appearance before "the strangers," sent him, the night previous to our first excursion, a suit of clothes. The next morning he was, as usual, in rags. "Come, Terence," said our friend, "make haste and dress yourself, or we shall lose our tide." "Be dad, sir, the woman's gone out and tuck the key o' the small box wid her; never mind de clothes to-day, Master John." Master John threw the man a shilling, and saying "That will pay for a new lock," took up a boat rowel, and was about to enter the cottage—shrewdly guessing at the truth however—to break open the box. An explanation took place; the man had pawned the gift, and on inquiry we learned had spent in whiskey every farthing of the sum obtained. We entered his cabin; his wife was stretched, still insensible, on the wet floor; his children were crying on a mass of damp straw in a corner; nothing like food was to be seen; the man, naturally one of the finest-looking fellows we had ever met, at least six feet high, and with remarkably handsome features, was half-stupified from the effects of the night's debauch; a more deplorable illustration of the effects of drunkenness we could not have obtained in Ireland. He was earning sufficient to procure every comfort; his skill as an angler was so great and so generally estimated, that he was always sure of employment; yet his cottage was a picture of entire wretchedness, and gave evidence only of utter depravity. On our entreating our friend to procure another boatman, his answer was that they were all alike, this one having the merit of being, drunk or sober, a degree more civil, safe, and skilful than the rest. A few days afterwards, on going as usual to our boat, we found him absent; he was in jail, having in a fit of drunkenness cruelly beaten his wife, who, drunk also, had bitten his hand so as terribly to maim it. After much hesitation we procured his release, having first seen him take, in the prison-yard, a solemn oath not to touch whiskey for three months. Next morning, the fellow was so drunk that we could not take him with us. A more hopeless case it was scarcely possible to imagine. We have not seen him since. But we learn that, twelve months

duty, to communicate to the secretary the name of any member entering a public-house, or sending one of his family to it. This is of importance, as breaking down one of the strongest barriers against Irish improvement—the unwillingness to inform against a person who has committed a crime, no matter how abhorrent may be the crime and its perpetrator to the feelings of the witness, arising out of the contempt and hatred with which an "informer" is regarded.

ago, he "took the pledge," that he is altogether reformed, and his wife with him; that they and their children are well clad, amply fed, and their cottage clean, comfortable, and sufficiently furnished; that the man visits the savings'-bank as often as he used to do the pawn-office; and that a finer or more healthy looking fellow never steered "a cot" among the perilous breakers of the rapid Shannon. Of their relapse into want, misery, and degradation, there cannot be much danger.

We entered one day a cottage in a suburb of Cork: a woman was knitting stockings at the door; it was as neat and comfortable as any in the most prosperous district of England. We tell her brief story in her own words as nearly as we can recall them:—"My husband is a wheelwright, and always earned his guinea a week; he was a good workman, and neither a bad man nor a bad husband, but the love for the drink was strong in him; and it wasn't often he brought me home more than five shillings out of his one-pound-one on a Saturday night; and it broke my heart to see the poor childre too ragged to send to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had out of the little I could give them. Well, God be praised, he took the pledge; and the next Saturday he laid twenty-one shillings upon the chair you sit upon. Oh! didn't I give thanks on my bended knees that night! Still, I was fearful it wouldn't last, and I spent no more than the five shillings I was used to, saying to myself, Maybe the money will be more wanted than it is now. Well, the next week he brought me the same, and the next, and the next, until eight weeks passed; and, glory be to God! there was no change for the bad in my husband; and all the while he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his hard earnings: so I felt there was no fear of him; and the ninth week when he came home to me, I had this table bought and these six chairs; one for myself, four for the children, and one for himself. And I was dressed in a new gown, and the children all had new clothes and shoes and stockings, and upon his own chair I put a bran-new suit; and upon his plate I put the bill and resate for them all—just the eight sixteen shillings they cost, that I'd saved out of his wages, not knowing what might happen, and that always before went for drink. And he cried, good lady and good gentleman, he cried like a babby—but 'twas with thanks to God; and now where's the healthier man than my husband in the County Cork; or a happier wife than myself; or dacenter or better fed children than our own four?" It is most unlikely that such a family will again sink into poverty and wretchedness. We might add largely to these cases, not only from what we have heard, but what we have seen*.

* In order to obtain some idea of the practical working of the system in promoting economy among the humbler classes, we obtained returns from several of the savings'-banks in the towns we

But there are some—there may be many—who while they offer willing evidence to the great good achieved by the Temperance movement, alarm themselves and others by "the baseless fabric of a vision," and imagine that danger to the State lurks under the shadow of the great tree that has grown so rapidly out of the small seed. Few apprehensions can be more opposed to reason, and none to fact. Thoughtless or unprincipled agitators may create prejudice against the system by assuming that out of its materials—its "three millions"—sedition may be wrought; but the comparative failure of all their recent projects supplies the best answer to assertions they know to be utterly groundless*. The easy in circumstances, and the comparatively independent, are not the tools that wrong-minded men work with; the leaders in sedition, the prompters and councillors to outrage, never contemplated proceeding to action until they had made their followers unconscious of what they were doing—it is, as we have stated, incontrovertible that nine-tenths of the crimes committed in Ireland have been traced to drunkenness—it has thronged

visited. It will suffice perhaps to publish those from Cork, where it had been at work earlier than elsewhere.

For the year ending the 20th of Nov. 1838, the number of "small deposits," i. e. under 5*l*., was five thousand two hundred and fifteen.

For the year ending 20th of November, 1839, six thousand four hundred and fifty-seven.

Being an increase of one thousand two hundred and forty-two.

The returns for the year 1840 we have not obtained. We do not expect they will be so encouraging; for the autumn of this year was a season of frightful want, one of those periodical visitations of poverty to which Ireland has been unhappily subject. Potatoes throughout the south averaged from 8*d*. to 10*d*. a stone, and they were frequently of so bad a quality that often a third was unfit for use. The difficulty of procuring them at any cost was so great, that the inhabitants of many towns interfered to prevent even a portion from leaving their own districts. At Bandon we beheld a melancholy scene—several carts returning empty to their homes in the country, which they had quitted in the morning with money to procure food, but compelled to go back without it. Women and children accompanied them with loud cries; literally "keening," as if they were following a corpse to its place of rest. In Clonmel we saw the estimable rector distributing aid in food to 2800 persons. In Kilkenny the state of things was still worse. A benevolent gentleman, the editor of a newspaper in that city, assured us that on the morning of our visit, he had issued tickets for meal, at a very reduced price, to 2500 families, computed to consist of ten thousand persons; nearly half the population.

If to this want of food had been added the evils of intemperance, the consequences would have been frightful. Yet, during the three months that the famine prevailed, except in Limerick, where there was some disturbance, there was scarcely an instance of breach of the peace. The people endured their sufferings and misery with wonderful patience; and, with the one exception, no attempt was made by the starving multitudes to obtain that which was the property of another.

We allude to these circumstances chiefly to account for the fact—we cannot doubt its being so—that this year the receipts at the various savings' banks have not increased, the savings having been to a large extent drawn out to preserve existence.

* It is a fundamental rule of all the branch societies, of which there are many hundreds scattered through the country, that "no person even suspected of being a member of any illegal association, or of being bound by combination oaths, shall be allowed to become a subscriber to any of the reading-rooms (where the members meet) until he has fully cleared himself from such suspicion or accusation." It is further provided that, in these rooms, "no political or religious controversy shall be, on any account, allowed."

the prisons, filled the lunatic asylums, and was the great source of the revenue of the coroner. Our readers may be assured that the temperance movement has not only no connexion with any secret or disaffected societies; but that it strikes at the root of all illegal combinations, and is the strongest and safest supporter of law and justice. In reference to no other country of the world, indeed, would the suspicion arise that what is so good in itself was projected for a bad purpose, and tended to evil; it is equally unwise, unjust, and cruel, to suppose that the Irish are the only exceptions to so universal a rule; and have become sober that they may be more dangerous to society, and more fatal enemies to its established institutions*.

We hope our testimony may be accepted—for our opinions, both religious and political, are certainly not of a nature to bias us unduly—when we state that we never knew Ireland so contented, so tranquil, or so likely to become prosperous, as we found it during the autumn of the year 1840.

During our stay in Cork, we were naturally anxious to meet Mr. Mathew: for immediately after our arrival in that city, we had noted the wonderful and merciful changes his exertions, chiefly, had wrought. He resides in a bye-street, running off from one of the old Quays; here we saw him administer "the pledge." The neophyte receives it kneeling, and repeats, after the Priest, the following words:—

"I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except used medicinally, and by order of a medical man, and to discountenance the cause and practice of intemperance."

Mr. Mathew then marks on his forehead the sign of the cross, and says, "God give you strength to keep your resolution."

Nothing can be more primitive or simple. A medal and a card are then delivered to the member†. It would puzzle the most prejudiced or suspicious

* Mr. Mathew asserts, and we presume can support his assertion by proof, that no member of the Temperance Society had been "brought before judge and jury," up to the 22nd of September of the present year.

† For the card and medal, if we understand rightly, the member is expected to pay one shilling; this has given rise to an inquiry as to what becomes of the money so collected. The pledge may be taken without receiving the medal; we met many persons who had not been rich enough to obtain it, and who were saving their pence to do so. The Rev. Mr. Mac Leod, the coadjutor of Mr. Mathew, assures us that "not a fourth of the two and a half millions belonging to the society have taken either card or medal;" and that a large number have received them gratis. Although the amount raised has been therefore much exaggerated, there is no doubt that it is considerable; we should counsel the furnishing some statement, but that to do so would be difficult, inasmuch as a great proportion of it is, to our own knowledge, spent in affording temporary relief to those who come, wretched, poor, and diseased, from distances, and in forwarding various other objects of charity. A chapel, a tasteful and beautiful example of architecture, is erecting by Mr. Kearns Deane, the cost of which is to be defrayed out of the proceeds of the society. It is only justice to Mr. Mathew to state that we have never heard a suspicion expressed that the money was improperly expended.

to point out a single word or object engraved on either, against which objection might be taken. As the safest mode of satisfying our readers on this head we have thought it desirable to procure an engraving of the medal. The card is a copy of the medal, with the addition of two prints, one of "Temperance," picturing a happy cottage home, surmounted by a bee-hive; the other of "Intemperance," describing a wretched hovel and its miserable inmates; above it is a lighted candle, into the flame of which a poor moth rushes, and a bottle, round which a serpent coils. It contains also a passage from the Acts, "He reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come."

There is, consequently, nothing of "superstition" associated with the perpetual reminder of the "pledge;" although, beyond doubt, superstitious ideas are mixed up with it—a large proportion of those who have taken it conceiving that a breach of their promise would entail some fearful visitation. They go farther than this; many of the pledged believe that Mr. Mathew possesses the power to heal diseases and preserve his followers from all spiritual and physical dangers—an error which Mr. Mathew does not labour to remove, although he is, certainly, not charged with having striven to introduce or extend it*. We cannot but lament the existence of this evil; yet all who know the Irish peasantry know that an attempt to direct or control them by mere appeals to reason must be utterly vain. It should, also, be borne in mind that it is by no means a new thing with them to connect superstitious notions with their clergy.

We may, perhaps, interest our readers by giving them some details of our visit to Mr. Mathew. The room in which members are received is large, and furnished with a desk and wooden benches. When we entered it, "the

* In a letter lately written by Mr. Mathew, he admits not only that these superstitions exist, but that they are not discountenanced by him. "If I could prevent them," he says, "without impeding the glorious cause, they should not have been permitted, but both are so closely entwined, that the tares cannot be pulled out without plucking up the wheat also. The evil will correct itself; and the good, with the Divine assistance, will remain and be permanent." It should be suggested to him that the greatest danger of relapse will arise from the discovery that such imaginings are unsubstantial and unreal.

President" was not there, but there were men and women of all ages, waiting to take the pledge: among them was a sturdy mountaineer from Kerry—a fine athletic fellow who had led his "faction" for a quarter of a century, whose head was scarred in at least a dozen places, and who had been renowned throughout the country for his prowess at every fair within twenty miles of his home. He had long been a member of this society, and had brought a few of his "friends" to follow his example. He described to us, with natural and forcible eloquence, the effect of temperance in producing peace between man and man, in his own immediate neighbourhood—in terminating the brutal fights between two notorious and numerous factions, the Cooleens and the Lawlors, whose names had figured in every criminal calendar for a century back. "No matter what was doing, it was left undone," he said, "if any one of either party chose to call up the rest. They'd leave the hay half cut, or the oats to be shelled by the four winds of heaven; and, taking the hay-fork, the reaping-hook, and the scythe in their hands, they'd rush out to massacre each other. Tubs of potheen would be drunk hot from the mountain stills; and then, whooping and hollowing like wild Indians, they'd mingle in the unnatural war of Irishman against Irishman. I've known them fight so on the sea-shore, that the sea has come in and drowned those that had fallen drunk in the fray. How is it now? At the last fair at Tralee, there wasn't a stick lifted. There was peace between the factions, and the Cooleens and the Lawlors met, for the first time in the memory of man, without laving a dead boy to be carried home to the widow's cabin."

We must detain our readers while we relate another incident which touched us deeply. A lean, pale, haggard-looking man—so striking a contrast to the Kerry farmer as to be absolutely startling—advanced to the table at which sate the patient and good-tempered secretary to the society, and asked him if his Reverence would be in shortly. A pretty delicate-looking young woman, very scantily clad, but perfectly clean, was looking over his shoulder as he asked the question. "I think I have seen you before, my good man," said the secretary, "and it's not many weeks ago."

"It was more his brother than he, sir—it was indeed," answered the haggard man's wife, curtseying, and advancing a little before her husband.

He interrupted her—"Don't try to screen me, Nelly, good girl, don't—God knows, Nelly, I don't deserve it from you. See the way I beat her last night, gentlemen, on both arms, like a brute as I was—"

"It wasn't you, dear," said the young woman, drawing her thin shawl more closely over her bruised limbs; "It was the strength of the spirits did it, and not himself—he's as quiet a man as there's in the city o' Cork when he's

sober—and as fine a workman—and he wouldn't hurt a hair of my head—barring he was in liquor—"

The poor creature's affectionate appeal on behalf of her erring husband was interrupted by the secretary again demanding if he had not taken the pledge before.

"I did, sir—Stand back, Nelly, and don't try to screen me!—I came here and took it from Father Macleod—and, God forgive me, I broke it too. I broke it last night, or rather all day yesterday, and ——"

"Never heed telling any more about it, James dear," said his wife, eagerly, "never heed telling any more about it. A man may be overtaken once, and yet make a fine Christian afther all. You wouldn't be sending him from the priest's knee, sir, because he broke it *once*. When, as I said before, it was his brother was in it, and not he, only for company."

"I had no heart to come this morning—only for her," said the husband; "she remembered his Reverence preaching about there being more joy in heaven over one like me, than over ninety and nine good men. Oh! if she would only let me tell the wickedness of my past life, and the sin and shame that has followed me——"

"It was the drink, James; it was the drink," reiterated the wife earnestly, "don't be distressing yourself, for it was nothing but the drink. Sure, when sober, there isn't a more loving husband or a tenderer father, on Ireland's ground—and now you'll be true to the pledge, and it's happy we'll be—and prosperous—for the masther told me this blessed morning that if he could depend on you for soberness, you'd earn your twenty-five shillings a week, and have the credit to be a Monday man; and ye will, James—ye will—for my sake—and for the sake of the children at home."

"Ay," he interrupted, "and for the sake of the broken-hearted mother that bore me,—and for the sake of little Mary that I crippled, in the drink. Oh! when the sweet look of that babby is on me—her sweet, patient look—I think the gates of heaven can never open for such a sinner!"

While he made this confession, his arms hung powerless by his sides; and his pallid face lengthened into an expression of helpless, hopeless irreclaimable misery. The wife turned away and burst into tears. Several evinced the quick sympathies of Irish natures, for they shuddered, and murmured, "The Lord be betwixt us and harm, and look down upon them both!" The woman was the first to recover consciousness; impelled by a sudden burst of feeling, she threw her bruised arms round her husband's neck, recalling him to himself by all the tender phrases of Irish affection. We can never forget the agonised earnestness with which the unhappy man took the pledge;

the beautiful picture of his gentle and endearing wife as she stood beside him; or the solemn response that followed from a score of voices, "Oh, then, God strengthen ye to keep it."

No one who sees the Rev. Mr. Mathew will hesitate to believe that he has been stimulated by pure benevolence to the work he has undertaken. The expression of his countenance is peculiarly mild and gracious: his manner is persuasive to a degree, simple and easy, and humble without a shadow of affectation, and his voice is low and musical,—"such as moves men." A man more naturally fitted to obtain influence over a people, easily led and proverbially swayed by the affections, we have never encountered. No man has borne his honours more meekly; encountered opposition with greater gentleness and forbearance; or disarmed hostility by weapons better suited to a Christian. His age is somewhat above fifty, but he looks younger: his frame is strong, evidently calculated to endure great fatigue, and his aspect is that of established health—a serviceable illustration of the practical value of his system. He is somewhat above the middle size; his features are handsome as well as expressive. Our brief interview with him confirmed the favourable impression of his character we had obtained from a knowledge of the benefits derived from his labours; and we left him with fervent thanks to God that a man so qualified to sway a multitude, had so wisely, so nobly, and so virtuously applied his power and directed the energies of his marvellously active mind—feeling how dangerous he might have proved if they had been exerted for evil and not for good.

We have thus discharged our duty in submitting to our readers the opinions we have formed of the Temperance movement in Ireland. They are the result of careful inquiry and close examination. Our object is to exert our judgment, unbiassed by prejudice, so as to discover truth and report truly. We can have no design to answer but that of encouraging those who are striving to benefit Ireland, in the safest and most effectual way; and of obtaining for its people that confidence to which they are daily becoming more and more entitled. We are very far from purposing to forward the interests of a party; and shall deeply lament if we offend any other party by the earnestness with which we have advocated the cause. Alas! that the Evil Genius of Ireland has not been stayed from entering even this sacred ground! We have witnessed the prodigious effects of Temperance in improving the character and bettering the condition of the Irish peasantry; but we see, in the prospect, advantages to which those already obtained are but as dust in the balance, and which those who have recently visited Ireland, to examine it unprejudiced, will not consider us over-

sanguine in anticipating:—bigotry losing its hold; the undue or baneful influence of one mind over another mind ceasing; habits of thrift and forethought becoming constitutional; industry receiving its full recompense; cultivation passing over the bogs and up the mountains; the law recognised as a guardian and protector; the rights of property fully understood and acknowledged; the rich trusting the poor, and the poor confiding in the rich; absenteeism no longer a weighty evil; and capital circulating freely and securely, so as to render the great natural resources of Ireland available to the commercial, the agricultural, and the manufacturing interests of the United Kingdom.

The immediate outlets of Cork possess considerable interest, and their natural beauties are, perhaps, not exceeded by those of any city of the kingdom. The river Lee, above and below the bridges, the alternate hill and dale, the high state of cultivation, the number of fine seats and pretty cottages, and an abundance of trees and evergreens—are objects that meet the eye in every direction around Cork, and seem to justify the appellation bestowed upon it by the natives, and assented to by all visitors, of—"The beautiful City!" On one side is Sunday's Well, a steep ascent from the height of which there is a magnificent view of the river and of the landscape for many miles around it. "Sunday's Well" derives its name from one of those sacred fountains—which abound in every part of Ireland, and which we shall have to describe hereafter—where devotees assemble, at particular periods, under the belief that the water is blessed and cures all disorders. On the same side of the river are the Upper and Lower Glanmire Roads—not long since solitary walks, but now a busy and populous district. The "Lower" conducts to the wharfs and timber-yards, and skirts the river; the "Upper," to the barracks, an extensive and commodious structure; and both roads terminate in scenery of great beauty. But the most attractive of the outlets from Cork is that which leads to Passage; and which it will be our business to describe when we conduct the reader to Cove; we give precedence, however, to one, in reference to which the first inquiry of the English traveller is usually directed.

Few places in Ireland are more familiar to English ears than Blarney; the notoriety is attributable, first, to the marvellous qualities of its famous "stone," and next, to the extensive popularity of the song,—

"The groves of Blarney, they are so charming."

When or how the stone obtained its singular reputation, it is difficult to determine; the exact position among the ruins of the castle is also a matter of doubt;

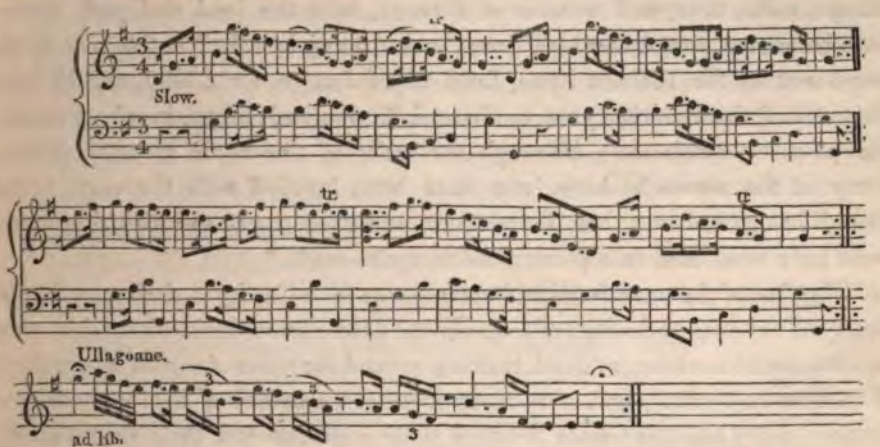
the peasant-guides humour the visitor according to his capacity for climbing, and direct, either to the summit or the base, the attention of him who desires to "greet it with a holy kiss." He who has been dipped in the Shannon is presumed to have obtained, in abundance, the gift of that "civil courage" which makes an Irishman at ease and unconstrained in all places and under all circumstances; and he who has kissed the Blarney stone is assumed to be endowed with a fluent and persuasive tongue, although it may be associated with insincerity; the term "Blarney" being generally used to characterise words that are meant neither to be "honest or true." It is conjectured that the comparatively modern application of the term "Blarney" first had existence when the possessor, Lord Clancarty, was a prisoner to Sir George Carew, by whom he was subjected to several examinations touching his loyalty, which he was required to prove by surrendering his strong castle to the soldiers of the Queen; this act he always endeavoured to evade by some plausible excuse, but as invariably professing his willingness to do so. The particulars are fully detailed in the "Pacata Hibernia."

It is certain that to no particular stone of the ancient structure is the marvellous quality exclusively attributed; but in order to make it as difficult as possible to attain the enviable gift, it had long been the custom to point out a stone, a few feet below the battlements, which the very daring only would run the hazard of touching with their lips. The attempt to do so was, indeed, so dangerous, that a few years ago Mr. Jeffreys had it removed from the wall and placed on the highest point of the building; where the visitor may now greet it with little risk. It is about two feet square, and contains the date 1703, with a portion of the arms of the Jeffreys family, but the date, at

once, negatives its claim to be considered the true marvel of Blarney*. A few days before our visit a madman made his way to the top of the castle, and after dancing round it for some hours, his escape from death being almost miraculous, he flung this stone from the tower; it was broken in the fall, and now, as the guide stated to us, the "three halves" must receive three distinct kisses to be in any degree effective.

The age of the song, however, has been satisfactorily ascertained; it was written in the year 1798 or 1799, by Richard Alfred Millikin, an attorney of Cork. The author little anticipated the celebrity his lines were destined to acquire; they were composed to ridicule the nonsense verses of the village poets, who, with a limited knowledge of the English language, and a smattering of classical names, were in the habit of indulging their still more ignorant auditors, by stringing together sounds that had no sense, but conveyed a notion of the prodigious learning of the singer.

As the ancient melody, to which Millikin wrote "The Groves of Blarney," differs from the air to which Moore's song of "The Last Rose of Summer," with which so many are familiar, is adapted, we have thought it advisable to print the original version.



* The Rev. Matthew Horgan, the Parish Priest of Blarney, informs us that "the curious traveller will seek in vain for the *real* stone, unless he allows himself to be lowered from the northern angle of the lofty castle, when he will discover it about twenty feet from the top, with this inscription:—

CORMAC MC CARTHY FORTIS
ME FIERI FECIT. A.D. 1446."

The worthy Priest was our kind and courteous companion among the ruins, and the picturesque scenery in the neighbourhood. He is an Irish scholar—"a ripe and good one"—who has contributed largely to rescue from oblivion much of the antiquarian lore of his country; and we have to acknowledge some pleasant and profitable hours passed in his society.

Millikin's song has been injurious to Ireland; it has raised many a laugh at Ireland's expense, and contributed largely to aid the artist and the actor, of gone-by times, in exhibiting the Irishman as little better than a buffoon—very amusing, no doubt, but exciting any feeling rather than that of respect.

It is impossible to contemplate the romantic ruins of Blarney Castle without a feeling more akin to melancholy than to pleasure; they bear, so perfectly, the aspect of strength utterly subdued, and remind one, so forcibly, that the "glory" of Ireland belongs to days departed. The castle stands—

> "as stands a lofty mind,
> Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
> All tenantless, save to the crannying wind."

The strong-hold of Blarney was erected about the middle of the fifteenth century by Cormac Mac Carthy, surnamed "Laider," or the strong; whose ancestors had been chieftains in Munster from a period long antecedent to the English invasion, and whose descendants, as lords of Muskerry and Clancarty, retained no inconsiderable portion of their power and estates until the year 1689, when their immense possessions were confiscated, and the last earl became an exile, like the monarch whose cause he had supported. The castle, village, mills, fairs, and customs of Blarney, with the land and park thereunto belonging, containing 1400 acres, were "set up by cant" in the year 1702, purchased by Sir Richard Pyne, Lord Chief Justice, for £3000, and by him disposed of, the following year, to General Sir James Jeffreys, in whose family the property continues. Although the walls of this castle are still strong, many of the outworks have long since been levelled with the earth; the plough has passed over their foundations, and "the stones of which they were built have been used in repairing the turnpike-roads."

The fate of the once formidable clan of the Mac Carthy is similar to that of nearly all the ancient families of Ireland: the descendants, in the direct line, may be often found working, as day-labourers, around the ruins of castles where their forefathers had ruled; and as, in many instances, a period of little more than a century and a half has passed between their grandeur and their degradation, it can excite no marvel if, at times, they indulge the idea, that what was swept from them by the strong tide of conquest, the eddy of events may bring back to them again. We have ourselves seen the legitimate heir of one of the ancient rulers and owners of West Carbery pause, as he delved the soil, lean on his spade, and point to the mountains and the valleys, stretching far as the eye could reach, and speak, as if they were still his own, of the wide district of which his great-grandsire was the chief. The touching story which Mr. Crofton Croker tells of the representative of the Mac Carthy (Muskerry) may

find its parallel in nearly every barony of Ireland. The existing proprietor of a portion of these forfeited estates observed, one evening, in his demesne, an aged man stretched at the foot of an old tree, "sobbing as though his heart would break." On expressing sympathy, and inquiring the cause of such excessive sorrow, he received this answer—"I am a Mac Carthy, once the possessor of that castle and of these broad lands; this tree I planted, and I have returned to water it with my tears. To-morrow I sail for Spain, where I have been an exile and an outlaw since the revolution. To-night, for the last time, I bid farewell to the place of my birth and the home of my ancestors."

"Forfeited estates" in Ireland are to be encountered as frequently as old Irish names; in some instances they were transferred wholesale to the followers of the triumphant Cromwell or the victorious William; in other cases they were partitioned and scattered among them. The county histories are full of such expressive sentences as this; "he joined the Irish and forfeited this estate." The knights of Queen Elizabeth; "successful soldiers of the commonwealth;" or the partisans, English and Dutch, of William III., divided the properties of the ancient or "mere Irish;" and, perhaps, in the whole country, there are scarcely a dozen of the descendants of families, antecedent to the Anglo-Norman invasion, who hold an acre of the land that once belonged to their ancestors. We shall be often called upon to illustrate Irish history and Irish character, by tracing the circumstances which led to such changes. Time has, no doubt, contributed largely to reconcile the sufferers to their fate; the memory of it is, every day, becoming more and more faint; but enough still exists to be wrought upon, for evil, by those who would misdirect the energies of the Irish peasantry.*

The last Lord Clancarty raised a troop for James II., and "with them committed many ravages." A poor butcher of Mallow, who had refused his

* Not far distant from Blarney are the remains of an ancient castle built by the English family of Barrett: it is said that O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, on marching by it in 1600, inquired who lived there, and being answered that the owner was a good catholic, who had possessed it for four hundred years, swore in Irish; "No matter, I hate the English churl as if he came but yesterday." The feeling is by no means confined to the ancient chieftains or their descendants; an illustrative anecdote once came under our own notice. We had with us an English servant, who, on going to market, was hailed by a basket-woman wanting employment; "I b'leve, ma'am, you're English?" "Yes." "So am I, ma'am." "Indeed! when did you come over to Ireland?" "Oh! ma'am, I came over wid Oliver Crom'ell." A Roman Catholic clergyman of Cork was, during our recent visit to that city, called upon to administer the last rites of his church to an aged and dying woman. On his entrance, she addressed him in English; and after he had had a brief conversation with her, she commenced her "confession;" speaking, however, in Irish. The Priest was ignorant of the language, and told her so. "Then," she asked, "what brought ye here to me, if ye can't speak in my tongue, when ye knew what ye were wanted for?" "Good woman," he replied, "you understand English, and I can perform my duty as well in that language as in any other." The weak and emaciated woman raised herself from her straw pillow, and looking earnestly and angrily at her clergyman, thus addressed him: "*And did you think I was going to say my last words to God Almighty in the language of the Sassenach?*"

men a horse, without payment, was severely ill-treated by them; and making complaint to the judges of assize, obtained satisfaction. As soon as the judges were gone, however, the Earl marched with a party of his troopers to the butcher's house, and telling him they were come to pay him for his horse—as ordered—tossed the unfortunate man in a blanket and bruised him till he died. His family were presented by King William, by way of atonement, with a grant of part of the Earl's estate; which the descendants of the butcher continue to enjoy, we believe, to the present day; the property being styled "the lands of the Butcher of Conscience." After the confiscation of Lord Clancarty's vast estates, he was exiled, but a pension of £300 a year was granted to him during his life. He subsequently purchased a little island at the mouth of the Elbe, where "he made considerable profits by shipwrecks," but without any stain upon his character, as he gave up all waifs and strays to their owners, if demanded within a year, and continued to render the distressed all the assistance in his power—saving the lives of many.

His son Robert, "commonly called Lord Muskerry," who was a captain in the British navy, having laid claim to his patrimony, it was found to be "divided into so many hands that the suit seemed of too dangerous a nature to be suffered to go on." Parliament interfered, and put a stop to the proceedings. There is a family tradition, that when Lord Clancarty went into exile, pending measures to regain his estates, which he was subsequently compelled to abandon for lack of means, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough lent him a Bible, saying he would therein find matter to console him for all his troubles. The book, however, remained unopened until his return to England; when the duchess reclaimed the volume, and showed her astonished and mortified relative that she had placed among the leaves notes more than sufficient to have met the expenses necessary for carrying on the proceedings for the recovery of his property, then placed far beyond his reach.

The small village of Blarney is about four miles north-west of Cork; a few years ago it was remarkably clean, neat, and thriving; its prosperity having resulted from the establishment of several linen and cotton factories, the whole of which have been swept away, and the hamlet is now, like the castle, an assemblage of ruins. In the vicinity, however, there is yet a woollen-manufactory and a paper-mill, both in full work. The scenery in the neighbourhood is agreeable, but the grounds that immediately surround the castle are of exceeding beauty. Nature has done much more for them than art; although there is evidence that the hand of taste had busied itself in the duty of improvement. "The sweet Rock-close" is a small dell, in which evergreens grow luxuriantly, completely shaded with magnificent trees.

At its termination, are the "Witches' Stairs;" a series of rugged stone steps which lead down through a passage in the rock to a delicious spot of green sward forming the bank of a clear rivulet—and where some singular masses appear to have been "the work of Druid hands of old."

We visited "The sweet Rock-close"—it well deserves the epithet—during a sunny day in June; and never can we forget the fragrant shade afforded by the luxuriant evergreens which seem rooted in the limestone rock; the little river Comane is guarded by a natural terrace, fringed by noble trees; several of the spaces between are grottos—natural also; some with seats, where many a love tale has been told, and will be, doubtless, as long as Cork lads and lasses indulge in pic-nic fêtes, while the blackbird whistles, and the wood-pigeon coos in the twisted foliage above their heads: it is indeed a spot of exceeding wildness and singular beauty; at some particular points you catch a glimpse of the castle, the river, and the mysterious entrance to the "Witches' Stairs." Still, notwithstanding the variety of these objects, and a cave, moreover, where some beautiful princess of old went through—like the lady in Comus—a long enchantment, the character of the Rock-close is one of deep shadow; occasionally, a sunbeam struggles through the gloom, and points out a bed of the richest moss, or a "grey stone" winged with waving fern; and it is a place wherein to meditate upon the mystery that such a scene should ever have been abandoned by its possessor, who now takes little more interest in his beautiful domain than to crowd its rich meadows with as fine cattle as we ever remember to have seen in any country. We wandered from the shades of the Rock-close across the green and richly-wooded pastures which lead to the lake—a fine expanse of water about a quarter of a mile from the castle. The scenery here is rather English than Irish, but every step is hallowed by a legend: it is implicitly believed that the last Earl of Clancarty who inhabited the castle, committed the keeping of his plate to the deepest waters, and that it will never be recovered until a Mac Carthy be again lord of Blarney. Enchanted cows on midsummer nights dispute the pasture with those of the present possessor, and many an earthly bull has been worsted in the contest. As to fairies—their rings are upon the grass from early summer to the last week in harvest.

We confess our attention was somewhat withdrawn from the varied and interesting conversation of our urbane and considerate companion, by the multitudes of lilies that floated on the waters of the lake, rendering it near the shore a mass of living gold. We never saw the flower in such abundance or perfection; one, which we gathered, contained within its calyx a small green lizard, that came creeping forth, its fixed and jet-like eyes staring us out of

countenance, until we transferred it to another home, which it quietly entered. A most delightful day did we spend amongst those ruins of art and beauties of nature. We sat beneath the shadow of the old ward-tower to partake of some refreshment, and the children of a dairy farm, close to the castle, brought us a plate, piled with potatoes and enveloped in a warm white cloth.

Those who visit Blarney castle would be repaid for their trouble, by extending their drive through a sequestered glen, in which the Awmartin descends into the valley; the road wanders through this beautiful pass almost as wildly as the river, and at its extremity the Rev. Matthew Horgan, with true antiquarian *gusto*, is erecting a *round-tower* close to his chapel, with a view to be even with his ancestors, and—puzzle posterity. The neighbourhood has many circular raths, and some square entrenchments, with the usual subterranean cells.

To the beauty and numerous attractions of the Cork river, we have already called the attention of our readers. From the quay—on which the St. George Company have their office—and which, as a handsome structure * and one of considerable interest to all voyagers to and from "the beautiful city," we have thought it right to copy into our pages—the whole distance to the

harbour's mouth, the scene is one of continual variety and interest; the shores on both sides are richly wooded, and crowded with fine or pretty villas. Proceeding from Cork, the object that first strikes the tourist, is the castle of Black Rock—a modern structure, but which, from its position, standing on

* We should note that various other fine buildings are "in progress" to ornament the city; which may boast of some of the most skilful architects in the kingdom.

BLACK ROCK CASTLE.

CORK.

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the extremity of a small peninsula, commands especial notice. It is represented in the accompanying engraving, from a painting by Mr. Creswick. Some assert that William Penn embarked from this spot, for the New World, while others point out, as the place, the old mansion of Dundanion (now a ruin in the grounds of Sir Thomas Deane). Passing through Lough Mahon—part of the river, but because of its peculiar character, styled a "lough" or lake—the village of Passage, distant five miles from Cork, is reached. Here all large vessels discharge their cargoes, the channel not being of sufficient depth to allow of their approach nearer to the city. An excellent quay has recently been built to facilitate the embarkation and disembarkation of passengers. In excavating for its foundation an iron cannon, or part of one, was discovered, which certainly belongs to an early period in the history of English artillery—if it be of English manufacture. If of Irish make, it is far more difficult to conjecture the age, for we know, that leathern cannon hooped with iron were used by the Anglo-Irish, so late as the reign of Charles I.; and we have seen a whimsical record of one of these engines, which instead of shooting its ball forward, exploded at the breech, leaving the ball unmoved. In our opinion, the piece of ordnance represented in the annexed woodcut, is only the chamber of the gun, to which an iron tube was attached for the passage of the ball; and judging by comparison with one in the curious and interesting collection of cannon at Quex Park, the seat of Mr. Powell, in the Isle of Thanet, which had been dug up at Tilbury Fort, the one discovered at Passage may be referred to the time of Henry VII.; and the warlike demonstrations then made by the citizens of Cork in favour of Perkin Warbeck, may be brought forward to support the conjecture, and account for the locality in which it was found.

About a mile farther on is the village of Monkstown; it was formerly confined in the gorge of a deep and richly wooded glen, but has gradually extended along the shore, where a row of excellent houses sprung up; and a handsome church, an hotel with baths, and some pretty villas, have been, more recently, built. The castle of Monkstown, though now a complete ruin, was in repair, and used as a barrack, during the last war. It was built in the year 1636, and, according to popular tradition, at the cost of a groat. To explain the enigma, the following story is told; Anastatia Goold, who had become the wife of John Archdeken, determined while her husband was

abroad, serving in the army of Philip of Spain, to give him evidence of her thrift on his return, by surprising him with a noble residence which he might call his own. Her plan was, to supply the workmen with provisions and other articles they required, for which she charged the ordinary price; but as she had made her purchases wholesale, upon balancing her accounts it appeared that the retail profit had paid all the expenses of the structure, except fourpence! This model of domestic economy reposes with her husband in the neighbouring burial-ground of the ruined church of Temple-en-Bryn. He died in 1660, and a long inscription in Latin upon the family vault records his piety, hospitality, and other good qualities*.

Between the two villages, Passage and Monkstown, a delightful road along the shore has been lately formed, a little above high-water-mark, by cutting away the rock which descended abruptly to the river. The depth of water here is very great; and it is pointed out to the stranger's notice as a place where several ships have foundered, particularly one commanded by Captain Cole, in 1758. The formation of this road, has, however, much injured a singular freak of nature called the "Giant's stairs," some of which it has entirely displaced. Fifteen or sixteen huge knobs of rock, each many tons in weight, rose from the water's edge one above the other up the face of a very steep rocky ascent, with nearly the regularity of a flight of steps; and it required no effort of fancy to perceive the resemblance, especially when this extraordinary cliff chanced to be viewed in profile. Sufficient still remains to satisfy a stranger's curiosity, notwithstanding the dismemberment; but they can be no longer appealed to by the credulous boatmen as the undoubted stairs which the Giant O'Mahony made for himself and used every night at twelve o'clock when he descended to his bathing-place.

Before reaching Cove, the steamer passes Haulbowlin Island; and between the town of Cove and the harbour's mouth are Rocky and Spike Islands—to which we have already made reference. Nearer the harbour's mouth, on the west side, is a creek called Crosshaven, remarkable from the tradition that it once sheltered the gallant admiral, Sir Francis Drake, when pursued into the harbour by a Spanish squadron. The spot where he anchored is still called "Drake's Pool." The Spaniards, after remaining some days in the "bay of Cork," (as its harbour was then, and for some years subsequently, called,) sending boats up the Cork river in vain pursuit, and exploring in other directions, stood out to sea again, completely unable to account

* The Archdekens were an Anglo-Irish family, who "degenerating" became "Hibernices quam Hiberniores"—more Irish than the Irish themselves, and assumed the name of Mac Odo, or Cody. They "forfeited" in 1688, having followed the fortunes of James II.

for the mysterious disappearance of the vessels they had chased so closely and so keenly, and which they, after due consideration of all the circumstances, gravely concluded, could only have been snatched from their grasp and have disappeared in so astonishing a manner by the power of magic.

To Spike Island considerable national importance was, and some literary interest is, attached, from the circumstance that the engineer officer who superintended the formation of the unfinished fortification upon it, called Fort Westmoreland, which was commenced in 1791, was General—then Colonel—Vallancey. Here it was that the learned and philosophic soldier commenced the study of the Irish language, instructed by one of the stone-masons under his orders; and it is certainly remarkable that any Englishman should have so completely identified his name with Irish literary and antiquarian research. However fanciful and visionary the theories of Vallancey may be considered, no one can deny that his inquiries and learning have brought to light many —very many, verbal and other coincidences too extraordinary not to afford subjects for deep reflection to an inquiring mind.

The town of Cove, as we have stated, faces the entrance to Cork harbour, from which, however, it is distant about five miles. It is built on the side of a steep hill, and rises from the water's edge, terrace above terrace; the more elevated parts commanding a magnificent bird's-eye view of the extensive

anchorage. The town has therefore natural advantages of a rare order; so manifest are they, indeed, as almost to justify the prophecy of an English traveller, that in time it would supplant the prosperous city; "for here," he adds, "the merchant may discharge his cargo in the sight of his own storehouses." Cove has a southern aspect, and the climate is consequently mild during all seasons; from the nature of the site on which it stands, Cove is almost always clean—a fall of rain carrying its impurities into the Atlantic. On all sides the shore is covered with villas—the trees, usually stunted on the coast, grow gracefully and majestically: the islands, and fortified headlands,

are so many imposing objects within view; and the gay yachts, which a tourist described a century ago as "little vessels, that for painting and gilding exceed those of the king at Greenwich;" give animation and variety to the exciting scene.

"The Yacht Club" of Cork is said to be the oldest association of the kind in the United Kingdom, and it probably is so. With its "rules and orders," printed in 1765, under the name of those of the "Cork Water Club," is given a list of the *old* members of 1720; and reference is made to its "ancient rules and constitution;" one of the early regulations provided that no long-tailed wigs, large sleeves or ruffles, should be worn by any member. In 1830 it received the prefix of "Royal," and in 1831, the French government conceded to it the privilege of free access to all the ports of France. The club has of late years successfully laboured to improve the construction, appointments, and management of vessels of all descriptions, and the commonest craft of the harbour may now vie with those belonging to any English port; the skill and hardihood of the Cove boatmen and mariners are proverbial; and if the kingdom shall again require sailors to maintain the supremacy of the British flag, and give emphasis to the almost forgotten line "Britannia rules the waves," the Cove of Cork will supply, at least, its quota.

Previous to the war between England and her American colonies, Cove consisted of little more than the mud cabins of a few fishermen. Dr. Smith, whose county history was published in 1750, describes it as "a village built under a steep hill, inhabited by seamen and revenue officers." And in 1752 John Wesley records that "there was nothing to be bought there—neither flesh, nor fish, nor butter, nor cheese," and adds that he was obliged to be "well contented" with some eggs and bread. The present population of Cove exceeds 7000, and its character is that of a thriving and improving town.

During the early part of the last century, numerous are the anecdotes related of the daring exploits of hostile privateers and pirates, performed actually within Cork harbour, and in full view of the town of Cove—if town it could then be called—and its population. In one instance the Custom-house officers were made prisoners and carried off "to larn them to spake French," as was jocularly remarked. In another, after the enemy had taken on board supplies of water and fresh provisions, they cut out such merchant-vessels as they considered to be worth the trouble of carrying off. Soon after this occurrence insulting notices were posted in the city of Cork boasting of the achievement and inviting the citizens generally, some of them by name, to an entertainment, on a particular day, which was appointed, as an acknowledgment of the ready sale their goods had met with; and, strange as it may seem, the

THE COVE OF CORK.

entertainment took place. These and similar outrages, conceived in the most wanton spirit, and executed in the most reckless manner, were, almost without exception, the acts of Irishmen intimately acquainted with the localities, who had entered into foreign services. Some of such enterprises were executed under letters of marque (of which we have seen one) from the Pretender; and many very romantic stories are told of the semi-warlike, semi-friendly intercourse carried on between the residents upon the southern coast of Ireland and "the wild geese," as the Irish metaphorically termed their expatriated relatives and friends.

So late as 1780, Cove had scarcely advanced beyond the dignity of a fishing hamlet. Soon afterwards, however, the value of Cork harbour having been appreciated, its Cove gradually rose into importance; houses were built, fortifications for defence constructed, government stores established, and it became the naval station of an Admiral's flag. Bustle, activity, and a thriving trade, followed. It was no unusual sight to behold from "Spy-hill," as the highest point of Cove was called, three hundred sail of merchant vessels assembled, waiting for convoy; nor was it a rare occurrence to hear the booming of distant cannon from some daring privateer that like a shark had watched the harbour's mouth, until it was brought an honourable prize into port. Cove was then all gaiety: the steady officers, the light-hearted and thoughtless "middies," and the "jolly Jack tars," paraded up and down at all hours. The pennant floated in the breeze, redolent with dust, pitch, whiskey, and music; the fiddle and bagpipes resounded in a district named, from what reason we know not, "the holy ground," unless that it was sacred to every species of marine frolic and dissipation—a spot, by the way, from just above which Mr. Creswick's view is taken. Many are the odd stories told in illustration of the proverbial recklessness of the sailor, and if the traditions of "the holy ground" could be collected, rich indeed would be the exhibition of mingled nautical humour and Irish wit. With "dove-like Peace," the glory of Cove departed. Notwithstanding the arguments and remonstrances of its inhabitants, Cove was reduced from an Admiral's command to a mere naval station for the supply of water and provisions. Now-a-days, the appearance of a ship-of-war is an event of rare occurrence, and the arrival of a cruising squadron an era of so much importance as to be celebrated in song*. But

* "You're welcome—you're welcome,
Vice Admiral Malcolm,
To anchor your squadron at Cove;
And, moreover, the stronger
Your force, and the longer
Your stay—the more welcome, by Jove," &c.

the natural beauty of the situation of Cove, the salubrity of its sea-breezes, its vicinity to Cork (the distance being about ten miles), and the facility of the communication by means of steam-boats, have averted the anticipated ruin of the place: and now instead of the gallant seaman or giddy seaboy full of health and animal spirits, we too often encounter the poor maiden upon whose cheek a hectic flush speaks of an early tomb; or some youth, whose feeble step and emaciated person are evidences too strong to be doubted that consumption will triumph, and that his removal to a genial climate had been too long deferred. The mild air and warm southern aspect of Cove, added to the advantages of sea-bathing, strongly recommend it to invalids, by whom, from all parts of Ireland, it is now visited*. Among those whose deaths give a melancholy interest to the place, may be mentioned Tobin, the author of the "Honey-Moon," who died, within sight of land, on his passage to the West Indies, where he was proceeding for the recovery of his health. The Rev. Charles Wolfe, the author of the well-known lines upon the death of Sir John Moore, also died at Cove, of consumption, in the spring of 1823.

It is singular that the literary fame of both Tobin and Wolfe was posthumous; the world knew nothing of them or of their genius until their hearts were indifferent to praise, and their ears deaf to the voice of the charmer. How beautifully, and in what an affecting manner, did Sir Humphrey Davy picture the melancholy glory of posthumous fame in the prologue which he wrote for poor Tobin's comedy of the Honey-Moon! The ashes of Tobin and Wolfe rest in the burial-ground of the old and ruined church of Clonmel, about a mile to the rear of Cove. Neither the grave of the one nor the other can be now identified; all we could learn was, that it had been the practice to bury strangers at, or near, the west end of the church.

On the east side of Cork harbour, and about three miles from the shore, is the small town of Cloyne—a bishop's see, founded in the sixth century, by St. Colman. The cathedral is a low cruciform structure. The last Bishop of Cloyne was Brinkley, the profound mathematician and eminent astronomer, who was consecrated in 1826, and died in 1835, when the see merged into that of Cork and Ross. This distinguished prelate rose from a pauper school

* Mr. J. Windele, the author of an interesting and valuable work, "Notices of Cork and its Vicinity," supplies the following table, kept for ten months of the year 1833-4, with a view to exhibit the slight range or variation of temperature that had taken place at Cove; and argues, upon safe grounds and upon good authority, that those who seek to renovate health in Continental climes may perceive how attainable it is nearer home, where extremes of heat or cold are alike unknown.

	April	May	June	July	Sept.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.
Mean highest	53	63	63	70	..	57	52	49	50
Mean lowest	47	50	50	56	..	47	46	43	43

in Suffolk, to the highest scientific rank of his age, and his memory will long be cherished at Cloyne as one of the many eminent men of which that city-village can boast. Among the others, may be mentioned Bishop Woodward—remembered as the controversial opponent of the facetious Father O'Leary—who closed an argument respecting purgatory by observing, that his lordship might "go farther and fare worse." Cloyne was also the residence of the illustrious Bishop Berkeley, to whom Pope ascribes

"Every virtue under heaven;"

and to see whom, it is said, the poet contemplated a visit to Ireland. At Cloyne there is one of those singular round towers, which for so long a period have excited the curiosity of antiquaries—whose various theories we shall have to describe and comment upon in the course of our work. Its conical stone roof was destroyed by lightning in the year 1749. The neighbourhood of Cloyne abounds with natural caves in the limestone rock: one of which, in the episcopal grounds, is described by Bishop Bennett, in a letter to Dr. Parr *, as of "unknown length and depth, branching to a great distance under the earth, and sanctified by a thousand wild traditions." At Castle Mary, a fine seat, not far from Cloyne, may be seen one of those ponderous masses of stone supported by smaller stones, which are popularly termed Druids' altars, or "cromleachs;" and close to it is a smaller one. The incumbent or

* "The episcopal house," says the amiable Bishop Bennett, "is at the east end of the village, a large irregular building, having been altered and improved by different bishops, but altogether a comfortable and handsome residence. The side next the village has a very close screen of trees and shrubs, and three other sides look to a large garden, and a farm of four hundred acres. This farm constitutes what is called the mensal lands, is generally close to the palace, and was intended for the corn and cattle consumed at the bishop's table. The garden is large—four acres—consisting of four quarters full of fruit, particularly strawberries and raspberries, which Bishop Berkeley had a predilection for; and separated as well as surrounded by shrubberies, which contain some pretty winding walks, and one large one, of nearly a quarter of a mile long, adorned for great parts of its length by a hedge of myrtles, six feet high, planted by Berkeley's own hand, and which had each of them a large ball of tar put to their roots.

"At the end of the garden is what we call the rock shrubbery, a walk leading under young trees among sequestered crags of limestone which hang many feet above our heads, and ending at the mouth of a cave of unknown length and depth, branching to a great distance under the earth, and sanctified by a thousand wild traditions; and which I have no doubt sheltered the first wild inhabitants of the town itself, ***cluain*** being the Irish name for a cave, or place of retirement. I have enclosed this place," continues Bishop Bennett, "which is a favourite spot of mine, with a low wall; enlarged its limits, and planted it with shrubs, which grow in this southern part of Ireland (where frost is unknown) to a luxuriance of which the tall myrtles I have mentioned may give you some idea. Here I always spend some part of every day; sometimes with the mistress of my affections, with her arm in mine. On a Sunday, too, the gates are always thrown open, that my catholic neighbours may indulge themselves with a walk to the cave.

"Of Berkeley little is remembered, though his benevolence, I have no doubt, was widely diffused. He made no improvement to the house; yet the part he inhabited wanted it much, for it is now thought only good enough for the upper servants. My study is the room where he kept his apparatus for tar-water. There is no chapel in the house; but a private door from the garden leads to the cathedral."

altar stone of the great cromleach, measures fifteen feet in length, and is about eight feet wide and three and a half thick. The position of both is inclined; from which it is conjectured the name "Cromleach," the bending stone, is derived; although many antiquaries contend for the derivation from Crom, the Jupiter Tonans of the ancient Irish. Similar rude monuments are found in all parts of Ireland, and necessarily lead to an inquiry as to their origin and purpose. We shall avail ourselves of a future opportunity for considering the matter at some length; and will here merely represent the druidical remains in the demesne at Castle Mary. The most remarkable seat in the vicinity of Cloyne is Rostellan, the mansion of the Marquis of Thomond; it is modern, but occupies the site of an ancient castle of the Fitzgeralds, seneschals of Imokilly. In 1648, the notorious Lord Inchiquin—famous or infamous, according to the party views of the historian—obtained a grant of the estate; which grant was further confirmed to him in the eighteenth year of Charles II.

Before we proceed further upon our journey, and describe the northern division of the county—nearly the whole of which is bounded by the county of Limerick—it will be well to picture the vehicles, in one or other of which the tourist will have to travel. We shall first, however, advise him to lay in a stock of good-humour, for petty annoyances will frequently occur, and it is a coin that passes current everywhere, but is of especial value in Ireland; and a plentiful supply of water-proof clothing, for sunny June is no more to be trusted than showery April. Some one has said that the only day on which you can be certain to escape a wetting is the 30th of February; a day that never comes; and it is recorded of Mr. Fox, we believe, that whenever he received a visitor from Ireland, after his own brief tour in the country, his invariable question was "By the way, is that shower over yet?" This is, undoubtedly, a sad drawback upon pleasure; the humidity of the atmosphere is a continual affliction to those who are not used to it; and is very insufficiently compensated for by the fact that the grass in Ireland is ever green. Yet the evil is one that can be always guarded against.

Machines for travelling in Ireland are, some of them at least, peculiar to the country. The stage-coaches are precisely similar to those in England, and travel at as rapid a rate. They, of course, run upon all the great roads, and are constructed with due regard to safety and convenience. The public cars of M. Bianconi have however, to a large extent, displaced the regular coaches, and are to be encountered in every district of the south of Ireland. In form they resemble the common outside jaunting-car, but are calculated to hold twelve, fourteen, or sixteen persons; they are well horsed, have cautious and experienced drivers, are generally driven with three horses, and usually travel at the rate of seven Irish miles an hour; the fares averaging about two-pence per mile. They are open cars; but a huge apron of leather affords considerable protection against rain; and they may be described as, in all respects, very comfortable and convenient vehicles. It would be difficult for a stranger to conceive the immense influence which this establishment has had upon the character and condition of the country; its introduction, indeed, has been only second to that of steam in promoting the improvement of Ireland, by facilitating intercourse between remote districts, and enabling the farmer to transact his own business at a small expense and with little sacrifice of time *. We shall describe the establishment of this enterprising gentleman when we visit Clonmel—its head-quarters. Some idea of its extent may be gathered from the fact that his stud consists of 1300 horses—a larger number than her Majesty possesses in Ireland—that his cars travel, daily, 3500 miles, and visit no fewer than 128 cities and towns †.

Post-chaises are now very seldom used; they are to be had in the larger towns, and are generally cleanly and well arranged; very different from what they were when the caricature pictured them as thatched with straw, from the bottom of which the traveller's legs protruded. Yet this was scarcely an exaggeration. An elderly gentleman informed us that he once made a journey in one of them; it came on to rain; the driver drew up suddenly and addressed his fare—"Ah then sir, hadn't ye better get out and stand behind the carriage; it 'll be only a shower." The plan was adopted, for the wet was pouring

* It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of opening roads through the less frequented districts of Ireland. The necessity which formerly existed for keeping a large armed force there has had, at least, this one good effect: "military roads" are to be found in all quarters. One of the wildest mountain-tracts of the county of Cork was, a few years ago, in such a state of insubordination as to be dangerous for travellers at all seasons, and a source of considerable annoyance to the government. The question was asked "What was to be done?" A shrewd adviser answered, "Make a road through it." The advice was taken, and the Bograh mountains are now peaceable and prosperous.

† Derrick, so late as 1760, writes that he set out from Cork for Killarney, "on horseback, the city of Corke not affording at this time any sort of carriage for hire."

through the broken windows and down the dilapidated roof; and the device was the only mode of escaping a thorough drenching.

The cars are of three kinds; "the covered car," "the inside jaunting car," and "the outside jaunting car;" the latter being the one most generally in use and the only one employed in posting. The two former, indeed, can seldom be procured except in large towns. The covered car is a comparatively recent introduction, its sole recommendation being that it is weather-proof, for it effectually prevents a view of the country except through the two little peep-hole windows in front, or by tying back the oil-skin curtains behind.

Our longer journeys were, notwithstanding, made in this machine; it preserved us from many a wetting, and we endeavoured to remedy the evil of confinement by stopping at every promising spot, and either getting out or making the driver turn his vehicle round, so that, from the back, we might command the prospect we desired *. This class of cars has of late multiplied greatly in all the large towns; they are, in Ireland, what the hackney-coaches and cabriolets are in England.

The inside jaunting-car is not often to be hired; it is usually private property, and is, perhaps, the most comfortable, as well as elegant, of the vehicles of the country.

The outside jaunting-car is that to which especial reference is made when speaking of the "Irish" car. It is exceedingly light, presses very little upon the horse, and is safe as well as convenient; so easy is it to get on and off, that both are frequently done while the machine is in motion. It is always driven

* We hired this car in Cork for twenty days at the rate of ten shillings a day, expenses of man and horse included; for two persons it is a very desirable mode of travelling. It is needless to say that objects of the greatest attraction do not often lie in the beaten track, and that the most interesting and picturesque roads are seldom posted.

with a single horse; the driver occupies a small seat in front, and the travellers sit back to back *, the space between them being occupied by "the well"—a sort of boot for luggage; but when there is only one passenger the driver usually places himself on the opposite seat "to balance the car," the motion of which would be awkward if one side was much heavier than the other. The foot "board" is generally of iron, and is made to move on hinges, so that it may be turned up to protect the cushions during rain. This foot-board projects considerably beyond the wheels, and would seem to be dangerous; but in cases of collision with other vehicles, a matter of no very rare occurrence, the feet are raised, and injury is sustained only by the machine. The private cars of this description, are, of course, neatly and carefully made, and have a character of much elegance; but those which are hired are, in general, badly built, dirty, and uncomfortable; yet in nine places out of ten the traveller has no chance of obtaining a vehicle of any other description, and will often find, even in a populous town, that if "the car" be out, he must wait until its return. He will never have any difficulty in procuring a horse, and as to drivers, any "boy" will answer for the nonce; but cars are seldom more numerous than "head inns," that is to say, one generally suffices for a town. In New Ross, we were detained two hours before we could proceed on our road to Wexford. A car, therefore, is usually hired for a journey, changing horses on the route. The charge for posting is sixpence a mile for two persons, and eightpence a mile if the travellers exceed two. This is a rule all over the country, except in the county of Wicklow, where the rate is eightpence a mile—the consequence has been that the greater number of tourists hire a machine in Dublin, and are not customers at the Inns on the road. The injurious change has been introduced by the keeper of the Hotel at Bray, who, we understood, has compelled the other postmasters to act with him, much against their inclinations; for the demand is not a just one; the prices being equal to those in England, where the tax upon hired vehicles is large, and where all the other articles connected with it will cost at least double.

The car, or rather cart, used by the peasantry, requires some notice. Flat

* This arrangement has been characterised as unsocial—but conversation is easily carried on by leaning across "the well." Its disadvantage is that the eye can take in but the half of a landscape; a caustic friend likened it to the Irish character —which limits the vision to a one-sided view of everything.

boards are placed across it, and upon these straw is laid, and often a feather-bed. The one described in the engraving has the old fashioned wheels cut out of a solid piece of wood. These vehicles are now, however, nearly obsolete; we met but few of them during our latest journey; their unfitness having been understood, they have given way before modern improvement.

In Ireland there are few turnpikes, the repairs of the roads usually falling upon the county, money for the purpose being annually voted by the grand juries. The roads are for the most part good; and, of late years, a better system of surveying, so largely introduced into the country, has led to the formation of "new lines" to nearly every place of importance. The old plan, therefore, of carrying a road "as the bird flies," up and down the steepest hills, through morasses, and along the brinks of frightful precipices, has been entirely abandoned; and, at present, the carriage will, generally, require springs no stronger than those which are used in England*. The lover of the picturesque indeed will not unfrequently prefer the rugged pathway of former times, and think himself amply repaid for greater toil and fatigue by the prospect opened to him from the mountain tops, or the refreshment he derives from following the course of the river that rushes through the valley. He will, however, sometimes have to leave the car, and walk through a morass, over a broken bridge, or along dangerous ravines, which time has deprived of the wall that once guarded

* We shall, however, have some observations to offer on this subject hereafter; and especially in reference to the rough and careless way in which the roads are kept in repair; the stones that are laid down being generally huge knobs, that must remain for a year or two before they are sufficiently broken. This method of improvement is by the peasantry sarcastically called "powder pavement." We had once a rather whimsical illustration of its advantages. Travelling post, and about to change horses, the landlord of the inn came to our carriage door, and politely informed us we must have four horses for the next stage. We answered, that we had travelled it a year before with but two. "Oh!" he replied, "but the road has been mended since then." An illustration is supplied by a road in the vicinity of Cork, between the villages of Carrigaline and Monkstown. Part of it is old, and, according to the ancient plan, hilly; to avoid a considerable elevation, a piece of new road was formed some time ago, substituting a dead flat for a steep; but so defective is the ground-work of this new line, that all travellers avoid it, taking the hill in preference. The new work is, therefore, perfectly useless; and will continue so until the old road has become entirely impassable.

it. Our friend Mr. Willes has supplied us with a sketch, that may convey some idea of the "perils that do environ" the traveller who seeks adventure along the neglected or deserted tracks.

The miles are now generally measured as English miles, and, in posting, charged for accordingly. At present this causes some confusion; the natives being as yet unable to comprehend how it is that familiar places have removed farther from each other. We asked of one of them the distance from Cork to Kinsale: "Troth, sir," he answered, "it's hard to say; not long ago 'twas twelve miles; but they've been flinging stones at each other (fixing milestones), and Kinsale is druv a good step farther from Cork; it's English roads they've made of them; wisha bad luck to them—it's everything Irish they're taking from us—except the poverty and the sod."

Persons who have never travelled in Ireland can have but a very inadequate idea of the wit and humour of the Irish car-drivers. They are for the most part a thoughtless and reckless set of men, living upon chances, always "taking the world aisy"—that is to say, having no care for the morrow, and seldom being owners of a more extensive wardrobe than the nondescript mixture they carry about their persons. They are the opposites in all respects of the English postilions—the latter do their duty, but seldom familiarise their "fares" to the sound of their voices; in nine cases out of ten the traveller never exchanges a word with his post-boy; a touch of the hat acknowledges the gratuity when "the stage" is ended, and the driver having consigned his charge to his successor, departs usually in ignorance whether his chaise has contained man, woman, or child. He neither knows, nor cares for, aught of their concerns, except that he is to advance so many miles upon such a road, according to the

instructions of his employer. The Irish driver, on the contrary, will ascertain, during your progress, where you come from, where you are going, and, very often, what you are going about. He has a hundred ways of wiling himself into your confidence, and is sure to put in a word or two upon every available opportunity; yet in such a manner as to render it impossible for you to subject him to the charge of impertinence. Indeed it is a striking peculiarity of the lower classes of the Irish that they can be familiar without being presuming; tender advice without appearing intrusive; and even command your movements without seeming to interfere, in the least, with your own free-will. This quality the car-driver enjoys to perfection. We engaged one at Clogheen. "Ah then is it to Cahir ye're going, sir?—and it's from Lismore ye're coming, I'll go bail." "You've made a good guess." "Maybe it's to my lord's I'll be driving ye?" "Not so lucky this time." "To Mr. Grubb's did ye say, sir?" "No." "Well then it's to Mr. Fennell's yer honour'll be telling me to drive ye?" "Yes." "Is it to Mr. Joe Fennell's, or Mr. Jonas Fennell's, or Mr. Fennell's of the cottage?" And then came a long history of all of the name who dwell in or near one of the prettiest and cleanest towns of Ireland; —"the quakers, yer honour, all owing to the quakers," quoth our driver, as he gave his steed the whip to "go in style" up the long avenue.

A few characteristic anecdotes of the genus may amuse our readers. Some one tells a story of a fellow who on grumbling at the shilling gratuity at his journey's end, said in a sly under tone, "Faith it's not putting me off with this ye'd be, if ye knew but all." The traveller's curiosity was excited, "What do you mean?" "Oh faix! that 'ud be telling." Another shilling was tendered. "And now," askedt he gentleman, "what do you mean by saying if you knew but all?" "*That I druv yer honour the last three miles widout a linch-pin!*" We had ourselves once a touching application for the string of our cloak "to tie up a small bit of the harness that was broke into smithereens from the weight of the hill." "Will I pay the pike or drive at it, plase yer honour?" was the exclamation of a driver to his passenger, as he suddenly drew up a few yards from the turnpike-gate. One of the richest characters of the class, we encountered on the road from Ross to Wexford; he told us how he got his first situation.—"The masther had two beautiful English horses, and he wanted a careful man to drive them; he was a mighty pleasant gintleman, and loved a joke. Well, there was as many as fifteen afther the place, and the first that wint up to him, 'Now, my man,' says he, 'tell me,' says he, 'how near the edge of a precipice would you undertake to drive my carriage?' So the boy considered, and he says, says he, 'Within a foot, plaze yer honour, and no harm.'—'Very well,' says he, 'go down, and

I'll give ye yer answer by-and-by.' So the next came up, and said he'd be bound to carry 'em within half a foot; and the next said five inches; and another—a dandyfied chap intirely—was so mighty nice, that he would drive it within 'three inches and a half, he'd go bail.' Well, at last my turn came, and when his honour axed me how nigh I would drive his carriage to a precipice, I said, says I, 'Plaze yer honour, *I'd keep as far off it as I could.*'—'Very well, Misther Byrne,' says he, 'you're my coachman,' says he. Och, the roar there was in the kitchen whin I wint down and tould the joke!" When Mr. V——, the assistant Poor Law Commissioner, first visited Cork, the coach by which he arrived set him down next door to the Imperial Hotel—his place of destination. Not being aware of this fact, he ordered a car, and gave his direction to the driver. The fellow conducted him round the town, and through various streets and lanes, and after an hour's driving placed him at the hotel entrance, demanding and receiving a sum of five shillings, which his victim considered a reasonable charge. A few minutes afterwards he discovered the trick that had been played upon him.

The car-drivers who ply in the streets look as if they duly regarded their own ease, and that business was, with them, a secondary consideration. You sometimes find them standing on the pavement, their handkerchiefs floating negligently round their necks and their long loose coats flapping about their legs—or lounging on the bar or box of their car or jingle, touching their hats with a leering civility—or elevating what serves for a whip if they think a fare is approaching; to see them thus you would imagine them heedless of their interests; but ask a question of one touching time or distance, and the whole body start immediately into life and activity. "Ah thin sure it isn't he that can *tell* yer honour the distance; but I'll tell ye what he can do—*double* it." "I'm first on the stand, and see what a beautiful *baste* I have." "*Thin!*" "Oh bedad she's not thin—faix it was myself was obligated to put her on a regiment to get her into racing order; she was so over and above fat." "Ah sure it isn't going to trust yerself on an outside car ye are, and the rain gothering itself in oceans above yer head; just come *a piece* of the way in this, yer honour. Sure it's aisy enough to get out if ye don't like it." "Don't be *beguiling* the strange lady and gentleman wid yer gosther, Micky; sure ye know that garron won't lave the stand, barrin ye give him yer oath, before a witness, it's home to the stable he's going." "Bedad! I'd scorn to ax the likes of ye into my beautiful jingle—barrin' it was the best in Cork, which it is. Sure it's *only* my fare I'll ax—laving any other little thrifle to yer honour—on account of the wife and children." This "leaving to your honour" is, by the way, always a most expensive mode of payment.

The car-drivers in Cork and Dublin seem also to have an especial eye on the goings and comings of the inhabitants. We stopped one morning to knock at a gentleman's door; a lazy-looking "jingle boy" was lounging against the area rails. "Oh bedad!" he said, shifting his position, "if it's Mr. so and so ye'r wantin', he's off these two hours to Cove, and a fine shaking he'll get on Lary Clooney's car, if he gets no worse, sorra a spring on it these twelve months—barring a tow-rope."

In England and in France the postilions bully you out of your money—in Ireland they coax or laugh it out of your pockets. "Well, I'm not going to deny but it's all I have a right to, but I'd like another little shilling, to show the people that yer honour was satisfied, and had a regard for the counthry." —"I've waited yer honour's leisure this ever so long," said one fellow, "till ye'd have time to make me the little present *ye war thinking of*." We took a short excursion one morning, somewhat early, and the horse on descending a hill commenced kicking in such an extraordinary manner, that instead of becoming alarmed we laughed heartily at the oddity and obstinacy of the animal, which, aided by the apologies and explanations of the driver, were inconceivably ludicrous:—"Look now, ma'am, it's the quietest baste in Ireland," [kick, kick,] "but it's a small taste frolicsome, out of play," [kick, kick, kick.] [Aside to the horse.] "I'll give it ye, ye baste, whin I get ye home, to be exposing me this way." [Aloud.] "It's the blood ye see, sir, the rale quality blood that's in it—sure his mother won the plate at the Curragh o' Kildare, and it's only too quiet this craythure is," [kick.] [Aside.] "Ah, ye venomous sarpint, ye'r at it agin." "Except when it goes out too early of a mornin'—it understands the fashions, and I never get much good of him before tin or half-past tin, any way." The poor animal, who "understood the fashions," looked as if he had not tasted oats for a month, and yet he was the most determined kicker on a hill's side, we ever encountered. In the end, to get home the descendant of noble blood, the driver was actually obliged to turn the car round, and back it for nearly half a mile, to the bottom of the hill. On our return the man was amply paid; he turned over and over the money in his hand, glancing his eye up and around with an expression of cunning we cannot easily forget. "Are you not satisfied?" was our natural inquiry. "Oh yes, quite satisfied, and I'm sure yer honours war satisfied too—only the lady laughed so hard at the baste's tricks, that I thought yer honour would give me another little sixpence."

Such are the fellows who drive, according to their own showing, "for the convaynience of the quality." Sly, inquisitive, good-natured, ready-witted, noisy; and, when whiskey was in the ascendant, sometimes insolent, yet

mingling their very insolence with a ripe humour that usually disarmed anger—the Irish car-driver is altogether different from a "jarvy" of any other country. It is impossible for us to forget our landing at Kingstown:—the tribe which congregate outside the rail-road wall, offering to take you and your luggage for "next to nothing, or nothing at all, if it be plazing to you;" endeavouring to divert attention from the fizzing train, by every possible and impossible means;—waving their whips in the air—clinging to the outer walls like so many cats—chattering, swearing, shouting, lying—without the smallest visitings of conscience.

"Faith, sir, it isn't because the coach road is shorter and pleasanter, and gone in half the time of the train yer honour, that I spake—only because of the lady and yerself, sir. Oh, then it'll be a woeful thing afther escaping the dangers of the *say*, to see that sweet lady blown up sky high, or crushed into *smithereens* under that baste of a dirty ingine. Sure it's the lady's life, and the honour of ould Ireland I'm thinkin' of, sir. I'd be sorry to see her mangled the way you know, Tim, the poor woman an' her dear innocent babby was kilt intirely yesterday morning!" This was said to ourselves two years ago; while the speaker, having drawn his car as close as possible to the barrier, stood on his driving seat leaning one hand on the wall that very properly protects the rail-road, and flourishing his whip in the air. "Paytronise the counthry, sir," exclaimed another. "Paythriotism for ever and no rail roads! to the dickens with them." "And those who go by them," added an ill-looking fellow, twisting his shoulders, and casting a most malicious scowl from a countenance set in a black frame of dingy whiskers. "Hould yer tongue, ye sinner!" exclaimed another, with an ironical, half serious expression of face; "it's down upon yer hard hearted knees you ought to go, to pray for the poor deluded strangers in a furrin land, as this is to them, that don't know better than to thrust their innocent limbs into ould Nick's punch-bowl. Ye'll never see Dublin my darlints—and more's the pity—for it's a beautiful city. Ye'll be spilt like a drop of *skim* milk, and smashed like a mealy potato!—before ye reach the station—the only *station* in the country I never cared to spind much time at." "Here's a beautiful car—a handsome car—an illigant car! room for four, and two in the well," bawled forth another. "And nothin' to pay—nothin' to pay—Jack Dawson only wants them—for the pleasure of their company." And the last human sound we distinguished while the train was in the act of starting, was a yell of execration at the engine.

The driver of the common cart, the "Paddys" met with in every public road and bye-lane, are altogether of an opposite nature. Some (the juveniles) in

broad-leaved straw hats and loose* flannel jackets, seldom encumbered with shoes, lounging or rolicking, or mounted on the lean backs of their horses; others, old roadsters, in long heavy grey or blue frieze coats; hats worn into every hue and shape by long service, either dangling their legs from the off shaft of the car; or stretched along it, if it be empty, in a state closely approximating to sleep.

If you are in a particular hurry, and want to pass a fellow of this description on the road, there are ten chances to one he will let you go by, at last, without allowing you to ascertain whether his keeping so perseveringly on the right, when he ought to have been on the left—or on the left when he ought to have been on the right—was the effect of ignorance or a determination not so much to annoy, as to be amused at your expense. The probability is that when you are fairly out of sight he laughs merrily, and exclaims, "Well, I got a good rize out of 'em any how; how particular they war about the side, as if it mattered a traneen which was right, or which was wrong, so they got on." "Here's a bother," exclaims the driver of your city jingle, perceiving a string of cars in the midst of the road; he shouts to them to get out of the way; two or three on the line, catching hold of their horses' heads, turn abruptly to the left; one or two others twist off to the right—while the advance guard, apparently, neither see nor hear the admonition of the perplexed charioteer. "To the dickens with you!" he exclaims;—"we thought you wanted us out of yer way," is the ready reply. "Will ye go on?" "Bedad, we've never stopt all day." "Will you draw to the left?" "Why didn't ye tell us that before! Which *is* the left?" asks a ragged wag, keeping his horse and car positively across the road, and making the inquiry in a humble voice, while his eyes dance with mischief—"Will ye be plazed to tell us the differ, sir? how do poor ignorant boys like us know?"

We overtook a line of this nature one morning near Cork; cheerful, lazy-looking fellows, returning to the country with empty cars, and lolling in them with evident delight. They were bent on tormenting; for no sooner did one get out of the way than another got into it. Our machine was covered, so that they could not see who was inside. The driver managed to pass two, and one of the men immediately hallooed to his companions—"Boys, boys, I say, show yer manners—*there's a lady in the car*." This was enough; they proved in a

* If the Irishman was not too firmly wedded to old *habits*, we should propose for his consideration a plan for providing his boys with jackets; namely, cutting off the tails of his unwieldy big coat; it is a constant custom when walking to throw it over the left arm, and it has always appeared to us an unnecessary waste of cloth.

moment that they *did* know right from wrong, and touched their hats as we passed—their native politeness conquering their desire for fun.

Nothing can be more distinct than the air and manner, not only of the men, but of the very horses employed in agricultural labour in England, and in Ireland. The English peasant is well clad, erect, and intent on his business; there is nothing particularly cheerful or intelligent in his appearance, though there is much of good nature about him; and his warm jacket, his worsted stockings, his strong shoes, his substantial whip, which he rather supports than holds, tell of his comforts; he walks firmly and at a good pace by the side of his charge, and keeps, cautiously, on the right side of the road. The very horse has an attempt at an aristocratic curve in his muscular neck, and is perfectly aware that the sooner his journey is performed, so much the sooner will his cold nose dip into its bag of warm oats.

The Englishman pauses as he passes along, and after "who-aing" to his horse, looks over the hedge to ascertain the state of the crops, be it oat, wheat, or barley—he has an interest in all, because he partakes of all. The Irishman casts many a look at the potato fields, *but at no other*, and he breathes a deep and earnest prayer "that the Lord will stand the poor man's friend, and not send them another hard summer." We used to blame them severely for their loiterings, and we still deeply lament that they are not taught the value of time by being *paid in proportion* to its employment. About eight years ago, driving through one of the poorest districts in Ireland, we overtook a man who was literally creeping along by the side of his little car, which was filled with sea ore. "You do not seem in haste with your work," we observed, in a somewhat reproachful tone.

"In haste with my work!" he answered. "Good bless you! it's little you or the likes of you knows the sort of encouragement I get to be in 'haste with my work.' You pass us by with warm blood in yer veins, and the *strength of the counthry in yer bones;* and God keep it to ye. Ye pass us by on yer easy cars, drawn by well-fed horses, and drov' by light hearts, and ye see a poor man like myself by the road side, whose steps are heavy with throuble, and who knows that whether he makes haste or not, all he can earn will hardly keep him an' his from black starvation. We have no encouragement in these parts to be in 'haste with our work.' This load is not for my own garden—I have none now. What good is it for a poor man to work quick? sure he only doubles his labour, and gets no more pay; or what good is it for him," he added bitterly, "what good is it for him to be put slavin' on the world at all at all! except," he continued, and he raised his hat as he uttered the words, "that it's the will of the Almighty—and that's enough—praise be to His name!"

We would entreat the traveller to pause and inquire *why* the contrast is so great between the activity of a naturally slow people and the tardiness of a naturally quick people—and reflect a little before he adds the brand of indolence to the many brands that have been inflicted on the Irish character. An Irishman wants neither energy nor activity when cause is shown him *why* he should be energetic and active; his great want is perseverance. We have often thought that good landlords could conquer even the semblance of loitering amongst their labourers, if they paid by the work done rather than the day, apportioning it so that the peasant, without overtaxing his strength, by being industrious could earn a penny or two-pence more, daily, by steady endurance; but upon this topic we shall have to dilate hereafter.

In country towns there are no public stands for cars of any kind: they can be hired, as we have intimated, at the principal Inn, or, as it is generally called, the "first Hotel." Sometimes individuals manage to "start a car," or "set up a jingle," and in such cases drive it themselves; those persons are usually well-informed in legends and localities, and always well pleased to obtain a listener. The most amusing of the class we ever knew, was a tall, lanky fellow, whose real name was Mogue Furlong, but who was better known in his own particular district as "Mogue the Rattler." Mogue was in the confidence of many a youth and maiden, for, as he said, the jaunting-car was the most convanient thing for "coortin'" that ever was invinted. "Ye see," said the Rattler, "I know at once when people are married or single; if they're *keeping company*, they tell me to balance the car by sitting on the other side—*for the sake of the horse*, to be sure!—if they're married, bedad! they let me keep my own sate, and balance it themselves!"

A proud man was Mogue when the liberality of a gentleman—whose hand, while he had life, never closed upon his purse—enabled him to set up a car for, as he said, "the convanience of the neighbours, and his own profit." Mogue was a patriot, and had his car painted a bright green; and as he desired the country at large to be informed of his wealth, he had an inscription on the back of his vehicle, "Mogue Furlong his car for the public and his friends laves home twice a week wind and weather permiting.—P.S. let on hire when not goin'." Mogue sported a very loose, ill fitting coat, a huge whip, with a lash long enough, as he said, "to keep the childre and the pigs from under the horse's feet," and his "*new*" beaver was an "ould" hat belonging to the coachman at the big house, a tributary offering to the Rattler's new "vocation;" as, however, the coachman's head was large and Mogue's small, he was obliged to stuff it with a wisp of hay, or straw, or some such material, to render it "a beautiful fit," and he generally managed by such means to keep it off his

eyes; he was a very tall, powerful man, but gentle and good-tempered, as powerful men usually are. During the summer he had abundant occupation in driving "*the Bathers*" (he lived in a sea-side village) to the sea. No matter how many crowded into his car; "the more the merrier" was Mogue's constant observation, ("three of a side and two in the well,") and he aided not a little to make them merry, for he was the very soul of sly and quiet humour. In those days the "Flirting Cushion," that well-stuffed and most lounging appendage to a modern outside car was not known; and we have seen three or four children laughing in "the well," while mamas, grown-up sisters, and nurses crowded the sides. Twice a week Mogue repaired, "wind and weather permitting," to the county town, and certainly no one envied his occupation: everything that the inventive faculties of a whole parish—in which were ten or a dozen rustic beauties—everything, from a pennyworth of mixed hair-pins up to a bonnet, from a "quarten of tea" to a side of pork, was Mogue expected to convey for next to nothing—or pure love. "Ah thin, Mogue honey, don't forget the crooked comb; what 'll I do if you do, and the dance to be to-morrow evening?—here's the money." "And for the carriage, Nelly?" "Oh, I'll owe ye for that." "Ah, thin, Misther Mogue, don't forget the bit of a slate for the boy, this time anyhow. Sure he's losing the figures for want of it intirely." "Mr. Mogue, sir," whispers a tall gawky lad, looking fitter to go to school than think of "such things"—"here's the *size of her finger*, ye see; try it on yer own little one, will ye, for fear ye'd lose the measure?" "Ah thin, don't bother us with such nonsense ye grate bosthoon," was Mogue's reply. "Sure the kay of the door served your father's turn, and it may yours's." "The dickens a kay to the door at all, at all," answered the youth; "but the priest is grown particular about a ring, and ye needn't dread the money, for here's *the half of it;* and don't be hinderin' us, Mogue, like a darlin' man, and it so nigh Lent. I'll pay ye honest, and if ye don't take my word, the little girl herself's outside—and will go bail—and you never misdoubted the word of one belonging to her."

Christmas, however, was Mogue's time of importance; he had to please all the ladies then, and not a few of the rich farmers' wives—in the choice of pudding plums, jar raisins, sweet and bitter almonds, beef suet, Christmas candles, kitchen candles, citrons, with a host of et ceteras. He had to convey presents of turkeys and eggs from the dwellers in the country to those in the town; and presents of town cheer from those in the town to friends in the country.

The fifth Christmas after Mogue became a man of substance, had come round. It was a fine clear evening when he repaired to the dwelling of his

friend, the old gentleman, who had set him up in the first instance as a car-driver; in three days more this old gentleman would have spent sixty Christmas days in the house where five generations had preceded him; and Mogue Furlong came, once again, to take orders for the Christmas fare. He had heard rumours that the 'squire's circumstances were changed for the worse, and in accordance with that beautiful Irish feeling which renders the Irish doubly respectful to the relics of good old times, when "in trouble," Mogue on being sent for to the parlour bowed much lower, and was much more civil than usual; but his heart smote him when the gentleman's daughter placed in his hands a far shorter list than heretofore of the fare that was required.

"There's only Mary and I now," observed the 'squire; "the boys are all away, and we do not want much, do we, Mary?" Mary smiled and turned away; Mogue saw she did so to hide her tears.

"Well!" exclaimed the grocer's wife; "I must say, Mogue Furlong, ye'r the hardest to plaze of any man I ever see. Why, they're the same currants you let me put up for Mrs. Horragan." "They'll do very well for Mrs. Horragan; but there's a dale in the differ between buying for her and Miss Mary of the big house." "And is this *all they've* ordered?" said the woman, snatching the list out of the car-driver's hand. "Well, if ever I see such a mane, poor order from a gentleman's house." "Ye may keep yer currants, Mrs. White, ma'am," he said, having repossessed himself of the order. "Ye may keep yer currants as change for yer *impedence*, in daring to look at my papers; and see what ye'll do without *my* custom. See that now, Mrs. White, that's the price of your curosity, ma'am!" and Mogue walked off in fierce anger to another grocer's, despite the efforts of Mrs. White to obtain a reconciliation.

"Well," she exclaimed, "who would ever *drame* of his firing up that way; and indeed it's myself is sorry to hear what I heard about the family, they war good people—"

"And good customers," added one of the shop loungers.

"I'm not going to deny *that*," replied Mrs. White; "but they always had the worth of their money."

"Small blame to them; ye did not *ax* them to have more, Mrs. White?" observed a caustic blacksmith.

"I shall let them know Mogue's impudence, and get him broke," she said, tossing one scale into another as they swung from the beam, and wiping the remnants of the "soft sugar" into the drawer with her hand. "I shall certainly let them know Mogue's impudence."

Mogue Furlong heard that day much, which made his heart ache;

meeting the servant of his patron's attorney strolling down the street, he asked him "if his master had said anything about he knew who?"

"No;" the only thing he had heard was, that if the old gentleman could be kept out of the way and free from arrest for a few months, there was no doubt his affairs would come round; "but," added the man, "I did hear my master say to Mr. Lacey, just when I stopt to poke the fire, 'that he was too fond of staying in the old walls.'"

This troubled the honest car-driver a good deal; but he had much to think of, and though he made excellent haste—that is, excellent haste when the delays of Irish shopping are taken into consideration—the Dublin mail had arrived, and the evening closed into night before he was ready to depart.

Mogue had packed his commissions on the car with exceeding care, and had just admonished the mare, for the fifth time, that it was his desire she should forthwith proceed on her way, when two men advanced, and signified their design to travel to his own sea-side village that very night. Mogue immediately set about re-arranging his packages, and balanced his passengers according to the usual mode, one at each side; they were evidently strangers to the neighbourhood, and, as Mogue opined, anything but "the rale gentry, for they never left a farthing with the beggars." Before they had proceeded half a mile, they commenced questioning the car-driver; and he was nothing loth to reply to their interrogatories according to the most approved Irish fashion—by himself becoming a questioner. He observed, however, that they were remarkably guarded in their replies; but suddenly, contrary to his usual practice, Mogue himself became communicative, and found that his information was received with avidity. They asked a few leading questions touching the habits of his patron, the old 'squire, of whom the car-driver spoke in anything but a kind or respectful manner; and so they jogged on together until they came to a certain cross-road, where Mogue's mare wanted to get the reins between her teeth and go one way, while her master was even more obstinate in his resolve that she should go another. At last, by the dint of blows and abuse, he succeeded in compelling her to take the mountain road; though she every moment signified her determination to have her own way, if possible, by backing into the ditch, or turning her head towards the place she had left.

"One would think your horse ought to know the road home," said one of the men.

"Know it!" repeated Mogue, "why it's she that does; only, poor thing, it's her nature ye see (go on, do, or I'll make ye, ye baste)—her foal that's at my brother's, a piece down that boreen—I brought her from it this morning,

leaving my other horse there, just for a change of grass, which is very wholesome this time of year."

In this little account Mogue Furlong perpetrated three falsehoods; "the mare" never had a foal, he, himself, never had a brother, and as to his having a second horse——!

Leaving Mogue to pursue his journey, we must relate what occurred at the 'squire's.

"I wonder," said Mary to her father, "what can possibly have delayed Mogue Furlong; it is now half-past ten: they say in the kitchen they never remember him to have been so late since the last heavy fall of snow."

The old gentleman, who had been walking up and down the room, with a restless step, paused. "I wish he was come, my dear—I wish he was;" and then he sighed heavily and resumed his walk.

"If you plaze, Miss," said the cook, poking in her head, while she held the knob of the door in the folds of her apron, "we've no kitchen-candles, and the groom says he darn't go to the stable 'till Mogue comes home, on account of the lanthorn that he took to get mended; and it's what I wanted to know, what is to be done about the suet, for 'till Mogue comes—"

"Let me hear no more of Mogue," interrupted the 'squire in anger—the quick, sudden anger, not of an evil temper, but of a mind ill at ease—"let me hear no more of him, I suppose the fellow is drunk. I shall have no letters to-night. Come, Mary, it is time to go to bed."

Mary could not rest; but if the gentle girl had been inclined to retire to her own room, the heavy tramp of her father's footsteps overhead would have banished repose; the apartment had once been handsomely furnished; now all looked chill and lonely, and the snuff of a candle that was dying in the socket only rendered more intense the darkness that cloaked the distant parts. Suddenly the bough of an aged oak, which grew almost against the window, became violently agitated, and at the same instant she saw a man look into the room. Her first impulse was to scream, but she checked herself and rushed to the door. "Miss Mary—Miss Mary—stop—stop—sure its Mogue, avourneen, Miss, machree!" And the voice was very distinctly heard through the crack in a board which had replaced a broken pane. Mary opened the window. "There's a dim light in the masther's room, and that's his step all the world over," said Mogue, after shaking the sleet of a December night off his rugged coat; "I've had a troublesome time of it, but it's all safe now!" he continued, "at least for the present. Bedad, I've netted 'em as nate as ever a rabbit was netted in its own burrow; and yet I'd rather the masther would quit for a while, for there's

more of the same varmint where them came from—and if you'll only trust me, I'd get the gig ready in a jiffy, and drive his honour to London, or the world's end—and it's a long lane that has no turning. I came on the sly, for there's no knowing who's who. Do, Miss Mary, just show the masther the rights of it, and tell him that Mogue Furlong the car-driver has a grateful heart in his bosom. Sure what would I be now—only a spalpeen like the rest of the boys—only for him. Tell him I'll go to Death's door for him on the jaunting-car and bring him back. Sure it's his own car; and the mare, bad cess to her, had almost sould the pass on me—but for the management. Go, alana, for every minute is *goold* to us now."

Mary would not go until she knew what she had to tell; which simply was that Mogue had ascertained his fellow travellers to be sheriff's officers armed with the law either to take the old 'squire or put execution into the house, as he said, to "blow it up;" that being certain of this by their offering him a bribe to let them "step in with him" when discharging his cargo, and also finding that they were ignorant of the road, he took them "fair and aisy" to a cousin of his own, where he persuaded them to alight—the night was so cold, just to get a drop to keep the life in them. Having succeeded so far, there was little difficulty, when their object and occupation was known, in prevailing on "the boys," then in the shebeen house, to forcibly bind them hand and foot and keep them there for as many hours as Mogue should command them so to do.

"The never such divarshion was in my cousin's house," said the car-man, "since as good as five years ago, when the same boys made James Logan the gauger dance the sailor's hornpipe on a hot griddle. They war making 'em drink the downfal of the law on the flat of their backs when I left 'em, and feeding 'em with a spoon like fighting cocks. Faix, I was glad to see the poor fellows so full of innocent mirth of a Christemas eve!"

The 'squire took the hint, and left for a time the old walls; but only to return to them for the rest of his days with a small *real*, instead of a large *nominal* income. The sheriff's officers talked of actions for false imprisonment, but they did not put the threat into execution; and the grateful car-man has now really two horses, and is the most welcome of all guests in the old 'squire's hall.

We have described the principal objects of attraction on the southern bank of the river; those to the north are, however, of equal interest and beauty, and among the most conspicuous is the pretty village of Glanmire, with its small but clear and graceful river—thickly wooded—one of the latest tributaries which the Lee receives.

On the north side of the great island on which Cove stands, and on the direct road from Cork to Youghall, are the small towns of Middleton and Castlemartyr; the former from its facilities for water-carriage enjoys considerable trade; the latter has the advantage of a resident proprietor—the Earl of Shannon, whose seat is in the immediate neighbourhood. Youghall has long occupied a prominent station in Irish history*. It is situated at the mouth of the romantic river Blackwater; but the fine and picturesque harbour has the disadvantage of a Bar, by which it is rendered often dangerous, and which effectually prevents competition with its safer neighbour of Cork. The town is at the base of a steep hill; and, as with most of the smaller Irish towns, consists principally of one long street. The tower represented in the annexed print, stands near the entrance to the harbour; tradition states it to have been a light-house in ancient times; and it is more than probable that to this object M. Boullaye le Gouz, (whose tour in Ireland, in 1644, has been lately republished) refers as "formerly part of a convent of nuns, of which there remains a tower called the nunnery, upon which they used to light torches to enable vessels to come into harbour during the night." About the same period Sir William Penn mentions his having received a letter from the governor of Youghall, desiring him to take notice that when the town wanted to communicate with his squadron, "the signal should be a fire on the top of the abbey tower, near the point on the west side of the harbour's mouth." Close to this tower is a piece of land in which it is said Sir Walter Raleigh planted the first potatoes that were grown in Ireland; the honour, however, is disputed by the garden which adjoins the college house in which he lived.

There is little doubt that the first potatoes grown in the British empire were planted at Youghall—probably in 1586—by Sir Walter Raleigh, who

* We were accompanied on our visit to Youghall and Lismore, and subsequently into Tipperary, by William Willes, Esq., of Cork,—an accomplished artist, to whom the readers of this work will be largely indebted; and from whose observation, information and experience, we derived as much benefit as we did from his pencil.

was closely connected with the town, of which he was Mayor in 1588*. It is stated by Dr. Smith, upon the authority of a tradition not unlikely to be well founded, that "the person who planted them, imagining that the apple which grows on the stalk was the part to be used, gathered them; but not liking their taste, neglected their roots, till the ground being dug afterwards to sow some other grain, the potatoes were discovered therein, and, to the great surprise of the planter, vastly increased. From these few," adds the Doctor, "this country was furnished with seed." For a long period, however, the potato was cultivated in gardens as a rarity, and did not become general food. Ben Jonson, in his play of "Every man out of his Humour," refers to them as a luxury†, "larks, sparrows, and potato pies"—and during the reign of James I., they were sold at 2*s.* a pound. Falstaff, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," is made to say "Let the sky rain potatoes, and hail kissing comfits;"—the "kissing comfits" being made principally of potatoes; and in Troilus and Cressida the poet speaks of "Luxury with her potato finger." In many other of the older dramatists allusions to the potato may be found‡.

It is uncertain when the potato became an article of general food in Ireland; and it is more than probable that, as in England, they had long been considered "conserves, toothsome, and daintie" before they were in common use. Mr. Mc Skimin, the author of a valuable "History of Carrickfergus," is the possessor of a manuscript written between 1670 and 1679, in which potatoes are stated to have been sold so high as 1*s.* 8*d.* a bushel; and he states "very old people had informed him that in their district (the north of Ireland) few potatoes were formerly used after harvest, except a small quantity

* Sir Joseph Banks, who took considerable pains to investigate the subject, considers that the potato was introduced into the British Islands (but not first in Ireland) in July 1586; by the return expedition of Sir Walter Raleigh, for which the patent passed the Great Seal in 1584. Heriot, a scientific man, who accompanied the expedition, describes, under the head of "roots" those, called in Virginia "Openawk," which he says are "round, some as large as a walnut, others much larger; they grow in damp soil, many hanging together, as if fixed on ropes; they are good food, either boiled or roasted." The Baron Cuvier denies that the potato was derived from Virginia.

† Old Gerard, the English herbalist who lived in 1590, thus describes the potato-luxury: "The potato roots are, among the Spaniards, Italians, and many other nations, common and ordinary meate; which no doubt are of mighty nourishing parts, and so strengthen and comfort nature, whose nutriment is, as it were, a mean between flesh and fruit, though somewhat windy; but, being roasted in the embers, they do lose much of their windiness, especially being eaten sopped in wine. Of these roots may be made conserves; no less toothsome, wholesome, and daintie, than of the flesh of quinces. And likewise those comfortable and delicate meates called in shops morcelli, placentulæ, and divers others such like. These roots may serve as a ground or foundation whereon the cunning confectioner or sugar-baker may worke and frame many delicate conserves and restorative sweetmeates. They are used to be eaten roasted in the ashes; some, when they be so roasted, infuse them and sop them in wine; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes and eat them."

‡ It is generally believed, however, that the potato, celebrated in the Elizabethan age "is not the same root as that now commonly known by the name."

preserved as a treat for their Halloween supper, which were eaten with butter." But Mr. Crofton Croker has produced, in his "Popular Songs of Ireland," abundant proofs that, in the south, potatoes were ordinary food before the period to which Mr. Mc Skimin refers; and that previous to the Revolution of 1688, they were extensively cultivated and commonly eaten.

It is unnecessary to state that, for above a century and a half, the potato has been almost the only food of the peasantry of Ireland. They raise corn, indeed—wheat, barley, and oats, in abundance—but it is for export; and although the assertion may startle many, we have no hesitation in saying there are hundreds in the less civilised districts of the country who have never tasted bread. Whether the Irish have to bless or ban the name of Sir Walter Raleigh is a matter still in dispute—some siding with Cobbett in execrating "the lazy root," "the accursed root," as, if not the originator, the sustainer of Irish poverty and wretchedness; others contending that the introduction of the potato is an ample set-off against the wars and confiscations of Elizabeth, her councillors, and her armies. It is universally admitted that a finer or hardier race of peasantry cannot be found in the world; and although it is considered that their strength fails them at a comparatively early age, it is impossible to deny the nutritive qualities of a food upon which so many millions have thriven and increased. But there can be as little doubt that the ease with which the means of existence are procured has been the cause of evil. A very limited portion of land, a few days of labour, and a small amount of manure, will create a stock upon which a family may exist for twelve months: too generally, indeed, the periods between exhausting the old stock and digging the new, are seasons of great want, if not of absolute famine; but if the season is propitious, the peasant digs, day after day, the produce of his plot of ground, and before the winter sets in, places the residue in a pit to which he has access when his wants demand a supply. Nearly every soil will produce potatoes; they may be seen growing almost from a barren rock, on the side of a mountain, and in the bog, where the foot would sink many inches in the soil. Every cottage has its garden—its acre or half acre of land, attached; and as the culture requires but a very small portion of the peasant's time and still less of his attention, his labour is to be disposed of, or his time may be squandered in idleness. He can live, at all events—if his crop do not fail: and he can pay his rent if his pig, fed like himself, out of his garden, do not die. To decency of clothing and to any of the luxuries that make life something more than mere animal existence, he is too often a stranger. Contentment may be the "parent of delight," but it is not the nurse of civilization; and he who has no wants beyond those of the appetites he shares in common with the

"brutes that perish," is not likely to advance his social and moral condition. On the whole, it is, perhaps, to be lamented that the use of "Ireland's root" has been so universal in the country, and that the people have been so well contented with it that they have made no exertion to mix the potato with varied food.

But matters are, as we have stated, improving in Ireland; already, in a large proportion of the cabins, the potato has the accompaniment of meat and bread; the butcher and the baker are receiving the custom that was, not long since, given exclusively to the whiskey shops. We refer, in a great degree, to our recollections, when we describe the lower classes of the Irish as existing, almost universally, on the potato; we have known many families who very rarely tasted flesh or fish; and whose only luxury was "a grain of salt" with their daily meals; we do not speak of families in poverty, but of those who laboured hard and continually—the produce of whose labour barely sufficed to preserve them from utter want. Generally, however, they contrived to have a salt herring with their dinners; this was placed in a bowl or dish, water was poured upon it, and the potato, dipped into it, obtained a relish. We shall have other occasions for describing the economy of the Irish cottage; at present, we confine ourselves to illustrate this branch of it. The peasant usually has three meals—one at eight in the morning; at noon; and at seven or eight in the evening, when his work is done. The potatoes are boiled in an iron pot—such as that represented in the print—they are strained in "the basket"—pictured also; from which they are thrown upon the table, seldom without a cloth, and around it the family sit on stools and bosses (the boss is a low seat made of straw); the usual drink is buttermilk, when it can be had: which drink goes round in a small "piggin" a sort of miniature of the English pail. This, the three-legged stool and the "borrane," are delineated in the annexed engraving. The borrane is formed of a scraped sheep-skin, drawn round a hoop; and is used instead of a sieve for winnowing corn, filling sacks with grain, holding wool, when carded and ready for the spinning-wheel, or the feathers—plucked three times in the year from an unfortunate gander and his wives, and sometimes as a

lordly dish—though of inexpensive workmanship—to hold the potatoes, which constitute the family fare.

The spade used by the labourers in Leinster is a kind of *hybrid* between the broad English spade and the "loy" used in Connaught, and well suited to the purpose of digging soils which are not encumbered with stones; it is sufficiently broad to turn over a considerable portion of earth, and yet long enough to penetrate twelve inches; and being contracted to the breadth of about six inches at bottom, it has enough of the wedge principle in its construction to enter into the land without difficulty. The long, narrow spade, originally designed for digging land full of obstructions, is the favourite implement in Connaught; and also, but somewhat wider in its formation, in the southern portions of Munster. Much improvement, however, has been effected in its construction almost everywhere. A long handle to the spade and the shovel is universally used in field labours; a native workman, from want of early familiarity with the peculiar sleight required in the use of the short-handled spade, which implement the Englishman finds so much more effective, fails very soon when he tries to labour with it; his back becomes intolerably affected by the necessary stooping; he throws it away as soon as he can, resumes his naturally upright position, and is ready to back the long lever against the short one—without understanding the mathematical principle very distinctly—for a day's wages. Experience shows us that the practised Englishman with his spade will dig up a larger area of land in any given time than an Irishman, or fill a cart with earth or coals, by means of his short-handled shovel, in a much less period; yet the Irish labourer—unless he comes to work in England—cannot be prevailed upon to make any continued effort in the use of the latter implement.

Sir Walter Raleigh's connexion with Ireland, and more especially with Youghall, may be stated briefly. He went over to Ireland, as a mere soldier of fortune, in 1579; the captain of a levy of troops sent from England to support the Lord Deputy, Grey de Wilton, in subduing the rebellious Earl of Desmond*. Raleigh's skill and intrepidity attracted notice, and his promotion was rapid; he was rewarded with a grant of land, part of the forfeited estates of the Earl in the counties of Cork and Waterford; the grant being confirmed to him by letters patent, dated the 16th Oct. 1586. About this period, and for some years afterwards, he resided at Youghall, and occa-

* The Earl of Desmond, of whom we shall have to speak hereafter, in visiting Kilmallock, "the Balbec of Ireland," was perhaps the greatest subject, at that time, in Europe. Besides his numerous vassals, he had, it is said, 500 followers—gentlemen of his name and kindred. At his attainder, his confiscated estates amounted to 574,628 English acres, which were parcelled out among the Queen's soldiers as rewards for crushing the rebellion.

sionally at Lismore, where he founded a free-school; and frequently visited the poet Spenser—at Kilcoleman Castle—whose friendship with the "shepherd of the ocean" Spenser commemorated in immortal lines*. A quiet life was, however, unsuited to the temperament of Raleigh; and in 1602, he disposed of his Irish property to the famous Sir Richard Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork—the deed of sale is dated the 7th December 1602. But there is more than suspicion that Sir Richard took advantage of circumstances, to induce Raleigh to part with his estate, which now forms the bulk of the Duke of Devonshire's property in Ireland, for a sum very far below its value, even at the period—about £1500; although it seems that Sir Walter subsequently received other sums from Lord Cork—upon what ground does not satisfactorily appear. In a letter written by the Earl of Cork to Mr. Carew Raleigh, Sir Walter's son, dated January 16, 1631, his Lordship defends himself against the charge of having overreached in the bargain; alleging that he had paid Sir Walter the full value of what he owed him for his estate, which he purchased at a time when it was utterly waste and yielded him no profit; and affirming that Sir Walter had expressed himself satisfied in the presence of many witnesses, saying, "If he (Sir Richard Boyle) had not bought my Irish land it would have fallen to the crown, and then one Scot or other would have begged it." Sir Walter Raleigh sailed from Cork harbour on his last and fatal voyage, on the 6th of August 1617. The descendants of the Earl of Cork still enjoy the

* In his poem of "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," the poet Spenser thus speaks of the visit of Raleigh to Kilcoleman:—

"——— I sate, as was my trade,
Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hore;
Keeping my sheep amongst the cooly shade
Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore.
There a strange shepherd chaunced to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipe's delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chance, I know not right;
Whom when I asked from what place he came
And how he hight, himself he did ycleep
The shepherd of the ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main sea deep."

And again, he describes Sir Walter sitting beside him on the banks of the Mulla listening to the music of his pipe—

"And when he heard the musicke which I made,
He found himselfe full greatly pleas'd at it;
Yet æmuling my pipe; he took in hand
My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
And played thereon; (for well that skill he cou'd)
Himselfe as skilful in that art as any."

greater portion of the estates that once belonged to "the renowned knight*." The history of the Earl, if his "True Remembrances" can be credited, is one of the most singular upon record; he was bred to the law, but finding that "his employment would not raise a fortune," he became an adventurer in Ireland, during the confusion incident to the Desmond rebellion, landing in Dublin, according to his own statement, on the 23rd of June 1583, "with £27 3*s.* in money, and two tokens which his mother had given him," a limited supply of clothes, and "a rapier and a dagger." He obtained a large share of the spoil divided among all who thought it worth the asking, and lived to see three of his sons ennobled—the Lords Dungarvan, (afterwards Earl of Burlington), Broghill (afterwards Earl of Orrery), and Kinalmeaky. After his father's death, Francis Boyle was ennobled by Charles II. as Viscount Shannon, and Robert Boyle, the philosopher, now distinguished by the epithet "illustrious," refused a peerage. The sisters of these noblemen married the Earl of Barrymore, Lord Digby, Lord Goring, Viscount Ranelagh, Sir Adam Loftus, and the Earl of Warwick; all distinguished characters in their time.

The house in which Raleigh lived is still standing close to the church and the ancient wall of the town. It is, at present, in the occupation of Colonel Fount, who carefully preserves from injury all the objects that are associated with the memory of the accomplished and unfortunate knight†. It has, however, undergone modern "improvements"—the character of which was happily described by an aged gardener with whom we conversed: "Ah, sir! this was an ould ancient place — once." The house is said to have been originally the residence of the wardens of the collegiate church; but was probably altered to its present character — which closely appertains to that of the ordinary English manor-house of the sixteenth century—either by Sir George Carew or by Sir Richard

* The present Duke of Devonshire is the proprietor of Youghall and Lismore; inheriting in the female line through the Clifford family, to the heiress of which noble line Lord Cork's eldest son, created Earl of Burlington in 1663, was married.

† The house is called "Myrtle-grove," from the luxurious growth of the myrtles, by which it is nearly covered; some of which are between twenty and thirty feet high.

Boyle, both of whom resided there. The walls are of considerable thickness, and the whole of the interior is wainscoted with Irish oak; the panels in the principal room are black as ebony; and it contains a chimney-piece, of oak also, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, of very elaborate workmanship; but the bad taste of former proprietors has defaced the other chambers of the suite by a coating of green paint. In the garden there is a group of four aged yew-trees, which tradition states to have been planted by Raleigh; and where it requires no stretch of fancy, at least, to believe that he has, many a time, sat, read, and talked, or lolled in the summer time, dreaming of that El Dorado, in the vain search for which he sacrificed his fortune and ultimately his life. Their tops are closely matted, as in the annexed print.

In this spot, beyond question, has been often read portions of the Fairy Queen, long before the world became familiar with the divine conception—

"At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept."

For here, certainly, the immortal bard held commune with his "deare friend" and brother poet, whom he described as "the summer nightingale"—

"Himselfe as skilful in that art as any."

Here, too, doubtless, were composed some of those exquisite works which must have been the produce of ease and quiet, and have preserved the name of Raleigh for the honour of posterity. He is conspicuous in history as "the noble and valourous knight"—a man of astonishing energy, who combined almost every variety of talent; whose acquirements in science were marvellous; whose heroic courage and indomitable perseverance are almost without parallel; whose enterprise was unchecked by difficulties and unchilled by failure; and who, while excelling in feats of arms and strength of council, surpassed also in those arts which are the more exclusive produce of retirement and peace—

history, oratory, philosophy, politics, and poetry. It is impossible to visit this spot, in which his comparatively few days of tranquillity were spent, without a sigh for his unhappy fate. Historians have recorded some striking anecdotes of his bravery and gallantry while in Ireland*.

The Collegiate Church of Youghall is one of the most interesting churches in the kingdom. Part of it is still used for service; but a large portion is a ruin; and, we fear, one of those which neglect is consigning to utter destruction†. The east window is considered especially beautiful; although its effect is considerably impaired by being partially built up. It is divided into two distinct compartments, each consisting of two slight mullions, surmounted by open circular tracery, and terminating in a trefoil ornament. These compartments become one window by the outside line of their arches uniting in a common point over the double massive mullion, thus made the centre, and the intervening space is filled up by a Catherine wheel. The nave is now used as the parish church; it has six pointed arches, supported by pilasters, with two transepts and two side aisles. In the south transept "the great Earl" of Cork is buried, beneath a monument that was erected by him during his lifetime; he is represented in armour in a recumbent posture; on each side is a female figure kneeling (his two

* One of these anecdotes we may quote. Raleigh had been directed to take prisoners the Lord Roche and his lady, and convey them to Cork; a task of no ordinary difficulty and danger, for Roche was safely ensconced in his strong castle, and the roads were beset with the troops of the seneschal of Imokilly, who had notice of the design. Sir Walter managed to avoid them, and arrived at the castle early in the morning, with a force of about ninety men; "whereupon the townsmen, to the number of five hundred, immediately took up arms." The knight marched directly to the gate, and desired to speak with the lord; which was agreed to, provided he would bring with him but two or three of his followers. The gate being opened, he and six of his soldiers entered; and after he had seen Lord Roche and spoken to him, by degrees Raleigh contrived to draw in a considerable number of his men, and to take possession of the outworks of the castle. Lord Roche "put the best face he could upon the matter," and invited the captain to dine with him. After dinner Raleigh informed him of the purport of his mission; when his lordship, finding excuses of no avail, "resolutely said he would not depart." But Raleigh, letting him know that he would take him by force, he found there was no remedy, and he and his lady set out on the journey, on a most rainy and tempestuous night, and through a very rocky and dangerous way, whereby many of the soldiers were severely hurt, and others lost their arms. However, the badness of the weather prevented their being attacked by the seneschal; and they arrived safe in the city [of Cork] (a distance of twenty miles) by break of day, to the great joy of the garrison, who were surprised that Raleigh had escaped so hazardous an enterprise.

† In Archdale's "Monasticon," there is a singular account of its origin; if this be, indeed, the structure referred to, of which there is some doubt. It was founded in 1224, for Franciscan friars, by Maurice Fitzgerald. He was building a castle on the spot; the workmen who were digging the foundations, on the eve of some festival, requested a piece of money to drink his health, which he desired his eldest son to give them. Instead of obeying the command, he abused the men; the act of disobedience and parsimony coming to the father's ears, he changed his plan, and built a monastery instead of a castle, as a punishment to his heir-apparent. To this monastery, Maurice Fitzgerald, who had been Lord Justice of Ireland, subsequently retired, assumed the habit of St. Francis, died, and was interred within its walls. Several other members of "the princely house of Desmond" are entombed here.

YOUGHAL CHURCH.

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wives), and underneath are figures of his nine children, with the dates of their several births. The church is full of curious and remarkable monuments; among which those of the Boyles and the Fitzgeralds are the most conspicuous. We have copied one—a sepulchral niche in the north wall, carved, and richly adorned with trefoil ornaments, and containing the following inscription,

Hic Jacet
Thomas
Fleming.

Adjoining the church, and indeed forming a part of the structure, is a large square tower, now used as a belfry, but evidently a work originally built for defence. It is scarcely necessary to observe that Youghall, having been one of the strongholds of the Geraldines, was the scene of many struggles for power; from time to time it was attacked, defended, and taken, the inhabitants being driven out, in accordance with the policy of the victors. On the 29th of May, 1650, Oliver Cromwell embarked at Youghall for England, after his extraordinary conquest of Ireland.

Notwithstanding its proximity to Cork, Youghall enjoys a flourishing trade; a narrow bridge of great length crosses the Blackwater and unites the town with the County of Waterford.

Having detained our readers so long at Youghall, we must conduct them somewhat more rapidly through the various towns in the north of the county of Cork. These are Fermoy and Mallow, on the river Blackwater—the exceeding beauty of this river we shall endeavour to describe in treating of the county of Waterford—Castletown-Roche, Buttevant, Doneraile, Kilworth, Glanworth, Newmarket, and Kanturk; still further north Mitchelstown, on the borders of the county of Tipperary, and Charleville, on the borders of the county of Limerick*. Fermoy, an obscure and insignificant village when

* Of the numerous castles in the districts, over which we can afford only to glance, we may particularise Mogeely, on the south side of the Blackwater, and a few miles north of Youghall, of which the following

Smith wrote his history of Cork, nearly a hundred years since, became an important town early in the present century in consequence of the exertions of Mr. Anderson, who had extensive barrack and mail-coach contracts with Government; his speculations were ultimately unsuccessful, and with the prosperity of its founder that of Fermoy in some measure declined. Its extensive barracks, however, and its vicinity to the Cove of Cork, make Fermoy an important military station. Mallow has been styled the Bath of Ireland; it is a pretty and agreeable town; its Spa has long been celebrated; and it is much frequented by invalid visitors. On the banks of the Blackwater, and midway between the towns of Mallow and Fermoy, is the ruin of the ancient abbey of Bridgetown; which contains several monuments of the once powerful family of Roche. About a mile distant from the abbey is Castletown-Roche. The Roches were barons of parliament so early as the reign of Edward II. And though "fallen upon evil days," the name is still honourably conspicuous in the counties of Cork and Limerick.

By the Commonwealth supremacy, Maurice, Viscount Roche and Fermoy, was attainted and outlawed; his estates, being of course forfeited, were parcelled among the soldiery of Oliver Cromwell, whose offer of "a composition" the loyal exile had refused. Subsequently, he obtained a regiment in Flanders, and suffered poverty in order that he might be enabled to share his pay with his king, Charles II. Eventually, Lord Roche was obliged to dispose of his commission on account of his debts; and, at the Restoration, was naturally cheered by the prospect of regaining, with his honours, the property of which he had been deprived. Charles did not find it convenient, however, to recollect the liberal friend of his adversity; and Lord Roche would have perished of want but for the charity of the Duke of Ormond. The ingratitude of Charles II. to his Irish adherents, and the descendants of those who had died fighting against the usurper, is among the darkest blots of his reign. Many of them had—as in the case of Lord Roche—endured not only privations

traditionary anecdote is told:—Thomas, Earl of Desmond, had a favourite steward who often "took great liberties with his lord," and who, having issued invitations to all the chiefs of Munster with their followers to spend a month at the castle, filled it with guests for whose entertainment the master was unprepared. In a few days, provisions grew scarce, and the Earl alarmed at the danger of sacrificing his reputation for munificent hospitality—for "his pride would not brook to let his visitors know the strait he was in"—devised a stratagem to save his credit, and gave command to his servants to set fire to the castle while the party was out hunting, and, of course, to pretend it was consumed by accident. Luckily, the steward, who had been absent, returned in time to rescind the order, and when the Earl wended homeward "with a heavy heart expecting to see Mogeely in flames," he was met "by a large prey of corn and cattle" sufficient to subsist him and his company for many months. In this tradition originated the "extravagant expedient," as it has been critically called, to which Sir Walter Scott resorted in his beautiful fiction of the Bride of Lammermoor, by making Caleb Balderstone burn, or pretend to burn, his master's castle, to avoid giving a reception to the Marquis.

but want, to support his cause; and when he had the means of rewarding them—and of restoring to them their forfeited lands—he treated them with indifference or levity*. The melancholy conclusion of the history of Lord Roche's forfeiture we may illustrate by two anecdotes, for the truth of which we can vouch.—A Lady Roche was perfectly remembered by two or three old persons who have described her to us, as begging charity through the streets of Cork in a tattered and faded court-dress. She was then upwards of seventy, and was probably the lady whom Archbishop Boulter recommended by his letter of the 22nd June, 1731, to the Duke of Dorset, as deserving a pension. Of the degraded state of the last Lord Roche, we have been told that a gentleman travelling on horseback, in the early part of the present century, in the county of Tipperary, fell into the company of another gentleman, with whom he trotted for some miles along the road. Upon reaching the end of an avenue, the latter (a Mr. Croker) invited his fellow-traveller to his house, as it appeared probable that a storm, which had been gathering on the mountains, would burst in the course of a few minutes. The invitation was accepted; they rode up the avenue together, and to save time went direct to the stables. A tall, awkward fellow, half menial half sportsman in appearance, took their horses when they dismounted, and was addressed, more than once, by Mr. Croker, as "my Lord." On reaching the house Mr. Croker's guest inquired the reason, and was told that the stable-boy was an actual lord—Lord Roche, who hung about the place, where he made himself very useful among the dogs and horses, and that he lived with the servants in the kitchen, but that his pride of birth would not allow him to receive any wages.

Castle-town Roche is associated with the early history of Edmund Burke. At this place he spent a considerable time; so much, it is said, as five years, "acquiring all that the village school-master could teach."

Buttevant, described by Borlace "an old nest of abbots, priests, and friars," though formerly a place of note, dwindled into a mere village with the decay of its noble abbey. The name is said to have been derived from the war-cry —Boutez-en-avant—used by David de Barry, one of the early English

* There were not wanting some to speak their minds plainly to the heartless sovereign; to express themselves with the bold spirit so characteristic of their country. It is stated that a Colonel Costelloe thus addressed the king in reply to his customary taunt of insolent condolence. "Please your majesty, I ask no compensation for my services and losses in your majesty's cause; I see that to your friends, and to my countrymen in particular, you give nothing; and that it is your enemies alone who receive favour and reward. For ten years' service, for many wounds, and for the total loss of my estates, I ask nothing; but in the ardour of youth, and in the belief that I was asserting the sacred cause of liberty, I fought, for one year, in the service of the usurper—give me back such portion of my estates as that year's service entitles me to."

invaders, in his battles with the Irish; of his tomb we annex a sketch.

Buttevant was anciently called Botham; and by the Irish—a name which Spenser has recorded—Kilnemullagh; it was surrounded by a stone wall with gateways, and was governed by a corporation. And, scattered among wretched hovels, may be detected many traces of its former consequence.

Buttevant abbey must have been a pile of considerable magnitude and grandeur. Close to the entrance is a large heap of sculls and bones, said to be the relics of those who fell at the battle of Knockninoss in 1647, between the army of the Parliament, commanded by Lord Inchiquin, and the Irish forces under Lord Taafe. In this encounter was slain the famous Sir Alexander McDonnell, whose sobriquet of "Colkitto" has been embalmed in the verse of Milton—

> ——"Why it is harder, sirs, than Gordon,
> *Colkitto, or Macdonnell*, or Galasp?"

He commanded the forces sent by the Marquis of Antrim to assist Montrose in Scotland, and after his return from that service was made lieutenant-general of the province of Munster, and gloriously fell with nearly all his gallant regiment of Scots Highlanders, who maintained their ground with the most desperate resolution against the Parliamentary troops *.

Buttevant and its neighbourhood—its hills, its valleys, and its rivers—have been rendered classic by the pen of the immortal poet; for Spenser not only resided at Kilcoleman—the ruined walls of which still remain as depicted by Mr. Crofton Croker—but here he composed his Fairy Queen, and made the surrounding objects themes of his undying song. Spenser first visited Ireland in the year 1580, as secretary to the Lord Deputy, Lord Grey

* As an instance of the value of local tradition, we may mention an anecdote related to us by a gentleman who inquired of his guide what had occasioned the accumulation of so many sculls and bones at the entrance to Buttevant abbey. "The reply," he added, "was one of the most ridiculous you can conceive—'Faix, Sir, 'twas a battle that Alexander the Great was killed in, that was fought hereabouts!'—Can anything be more absurd than this?" he concluded, with an air of triumph. Now we did not agree with him in his opinion, and ventured to show our friend that the "Ollistrum More" of Irish tradition—so was Milton's "Colkitto or Macdonnel" called—was literally and correctly translated, by his guide, as Alexander the Great.

de Wilton; and discharged the duties of the office—obtained for him by the interest of his noble and gentle patron Sir Philip Sidney—with ability and integrity. In 1582, he returned to England. And in 1586, he obtained a grant—dated the 27th June of that year—of 3,028 acres of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond, at the rent of £17 13*s.* 6*d.* He received it on the same conditions

as the other "undertakers"—conditions which implied a residence on the property thus acquired, the policy of the Queen being to people the province of Munster with English families. Spenser took up his residence at the castle of Kilcoleman. Four years of happy tranquillity here passed away, bearing for the world the glorious fruit of the first three books of the Fairy Queen. These he conveyed to London, in company with his friend Sir Walter Raleigh, and there published them. On his return to Ireland he married, as he tells us, a country lass of mean birth, whose name was Elizabeth. During the six years that succeeded, he wrote the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the Fairy Queen, and printed an able and statesman-like view of the condition of Ireland. A dreadful calamity now awaited him—the fatal corroboration of his opinions respecting the country. The Tyrone rebellion broke out (in 1598), his estate was plundered; Kilcoleman was burned by the Irish; in the flames his youngest child perished; and he was driven into England with his wife and remaining children—a poor and wretched exile. This affliction he never recovered! dying a year after, in an obscure lodging in London, in extreme indigence, if not in want.

Of Spenser's domestic life at Kilcoleman we know little more than what he has recorded. The fire that destroyed his child no doubt consumed many valuable papers, and possibly the concluding books of the Fairy Queen*;

* In reference to this matter, a whimsical circumstance occurred to us while travelling on a car between Dunbrody and Wexford. We had been talking over it, and speculating on the possibility of some happy chance enabling us to enrich the world by finding these "lost books" in some sequestered nook, when the

although more than mere rumour exists for believing that the "lost books" have been preserved, and that the manuscript was in the possession of a Captain Garrett Nagle within the last forty years.

In the neighbourhood of Kilcoleman there are several objects to which Spenser has especially referred; and we are justified in concluding that the country around him excited his imagination, influenced his muse, and gave being to many of his most sublime or beautiful descriptions of scenery. "Mole that mountain hore,"

> "And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilome taught to weep;"

—the river and the mountain still endure, but the poet's estate has long since passed into the hands of those who have neither his name nor lineage. The Awbeg or Mulla joins the Blackwater or Awmore, at Bridgetown; into the Blackwater also runs the rapid Funcheon or Faunchin; and a brook called Brachbawn, by Spenser styled the Molanna, which in the seventh book of the Fairy Queen he thus beautifully pictures—

> "For first she springs out of two marble rocks,
> On which a grove of oaks high mounted grows;
> That as a girlond seems to deck the locks
> Of some fair bride, brought forth with pompous shows,
> Out of her bower that many flowers strows;
> So, through the flowery dales she tumbles down,
> Through many woods and shady coverts flows
> (That on each side her silver channel crown)
> Till to the plain she come, whose valleys she doth drown."

To the river Faunchin, also, the poet makes reference in the same canto—

> "So now her waves pass through a pleasant plain,
> Till with the Faunchin she herself do wed,
> And both combin'd themselves in one fair river spread."

To the Mulla, his own river, he often refers. We are compelled to acknowledge, however, that the poet looked upon his residence at Kilcoleman as little better than an irksome banishment; the troubled and unsettled state of Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth, was unfavourable to the ease and repose which he ardently desired; and it is not surprising that he should have handed down to us unequivocal proofs of his distaste of the people among whom he lived, by whom he was regarded as the receiver of property robbed from its true owners, with whom he had no sentiments in common, and whom he no doubt considered enemies eager for his destruction.

Charleville is a poor town. It was so named by the Earl of Orrery, the Lord President of Munster, as a compliment to Charles II., being before called,

carman turned suddenly round and startled us by an exclamation "I know the man that has 'em;" for an instant our hearts leaped with joy, and we eagerly asked, "Who? where?" "Oh bedad, sir, I know the man that has 'em; he lives at Ballyhack, and has thim and the pinny magazine—both."

to use his Lordship's expression, "by the heathenish name of Rathgogan." Here Lord Orrery resided and held his court, and many curious traditions are current respecting him, especially that which relates to the prophecy of Exham, the quaker associate of William Penn, who, it is asserted, foretold the destruction of the Earl's residence by the Duke of Berwick in 1690.

The small town of Newmarket is remarkable as the birthplace of Curran, in 1750; we have been told that the Rev. Nathaniel Boyse, to whom he was subsequently indebted for means to forward him in life, detected the embryo genius in some smart replies made by him, when lectured by the clergyman for playing at marbles in the church-yard.

Mitchelstown is the property of the Earl of Kingston, whose magnificent seat, a modern castellated mansion, is in the immediate neighbourhood. It was erected by Mr. Pain, an architect of Cork, recently deceased; to whose skill, judgment, and experience the city, and indeed the country at large, is very considerably indebted *.

In the barony of Duhallow and in the immediate neighbourhood of Kanturk, there lived, some years ago, a man whose power to subdue and control the vices of the horse was so extraordinary, that the account of it would be incredible, if the facts were not borne out by the testimony of many living witnesses. His name was Sullivan. His business was that of a farrier. The Rev. Horatio Townsend, the author of "A Statistical Survey of the County of Cork," describes him as "an awkward, ignorant rustic of the lowest class." He was known throughout the county by the sobriquet of "the Whisperer"—the vulgar notion being that he whispered his commands into the ear of the animal he tamed. When sent for to exercise his skill, he usually ordered the horse to be taken into the stable, and after carefully closing the door, remained with the animal about ten minutes. At the end of that time he led it forth, generally placed his child upon its back, and made him ride it about the stable-yard. No matter how untractable had been the animal committed to his charge, its spirit was completely broken; horses which the boldest riders were unable to mount, the bravest smiths would not attempt to shoe, and which had been rendered completely valueless by vice, were restored to their owners as gentle and tractable as lambs. The effect was almost always lasting; but if the animal returned to its evil habits, a word or a look from its controller were, alone, necessary; it knew and recognised the mysterious influence that had been exercised over it; and trembled, as the horse is said to do when it encounters some preternatural object. Mr. Townsend relates an instance of an experiment upon a "troop horse," so vicious as to be altogether worthless;

* The famous "caves" are in the county of Tipperary; we shall describe them hereafter; some idea of their extent may be gathered from the fact that we traversed them for upwards of five hours.

and in reference to which regimental discipline had totally failed; and the writer bears evidence to "the complete success of the art," from actual observation. "I noted," he adds, "that the animal appeared terrified whenever Sullivan either spoke to or looked at him." We have heard similar facts related by several gentlemen of unquestionable veracity; one, R. O'Callaghan Newenham, Esq., of Cork, who has delineated and published the picturesque Antiquities of Ireland, informed us he had once a horse so vicious and untameable that, although an exceedingly fine and handsome animal, he had offered it for sale for four or five pounds. It had never been broke in; no groom was able to mount it, and to get it shod was impossible; having accidentally heard of Sullivan's skill, he sent for him, and having agreed to pay him his usual fee of two guineas, in the event of success, the "man and beast" were locked up in a stable. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour the latter was led out by the former; the nature of the animal was completely changed. Sullivan not only placed his little boy on its back, but actually under its feet; made the horse lie down and rise up at command; enter the stable and come forth at his bidding; and made it manifest that for the future it might be consigned, without danger, to the care of the most timid lad of his manège. Mr. Newenham kept the horse in use for a year, rode it constantly himself, never found it in the least degree unruly, and eventually disposed of it for fifty pounds. He stated to us, that when the animal was led out of the stable it was in a high state of perspiration—as if it had been driven rapidly for an hour—that it was quivering in every muscle, and seemed to have undergone some intense agony. Yet, neither in this instance nor in any other was there detected the slightest evidence that the animal had been subjected to corporeal pain; although the minutest scrutiny was of course frequently instituted. The means by which Sullivan obtained this extraordinary power is still a secret, and likely to continue so; for he died without divulging it; his son, indeed, pursued his father's profession, but with little or no success; he was either ignorant of the mode of proceeding, or unable to adopt it, and he is now, we believe, also dead. Sullivan might have made a fortune if he could have been induced to exercise his art elsewhere; but nothing could tempt him to quit the miserable hovel in which he resided, to abandon the low society in which was his enjoyment, or to give up whiskey, the use of which abridged his life.

Passing through the small and unimportant town of Millstreet, we return to Cork for the purpose of conducting the tourist to the county of Kerry—first, by the inland road, which runs through Macroom; and next, by the longer, but more interesting route, along the coast, to Bantry and Glengariff.

The river Lee, the Luvius of Ptolemy, from the mouth to its source, in the romantic lake of Gougane Barra — a distance of fifty-five miles from the city of Cork—is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful. It is less rapid than most of the Irish rivers, and its banks are frequently wooded. The Lee is interesting, however, not alone from its natural advantages; it has associations with the history of the past—numerous castles, now in ruins, look down upon it, and many monasteries and abbeys skirt its sides. Among the most striking are the castle of Carrig-a-droid and the abbey of Kilcrea.

Carrig-a-droid Castle is built on a rock in the Lee. Although this pass of the river must have been one of importance, the building is comparatively modern. In 1641, however, it was a strong fortress, and had the credit of baffling the arms of Oliver Cromwell. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross had garrisoned it with an army for Charles I.; Cromwell despatched Lord Broghill with orders to attack and scatter the Irish in this quarter; and in the rout that followed—upon which the muse of Davenant has complimented his lordship—the bishop was taken prisoner. A free pardon was offered to him if he would procure the surrender of the castle, which he appeared willing to do; he was conducted to the walls, where, instead of calling upon the Irish to admit their enemies, he boldly adjured them to hold out while one stone remained upon another; then, turning to his astonished guard, he yielded to his fate, "whereupon he was immediately hanged." Yet the castle was, soon afterwards, taken by a very weak stratagem. The English drew towards it the trunks of trees, by yoking oxen to them, which the garrison perceiving, mistook for cannon, and "presently began to parley, and surrendered upon articles."

Tradition states the castle to have been erected by a Mac Carthy, "to

please the lady O'Carroll," who desired a residence on this singularly wild and beautiful spot. A legend, however, attributes its origin to a circumstance still more romantic. A poor peasant, lame and hump-backed, fell in love with the fair daughter of his chieftain, and pined in despair at the hopeless nature of his attachment. Wandering by the river-side, he suddenly heard the click click of the Leprehawn's hammer *, seized the tiny brogue-maker, and compelled him to reveal the secret of the whereabouts of his treasure store. The little being not only endowed him with riches, but changed his awkward and ungainly form to one of manly grace; and the lovely Maiga was readily wooed, and easily won, by a stranger rich enough to build for her a noble mansion and to place the wealth of earth at her feet.

The friary and castle of Kilcrea, both built by Cormac, Lord of Muskerry, the one for the protection of the other, stand on the banks of the small river Bride, a mile to the south of the mail-coach road between Cork and Macroom, and about twelve miles west of Cork. They are highly interesting and picturesque. The approach to both is over a long and narrow bridge, which appears to be as old as the venerable structures to which it leads. The castle is described by Smith as "a strong building, having an excellent staircase of a dark marble from bottom to top, about seventy feet high. The barbicans, platforms, and ditch, still remain. On the east side is a large field called the Bawn, the only appendage formerly to great men's castles, which places

* For the present, it is only necessary to state, that the Leprehawn—or Cluricaun, or Lurigadaun, or Loherimaun, or Luricoen—is a sort of material fairy, capable of being taken prisoner by mortal hands. The person who is lucky enough to encounter him has the power to compel him to surrender his treasure, provided he keeps his eyes fixed upon the cunning creature, who generally succeeds in averting the sight of his captor, and is then gone in an instant. The Leprehawn is the brogue-maker of the "good people," and is almost invariably found at work, with his lapstone on his knee.

were used for dancing, goaling, and such diversions; and where they also kept their cattle by night, to prevent their being carried off by wolves or their more rapacious neighbours." Much of this character it still retains, and the hand of time has been less busy with it than with others of its class. We rejoiced to find that its present owner keeps the gate carefully closed, to prevent the entrance of unscrupulous intruders, who, in defiance of the Pooka by whom it is haunted, were in the habit of delving under the foundations in search of "crocks of gould" said to have been buried there in "ould times." The floor of the upper chamber, once the state room of the chieftain, is now overgrown with grass; and a pic-nic party were regaling there when we visited this relic of feudal strength and grandeur.

In the friary, or, as it is usually, but erroneously, called, "the abbey," are interred the bodies of a host of the Mac Carthys, and among them that of its founder, who died of wounds received in battle, in 1494. A considerable portion of the edifice still remains. It is divided into two principal parts—the convent and the church—and retains the character of considerable magnificence as well as of great extent. As in all the ancient churches, human bones are piled in every nook and cranny, thrust into corners, or gathered in heaps directly at the entrance — a sight far more revolting than affecting. The tower of the church is still in a good state of preservation, and may be ascended, to the top, with a little difficulty. Rows of ancient elm-trees lead to the venerable ruin. The guide—a respectable elderly woman, whose shed (for, outside, it looked nothing more) was nestled down by the road-side, close to the entrance gate—was, as usual, very anxious to ascertain the motive of our visit to Kilcrea:—had we come to make drawings?—a great many ladies and gentlemen came to "make drawins." She would get us "a chair, and a table too, for the matter of that, if we wanted them." We told her we only desired to look about us; and entering a little gate, proceeded

down the fine avenue. The wall of "mortal remains" we have noticed, we said, ought to be buried; she shook her coifed head very gravely, and answered, "It would be no use—they wouldn't remain under ground!" 'Had she ever tried the experiment?'—"No—not she indeed—she knew better than that." The poor woman's demeanour was kind and good-natured; keeping a little in the rear, ready with a reply, and sometimes an apt and striking observation when it was least expected. The south, or altar end of the transept is lit by a large pointed window, the mullions of which, like those of every other window of this building, have been destroyed or taken away. It is most painful to those who venerate architectural remains, to see them trodden under foot as they were here; and as they invariably are in all such places*; we expressed this sentiment so warmly to each other as to win, at once, the heart, and, consequently, the confidence, of our guide.

"Why thin, good luck to you, sir, for that; and it's that way of thinking Pat Sweeny's mare was, when she refused to carry the load of stones the villain rooted out of the arch, ma'am, to build a pig-sty, the irreverent *nagre!*" 'And the mare would not draw the stones?' "Bad cess to the step—only as fast as he filled the car, up with her heels and canted them every one out on the same spot; there they are to this day." 'Did you see her do it?' "Is it see her do it? and I care-taker here! Oh no! Pat would have been long sorry to let me catch him in it—let alone at such murderin' work as that—any way, it was before I was born." If we had shown symptoms of disbelieving the sagacity of "Pat Sweeny's mare," we should have sealed, at once, the old lady's lips; which we had no inclination to do. The Irish, in general, have very high veneration for whatever they consider holy; and a sneer or a smile of unbelief at a favourite legend is a sore check to their enthusiasm. We are always careful not to hurt their feelings by coldness or inattention to their communications; it is, after all, but a very small courtesy, which is amply repaid by the gift of all their information, and the warm blessings of their kind hearts. "You may think that wonderful," she said; "but I know what's more so. A carpenter, who lived at a place called Ballincollig, got so hard a heart, through being always with the soldiers, that at last he thought there'd be no harm in cutting down one of the 'ancient ould' elm-trees in the avenue to make deal boords of; and ye see when a man sets about what's not right, he does it in the night time. So he comes here with his sharp hatchet and a bottle of whiskey in his pocket, to take his pick out of the trees. It was a fine moonlight night, and the stars dancin' double in the waters of

* These ruined churches are favourite burial-places of the peasantry; and it is a common custom to make head-stones of fragments of broken pillars, mullions, and fretted work.

'the Bride,' when he walked leisurely round and round the trees, and then at last fixed on one—the finest in it, which is ever and always the rogue's choice. Well, without more ado, he pulled off his jacket and set to work."

"But you must have heard him; you live so close to the avenue?" was our natural remark.

"It wasn't me that was care-taker then," she answered; "but we never mind the noises of the place at night. Why there's no end to the treasure-seekers' digging about the ould walls; and we have no call to them; for if they're warned off one place, they go to another. Well, he began; but as thrue as that the sun in heaven is shining down its bames upon this blessed spot, so thrue it is that where he struck the tree it spouted blood—pure blood up in his heathinish face."

"Well I hope that was a warning to him?"

"Bedad it was! The mark of the blood was on his face for many a day, and the pure waters of the Bride wouldn't take it out. I heer'd he went to furrin parts, on a pilgrimage, before he was able to show a clane skin with any poor Christian in Ballincollig."

"There's many of the quality," continued our guide, becoming communicative in proportion to our attention, "who seek afther the toomb of one Arthur O'Leary—I dare say you might hear tell of him?"

"Oh yes!" was our reply; "Arthur O'Leary the outlaw."

"Ay!—so they called him," she said, "but I heer'd my father say, who often saw him when he crossed the back of that noble baste that cost him his young life! I often heer'd him say it was hard times for the ould residenters when new men were put over their heads, and laws made to crush those that were born on the land.—It was my father said it," added our guide, in a quieter tone, thinking perhaps she had spoken more freely than wisely; "it was my father said it, and people are changed now."

We expressed our belief that they were changed for the better; for that no man now would dare to insult the poorest peasant in Ireland, as that high-born gentleman—wild and reckless though he was—had been insulted!

"God bless ye! God bless ye!" muttered the guide. "That's his toomb, and there's the description of himself. I've known that toomb taken in 'a round,' often; and many a stubborn knee bent by its side. I've seen strong-hearted men, in my time, cry bitter tears beside it." She withdrew a little, and we read the inscription, engraved, on a plain, low, flat, stone—

"Lo! Arthur Leary, generous, handsome, brave,
Slain in his bloom, lies in this humble grave *."

* There are two very opposite stories in reference to the career and death of this remarkable man; both, however, agree in describing him as "handsome, generous, brave;" high-spirited, "sudden and quick in

We never saw a ruin so full of graves as Kilcrea. Choir, cloister, aisles—every part is crowded. There are some other tombs worthy of notice within this extensive ruin—where we have lingered long, and must remain a little longer to note an old and remarkably handsome woman, who was praying, very devoutly, in a small dilapidated chapel at the right hand, near the entrance. There was something so meek, so humble, and withal so earnest in her face, upturned as it was to the heavens while the rosary trembled in her fingers, that we asked the guide who she was.

"A poor *thravelor*, God help her, and nothing else," was the reply. At the instant it began to rain, and one of us was glad to take shelter in the guide's cottage, while the other proceeded to inspect the ruins of the castle.

We have been in many Irish cabins; yet, perhaps, never in one so neat or so well-ordered, as the little one that crouches by the entrance gate to Kilcrea. The earthen floor was clean—the deal table white—and a pretty kitten was lapping milk upon it, who looked both sleek and happy; there was a half partition opposite the door, where the bed was placed; two coops filled with speckled chickens; a dresser heavily laden with crockery; two chairs, and a stool; completing the furniture of the room, in which there was barely space to turn round. We almost wished to have been benighted in such a cottage;

quarrel;" and jealous for the honour of his religion. One story goes, that a horse of O'Leary's having beaten, in a race, the horse of a Mr. Morris, the latter claimed it; tendering, in an insulting manner, its price upon the race-course:—"Papist, five pounds for your horse" (by the 7th of William III., chap. 5, Roman Catholics were disabled from having or keeping a horse exceeding five pounds in value). A quarrel ensued, and O'Leary, with threats of vengeance, made his escape. It is said that a magistrate was found upon the spot, who by a summary proceeding proclaimed O'Leary an outlaw, while the echo of his horse's hoofs was ringing in the air, and that he was immediately followed by a band of soldiers. Others say, that he rode about the county for some months, armed at all points, and protected by the peasantry. Hunted by the military, he had distanced them, and, as he thought, was in safety within sight of his own house, when, in the spirit of his natural daring, he turned round and waved his hat to his pursuers. His triumph was short; a bullet from the musket of a raw recruit, the first it is said he ever fired, laid him dead upon the road. Morris was tried for the murder and acquitted. A short time afterwards he was shot at, "in his lodgings near Hammond's Marsh," by the younger brother of O'Leary, who succeeded in escaping to America. This circumstance took place in 1773. Another version of the story has been furnished us by a friend intimately acquainted with the neighbourhood in which it occurred; and it illustrates the wild and reckless character of the Irish gentlemen of the period. O'Leary was remarkable for many personal qualities, for manly beauty and great strength; had unrivalled dexterity in athletic exercises, and courage approaching to madness. He engaged in a mortal feud with one of the neighbouring gentry; which originated, as stated by our informant, not in a dispute concerning a horse, but in a scuffle for priority in obtaining a goblet of water which an old woman handed to them at a spring near Mount Massey, called the Spa. For the assault, O'Leary was indicted, and bound to stand his trial; but he failed to appear, and resisted the recovery of his recognizances, which were estreated. A writ of outlawry consequently issued against him; and he went abroad for a time. On his return he made no attempt to conceal himself, but frequented fairs and markets, armed, and bidding ostentatious defiance to his enemies. The feud with his old adversary was renewed, and it became evident that one of the opponents would inevitably slay the other. A party of soldiers were stationed to arrest O'Leary near his house; he sallied out to meet them; several shots were exchanged; when "a little soldier," a raw recruit, covered him with his piece, saying, "I'm sure to hit him now," pulled the trigger, and O'Leary fell dead.

to have sat with the guide by the blazing faggot, and heard the tales—*all* the tales she could tell of the old abbey in its glory. She wanted us very much to have some milk, or an egg;—she knew it was fresh, and she could either roast it in the embers or boil it in a minute. She had a cake of griddle bread—there it was—if she hadn't made too free, would we have a bit of that? Having offered us everything in her cabin, we at last prevailed upon her to sit down. She forthwith pulled out her knitting, and we inquired what she knew of the woman we had seen in the abbey.

"Ah thin," she said, "my heart aches for that poor *widdy* woman, though I never set eyes on her till four or five days ago, when she came here one morning faint and fasting to finish *a round* she'd undertaken."

"Going from abbey to abbey to pray for remission of her sins?"

"Not her own sins," she replied, "but, poor thing, here she is coming in out of the rain; she laves me to-morrow."

"Does she lodge with you?"

"We give her the length and breadth of herself, at night, on a lock of straw under the table; and, sure, neither me nor mine will ever miss the bit or the sup the Lord allows us to have for such as her." Oh, what lessons of loving-kindness are to be learned in Irish cottages; hospitality without display, and that true generosity which takes from its own necessities to relieve the necessities of others!

We at once observed that the woman was superior to the generality of her class; she was neatly clad; her cap was white as snow; and a broad black riband fastened round it indicated an attempt at mourning. We had asked her how she intended to return, and her simple answer was "the Lord will raise me up friends to help me on the way; sure, hasn't He helped me homewards already?" she added, as she looked on the silver we had given her, "praise be to His holy name, that cares for the widow and the fatherless!"

"You've had a busy time of it lately," we said, as she entered the small cabin, and with a meek curtsey took the seat we insisted on her taking—"a very busy time of it lately?"

"I have, praise be to Him who gave me the strength to get over it! a very busy time; it's a long journey from Kenmare to Kilcrea, a wearisome journey; and a wonderful thing to be climbing the mountains; it's a fine thing too, my lady—for somehow one feels nearer to the Almighty. I thought the life would leave me before I got over the 'Priest's Leap,'—that is a wonderful mountain intirely—I don't suppose there's many higher than *that* in the world."

"And why did you undertake such a journey? you seem old."

"I am old, my lady—three score and eight years at the least;—but God fits the back to the burden; and the limbs to the mountain steep. I wouldn't, for all that, have took it, only for a reason I had; you see, ma'am, since you've been so good as to ask—you see, afther the will of the Lord had taken from me my husband (the heavens be his bed), and my poor boys, He left me one little girl—a delicate, gentle creature—and though she was my own child, I may say, a handsomer or a better girl never brought the sunshine to a lone widow's cabin. Oh, but her goodness was past telling. When I closed my eyes as if asleep, I was sure to hear her voice praying for me—when I opened them in the morning, she was there beaming blessings on me. She was so handy! Such a fine scholar too! The brightest girl, the schoolmaster said, that ever stood at his knee. Well, ma'am dear, every true crown has its cross. My little girl's love was sought by many, but won by a young man respected by no one, though chose by her. 'Alley,' says I, 'if you marry Laurence Daly, you'll break my heart.' 'Mother,' she says, throwing her arms, white as a wreath of snow, about me, 'mother,' she says, 'I'll never do that.' My mind was as light as a feather at first, for I knew she'd keep her word. But oh, my grief! to see her wastin, and wastin,—dying in the sight of my eyes—to see *that*, almost took the life from me. She made no complaint, but fell away like the blossom off the bough of a summer tree; and I could not bear to look in her faded face; and I says, 'Alley, take him—take him, avourneen; and from this day out I'll never say a word aginst him.' In less than a month from them words she was blooming as a rose; in another—she was his wife!" The poor woman covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly. "His love," she continued, "never, to say, turned; and he was gentler to her than he could be to any other thing; and if he had kept from meddling with what didn't concern him, all would have gone well enough; but he got into trouble—sore trouble—and the end of it was, that three years after they were married, *he* was in the jail at Tralee, and my poor child—my poor Alice—at the feet of every one in the county that could help her to pass a word through the iron bars or get her a look at him. Now wasn't it strange!—she was as pure in the light of heaven, as pure as unfallen snow; and she knew he was guilty. She would not even deny it—for the thought of falsity wasn't in her—and still her love grew stronger the greater grew his trouble. It isn't for me to tell what she went through. Before the first blush of morning she'd be on her knees at prayer; and, I'm sure, for six weeks that passed betwixt his taking and trial, the rest of sleep was never on her eyes for five minutes together. I asked her, when the day came, for the love of God and of me, her broken-hearted mother, not to go to the court-house, but she would—

and she did. She clung to my side in the crowd, and I felt her heart beating against my arm; I dar'n't look at her, and she kept crushing closer and closer to me until the trial began, and then she gathered strength and stood upright, at once. All along, her husband denied that he was in it at all, when the great harm was done; and two or three more boys stood up for the same. 'There,' said the Counsel for the crown, pointing to my poor Alice, 'there's his own wife—ask her where her husband was *that night*.' Every one cried shame; and the Counsel for the prisoners said it was contrary to law to question a man's own wife; but before I could get at the rights of it, Alley, throwing her arms round me, muttered, 'Mother, take me away—I can't tell—I can't tell!' With that a neighbour's son, who had loved my little girl all her life a'most—a fine fellow he was, though she never would hear to him, and with a good character, and of decent people, that wouldn't look at the same side of the road with Laurence Daly—steps out at once, with his cheeks reddened and his eyes like diamonds, and says he, 'Hear me,' says he, 'I can swear where he was *that night;* and no one who knows *me*, will think I favour Larry Daly.' Between supporting Alice, who fell in a faint on my bosom, not knowing what was coming, and knowing myself that the boy had good cause to spite Laurence, I thought my senses would lave me; and then my blood ran cowld to the heart, and my brain felt as if afire; for I heard him sworn and prove an ALIBI for the prisoner. When it was over, his cheek was like the cheek of a corpse, and no light was in his eyes; he came forward to the outside, where Alice, come a little to herself, and understanding her husband was safe, was crying, like an infant when it first draws in the air of a sorrowing world; he made the throng keep back, and afther looking at her for a minute, he whispers, 'Alice, live, *avourneen;* live and be happy, for to save you I've done what an hour agone I didn't think I could have done. I've sinned my soul, Alice, for you; so live, and God bless you.' I've heard of the love of many a man, but I think that bates it all; and though what he did was not right, still he did it for pure love of my child:—love, without any feeling in it that could make a blush rise to the cheek of a married woman, or cause the pang of shame at her heart; and that's a wonderful thing to say. But his love didn't end here. I was going home from Laurence's cabin, and after seeing them happy together once more, and he making all the good resolutions a man always makes, at the first goin' off, afther getting out of trouble, and the children so glad, poor things, to have their father again; and as I was going on, just at the end of the boreen, 'Mrs. Lawler,' says a voice, (you'll excuse my telling his name) 'Mrs. Lawler,' he says, 'afther to-day, I can't stay in the place. Who knows, but Laurence is so odd tempered, he might mistrust his

wife, knowing as he does that I *perjured* myself to make her happy. Those that ar'n't what they should be, often think bad of others; so I'll go to America, Mrs. Lawler, and mind the last prayer I'll brathe in Irish air, will be for Alice.'" Again the old woman wept; it was some time before she added, "And I saw him no more." I begged of her to continue. "It's soon ended now," she said, "and not much to tell; but the poor have more trials than the mere want of food, and I've often thought that when the rich and the stranger laugh at their rags, or turn from them in disgust, they don't think that maybe the heart beating under them has a dale of feeling.

"Well, as I said, I'll soon be done now: Alice, my poor child, every one saw she was going, and yet the darling, she talked for evermore of taking 'a round;' and I used to talk to her, and tell her what sin had *she* to answer for to put that in her head, and she'd only smile! Oh then, but the smile upon patient lips is scalding to the heart to look at: Oh, God forgive me for having wearied Him with prayers to leave the angel he was winging for heaven a little longer over her children—and to close my eyes—and Laurence, poor man! he was sorry too, and so loud in his grief that it shook her spirit. The priest had been with her, and said to me as he was going out, 'Take comfort, for it's a great privilege to have reared up a child for heaven; I wish we were all as sure of it as she is.' After that I went in, and she told the people she wanted a few words with her mother; they cleared out of the little room at once; and her voice was so thin I could hardly hear it, and her breath on my cheek was cold as the first breath of the new frost upon the air in harvest; 'There's one thing,' she whispered, 'though his reverence says it's no harm, that's heavy on my heart—it's a debt—if I could have lived to pay it I should die easy.'

"What debt, dear? I asked.

"'You remember THAT day, mother?'

"Ay, sure, I said.

"'And what *he* did?'

"Yes darling, it's not easy forgot.

"'He sinned his soul.'

"The Lord above is merciful, and will forgive him, I pray night and day, I made answer.

"'He was nothing to me more than a neighbour's child,' she went on, 'and for all his love I never gave him a good word; yet mother—mother—he perjured himself for my sake.'

"The Lord is merciful, I said again; what else could I say? and sure it was the truth any how.

"'Yes, I know that, but I made a vow, that night, to make my rounds at the

holy Abbey of Kilcrea, so that the sin might be taken off him through my means. Oh mother, that is denied me, and I must die with it on my soul —I can't get rid of it.'

"No, avourneen, no, I said; the way is long, and I am old and poor, but by the blessing of the holy saints *I'll take off yer vow:* I'll do for you what, if the Lord had spared you, you'd have done for yourself.—I made the vow on my knees.

"'Oh my mother, my mother, my mother!' she said, as if a new life had sprung in her, and then faded, faded, faded. She was gone—before Laurence and the children could catch her last breath; but she died happy, and so shall I now, for I've done all she would have done."

Between Kilcrea and Macroom there are several ruins of castles, once the strongholds of the Mac Sweenys, powerful chieftains, although feudatories to the lords of Muskerry. On the high road, it is stated on the authority of Smith, there was a stone set up by one of the family, who were "anciently famous for hospitality, with an Irish inscription, signifying to all passengers to repair to the house of Mr. Edmund Mac Sweeny for entertainment." The historian adds that, in his time, the stone was still to be seen lying in a ditch, where it had been flung by a degenerate descendant, who, according to popular belief, never throve afterwards. Townsend also describes an Irishman of the same class, whose residence was nigh to Mill-street, in this district of the county. He was the chief of his clan, and was known only by the name of O'Leary; to have addressed him by the term "Mister" would have been a mortal offence. He was one of the last who kept "open house to all comers;" had food and drink and lodging for all who asked it; and although his cellar was well stocked with wine, it never knew the protection of lock or key, for, as he used to say, "nobody had occasion to steal what any one might have for asking." It derived security, however, from other causes—from deference to his sway and respect for his person, both of which were universally felt and acknowledged within the circle of his influence. His appearance was always sufficient to maintain order at fairs and meetings, and to suppress disturbances, without the aid of soldier or constable. He is said to have possessed some admirable requisites for a maintaining of the public peace, being a very athletic man and always carrying a long pole, of which the unruly knew him to be no churl.*

* The hospitality of the Mac Sweeny and the O'Leary, is however eclipsed by that of another Irish chieftain, the ancestor of the O'Sullivans, a race of whom the legend says "Nulla manus, tam liberalis, atque generalis, atque universalis, quam Sullivanus." The name is said to have originated from the following circumstance. There chanced to arrive in Ireland, from Albany, a one-eyed Druid, who was also a bard, named

The town of Macroom, twenty-four miles west of Cork, is situate on the Sullane—a river which, for extent and beauty, rivals the Lee. The castle of Macroom is very ancient, or rather parts of it are of very remote antiquity, for it has undergone many of the chances and changes incident to the civil wars. It was converted by its late proprietor, Robert Hedges Eyre, Esq., one of the last of "the good old Irish gentlemen," into a comfortable mansion; and it is not now easy to distinguish the ancient from the modern portions of the building. It consists of one huge square of masonry—the mere keep—with embattled parapets; but the hand of taste is not very apparent in the alterations it has undergone to convert the ancient fortalice of the O'Flynns into a dwelling-house of the eighteenth century*.

From Macroom to Killarney the road is by no means picturesque; it passes along the banks of the river Sullane, and through the small village of Ballyvourney, almost the only congregation of houses in the route. It runs, however, within a few yards of the singular castle of Carrig-a-pooka, built, according to Smith, by the Mac Carthy of Drishane, and placed on the summit of a solitary rock, so steep as to render caution necessary in climbing it. It is now a single tower, and never could have been much more extensive, for it almost covers the rock on which it stands.

A visit to the castle affords us an opportunity for introducing to the reader one of the fairy legends of Ireland—the legend of the Pooka.

Of the malignant class of beings composing the Irish fairy mythology—and it is creditable to the national character that they are the least numerous—the Pooka excels, and is pre-eminent in malice and mischief. In form he is a very Proteus,—generally a horse, but often an eagle. He sometimes assumes the figure of a bull; or becomes an ignis fatuus. Amongst the great diversity of forms at times assumed by him, he exhibits a mixture or compound of the calf and goat. Probably it is in some measure owing to the assumption of the latter figure that he owes his name; *puc* being the Irish for a goat. Golding,

Levawn. He was hospitably received by Eochy—chief of his name and nation—who had also but one eye. When the Druid was departing from the castle, he refused all the rich gifts offered to him, but demanded from his host a present of his only eye. Eochy, impelled by generosity, at once tore it from the socket and bestowed it upon his avaricious guest. There happened, however, at the time, to be a holy man residing with the outraged Eochy; and he, indignant at such ingratitude, prayed that the Druid's eye might depart from its place, and, together with his own become the property of Eochy. The prayer was heard—the chieftain became instantly the possessor of two eyes and the Druid left the castle, for ever blind. Hence Eochy and his posterity obtained the name of "Suil-Levawn"—Levawn's eye.

* During the life-time of Mr. Hedges Eyre, it was impossible for the inn at Macroom to prosper; for, whenever a customer arrived, if his manner denoted him to be a gentleman, a messenger was soon in his chamber, with "compliments, &c, and a room was prepared for him in the castle;" particular injunctions being given not to sup before his removal. Since the death of the generous and hospitable gentleman, the inn has assumed a more stirring aspect, and is likely to have employment for both cook and housemaid.

in his translation of Ovid, describes him by name, in a character of which the goat forms a component part:—

> "The country where Chymæra, that same Pouk,
> With goatish body, lion's head and breast, and dragon's tail." &c.

And Spenser has the following lines:—

> "Ne let the POUKE, nor other evil spirit,
> Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
> Ne let hobgoblins, names whose sense we know not,
> Fray us with things that be not."

The Pouke or Pooka means literally the evil one; "playing the puck," a common Anglo-Irish phrase, is equivalent to "playing the devil."

There are many localities, favourite haunts of the Pooka, and to which he has given his name, as Drohid-a-Pooka, Castle Pook, and Carrig-a-Pooka. The island of Melaan, also, at the mouth of the Kenmare river, is a chosen site whereon this malignant spirit indulges his freaks. It is uninhabited, and is dreaded by the peasantry and fishermen, not less because of its gloomy, rugged, and stern aspect, than for the tales of terror connected with it. The tempest wails fearfully around its spectre-haunted crags, and dark objects are often seen flitting over it in the gloom of night. Shrill noises are heard, and cries, and halloos, and wild and moaning sounds; and the fishermen benighted or forced upon its rocks may often behold, in the crowding groups which flit around, the cold faces of those long dead—the silent tenants, for many years, of field and wave. The consequence is, that proximity to the island is religiously avoided by the boats of the country after sunset, and a bold crew are they who, at nightfall, approach its haunted shores.

The great object of the Pooka seems to be to obtain a rider; and then he is all in his most malignant glory.—Headlong he dashes through briar and brake, through flood and fell, over mountain, valley, moor, or river, indiscriminately; up or down precipice is alike to him, provided he gratifies the malevolence that seems to inspire him. He bounds and flies over and beyond them, gratified by the distress, and utterly

reckless and ruthless of the cries, and danger and suffering, of the luckless wight who bestrides him. As the "Tinna Geolane," or Will o' the Wisp, he lures but to betray; like the Hanoverian "Tuckbold," he deludes the night wanderer into a bog, and leads him to his destruction in a quagmire or pit. Macpherson's spirit of Loda is evidently founded on the tradition of the Pooka; and in the Fienian Tales he is repeatedly mentioned as the "Puka (gruagach, or hairy spirit) of the blue valley."

The English Puck is a jolly, frolicsome, night-loving rogue, full of archness, and fond of all kinds of merry tricks, "a shrewd and knavish spirit," as Shakspeare has it. But he is, nevertheless, very probably in his *origin* the same as the Irish Pooka; as, besides the resemblance in name, we find he has not at all times sustained his laughter-loving character; but, on the contrary, exhibited unquestionable proof of his Irish affinity or descent. For this we have the poetical authority of Drayton, in his "Polyolbion."

"This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a *ragged colt*,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us,
And, leaving us, makes us to stray
Long winter nights out of the way;
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us."

The early English adventurers imported to the Irish shores, their softened version of the native Pooka under his Saxon appellation of Puck, and have left his name to Puck's rock near Howth, and Puck castle, a romantic ruin in the county of Dublin.

An ancient chronicler, at Bantry, related to us the adventures of many of his friends, as "confirmation strong," to support his assertion that a Pooka haunted his own neighbourhood. "He knew two boys who, on their way to a midnight mass—rather fresh—met a horse; let's get on his back, says one; wid all the veins, says another; so they got up; and och! murdher, didn't he give 'em a ride; laving them next morning twenty miles from their own door." This however is the only instance, within our knowledge, of the spirit being encountered by more than one at a time. On our venturing to hint that the fact was unusual, we were met at once by an answer, "Sure weren't the both of 'em brothers." Another friend of the old man's "going through a narrow pass, heer'd a horse coming along at a fast gallop; and drew up to let him pass; when he heer'd a voice by his side say, 'Lien'—that's lie down—'here's the Pooka coming;' and sure enough he saw the baste with his eyes and nose flashing out fire. So the boy turns round and says, 'Who are you'—thinking 'twas a fellow Christian that gave him the warning.

'I'm the Lanian Shee,' says the voice. Now wasn't it queer that the spirit should be afeard of the Pooka?—but you see they weren't friends at all at all."

The highest of the Galtee mountains, called the Galtee More, and sometimes Dawson's seat, rises over a gloomy lake which is said to be the residence of a Pooka, who is believed to be chained at the bottom, and only permitted to make excursions upon state occasions. The lake is believed, to this day, to possess, in consequence of its terrible inhabitant, the three following properties:—First. It is unfathomable; an attempt was once made to sound it, and, from the descriptions of the people, it appears that the regular process was adopted, yet no line could be found that would reach the bottom. Secondly. The warmest day in summer, let the lightest breeze arise, and the cold about the lake will be intense. Thirdly. Although the lake does not appear of great extent, yet no stone could ever be thrown across it. We have heard that a famous stone-thrower from Clonmel, who could throw a stone from Fairy Hill to the other side of the river—a much greater *apparent* distance than the extent of the lake—attempted to throw a stone across the watery habitation of the Pooka, but like all other stones, it did not go beyond the centre, and then fell powerless into the dark waters. There is a tradition that one of the Dawson family (whose mansion is within view of the lake) once attempted to drain it. Accordingly every thing was prepared, and the engineer and labourers set actively about the work; but they had not gone far with it when a sudden light shone around them, and on looking towards the direction from whence it came, they saw the mansion of their employer on fire. They immediately all ran to the spot to extinguish the flames, but on arriving at it, the fire instantly vanished, and the place exhibited no appearance of having received any injury. They returned to their work, but immediately the flames burst out from the mansion again; and, on their once more coming up, the illusion as instantly vanished. This having been repeated several times, they at length relinquished their purpose, taking the hint that the Pooka would not have "the secrets of his prison-house" explored.—Such is the tradition current to this day in the glen of Aherlow.

Of the pranks of the Pooka, as will be imagined, many amusing stories are told by the peasantry; all generally, however, having nearly the same termination:—"And, plase yer honour, I found myself in the morning lying in a wet ditch; and it couldn't be the drop I tuk; for, barring a few glasses at a neighbour's, I didn't drink a drop at all at all, all day."

One of these stories, having more than the usual point, we shall repeat,

as nearly as we can, in the words in which we received it; only regretting that we have it at second-hand, being unable to record the fact on better authority, in consequence of the decease of the actual adventurer.

"It was, ye see, sir, my cousin, Jerry Deasy, that *done* the Pooka; and that's more than e'er another boy can say, betwixt this and the Causeway. A hearty chap he was; there wasn't the likes of him at fair or pattern, for breaking the heads of the boys, and the hearts of the girls, and the backs of the horses; the only thing he couldn't master was the drop. Och, if it hadn't been for that same, he'd be to the fore this day, to tell yer honour all about it. Well, he was sthreeling home wid a neighbour, one dark night, and the both of 'em war a little overtaken, and complaining of the *length* of the road, as they joulted from one side to the other widout nearing many steps tow'rds Ballyvourney; when says my cousin, says he—a mighty pleasant man he always was—'It isn't the *length* of it, at all at all, but the *breadth* of it that's killing me;' wid that he laid himself down in the ditch, and the never a stir he'd stir; so the other boy went on and left him. Well, yer honour, just as he was settling himself for a sleep, what should he hear but a shnort and a neigh. 'That's a horse,' says he; and wid that he gave a click, click, and held out his hand, as if 'twas a whisp of hay was in it. So the horse came up, and wasn't Jerry on his back in a jiffy? ''Ar-up,' says he; but 'twasn't needed. Off went the Pooka like shot—for the Pooka it was surely—up hill and down hill, through the bog and the river; and wherever a furze bush and briar was, there he went. Poor Jerry could make no hand of him; the life was sthruck out of him at last, and in the morning he found himself kilt, in the very place where he met the vicious baste over night. Well, sir, Jerry kept himself sober—for him—till the next gale day, when his honour, the landlord, wouldn't hear of him going home widout a rasonable sup; and when Jerry came near the ould castle at nightfall, he purtended to be mighty wake, and not able to stand, at all at all; and, just as he expicted, up trots the Pooka, and 'Mount, Jerry Deasy,' says he, 'and I'll car ye home.' 'Will ye go asy?' says Jerry. 'As mild as new milk,' says the desaving vagabone. Wid that, Jerry gave a spring, and got astride him. Well, my dear, off the blackguard set agin, a gallop that ud bate a flash o' lightning on the Curragh o' Kildare. But Jerry was too cute for him this time; and as fast as the Pooka druv, Jerry plunged his bran-new spurs into his sides, and shtruck away wid his kippeen at the head of him, until the Pooka was as quiet as a lamb, and car'd him to his own door. Now wasn't that a grate thing for a boy to do—to make a tame nagur of a Pooka? I'll go bail the scoundrel never came in Jerry Deasy's way from that day to this."

To examine, properly, the romantic lake of Gougane Barra, the pass of Keim-an-eigh, and the wild and singular scenery that conducts to, or surrounds, them, the traveller must diverge from the high road and pursue a route that leads only "back again," unless he is prepared to tread over mountains where the goat will scarcely find his way homewards without direction; and to encounter the perils of bogs and morasses more numerous than cottages. The venturous pedestrian, however, will be amply repaid for the risk and labour he will have to endure—for in no part of Ireland has Nature been left more completely to her own guidance and government.

From Macroom to Inchageela, a village midway between the town and Gougane Barra, the road becomes gradually wilder and more rugged; huge rocks overhang it, high hills look down upon them, and over these again the mountains tower—each and all clothed with purple heath and golden furze, and other plants that love the arid soil; while here and there patches of cultivation have been snatched from them by the hand of industry and toil; and from many a small fissure the smoke arises, giving token that civilisation is astir even in this region of savage grandeur and beauty.

The Lee, which, for a considerable space, has dwindled to a small murmuring rivulet, at length widens out into a sheet of water, forming the picturesque Lough Allua—the lake of the Lee. The road winds for about three miles along its northern margin; the rocks on one side, the clear and deep water on the other—a more perfect solitude it is impossible to imagine. Not a tree is to be seen, but the rocks, as if to remedy the defect, have assumed forms the most singular and fantastic; and, every now and then, seem to stay the further progress of the wayfarer by pushing a monstrous base directly across his path. Yet a century and a half ago, these rocks and hills, as well as the valleys, were clothed with forests to the water's edge; in their fastnesses, unfamiliar with the step of man, the red deer roved; and often the labourer delves out, from a patch of mountain bog, some huge trunk that tells of the former occupiers of the soil—existing in decay many feet below the surface.

The approach to Gougane Barra is now sufficiently easy; although, a hundred years ago, a pilgrimage of two miles occupied two hours. Dr. Smith pathetically describes the toil; he calls it "the rudest highway that ever was passed; a well-spirited beast trembles at every step: some parts of the road lie shelving from one side to the other, which often trips up a horse; other places are pointed rocks, standing like so many sugar-loaves, from one to three feet high, between which a horse must take time to place and fix his feet."

A sudden turning in the road brings the traveller within view, and almost over, the lake of Gougane Barra—a scene of more utter loneliness, stern grandeur, or savage magnificence, it is difficult to conceive; redeemed, however, as all things savage are, by one passage of gentle and inviting beauty, upon which the eye turns as to a spring-well in the desert — the little island with its group of graceful ash-trees and ruined chapel. Down from the surrounding mountains rush numerous streams, tributaries to the lake, that collects and sends them forth in a bountiful river—for here the Lee has its source—until they form the noble harbour of Cork and lose themselves in the broad Atlantic. In summer these streams are gentle rills, but in winter foaming cataracts; rushing over ridges of projecting rocks, and baring them even of the lichen that strives to cling to their sides.

When the traveller stands within this amphitheatre of hills, he feels, as it were, severed from his fellow beings—as if imprisoned for ever; for on whichever side he looks, escape from the valley seems impossible; "so that if a person," writes the old historian, "were carried into it blindfold, it would seem almost impossible, without the wings of an eagle, to get out—the mountains forming, as it were, a wall of rocks some hundred yards high."

The small island is nearly mid-way in the lake; a rude artificial causeway leads into it from the main land. This is the famous hermitage of St. Fin Bar, who is said to have lived here previous to his founding the cathedral of Cork. It is classed among the "holiest" places in Ireland, and has long been a favourite resort of devotees, in the confident expectation that its consecrated waters have power to heal all kinds of diseases; making the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and the lame to walk. Here, at certain seasons, they assemble in immense crowds—bringing their sick children and ailing animals to bathe; and upon the neighbouring bushes and wooden crosses hang fragments of clothes, or halters and spancels, in proof that to the various animals, biped and quadruped, the lake has performed the anticipated miracle of making them whole.

The greater portion of the island is covered by the ruins of a chapel with its appurtenant buildings, and a large court or cloister, containing eight arched cells. A spot better fitted for gloomy anchorite or stern ascetic, who desired perfect seclusion from

"the cheerful haunt of man and herds,"

it would be hard to find; but here, too, undoubtedly, study might have

prepared the early Christian missionary for the " labour of love " he was called upon to undertake.

To describe the romantic grandeur of the scene is, indeed, impossible without calling poetry to our aid. It has been rendered so happily and so effectually, that we do not hesitate to quote the composition entire :—

" There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Where Allu of songs rushes forth like an arrow ;
In deep-valley'd Desmond a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash ; and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

" And its zone of dark hills—oh ! to see them all brightening,
When the tempest flings out his red banner of lightning,
And the waters come down 'mid the thunders' deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle ;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Malloc the eagles are screaming :
Oh, where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as that lone little island !

" How oft, when the summer sun rested on Clara
And lit the blue headland of sullen Ivera,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot ! from my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,

And thought on the bards who, oft gathering together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, and the depth of thy heather,
Dwelt far from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
As they raised their last song by the rush of thy water.

"High sons of the lyre! oh, how proud was the feeling
To dream while alone through that solitude stealing;
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I alone waked the strain of her harp from its slumber,
And gleaned the grey legend that long had been sleeping,
Where oblivion's dull mist o'er its beauty was creeping,
From the love which I felt for my country's sad story,
When to love her was shame, to revile her was glory.

"Last bard of the free! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to my own land have bound me,
Did your mantle of song throw its radiance around me;
Yet, yet on those bold cliffs might Liberty rally,
And abroad send her cry o'er the sleep of each valley.
But rouse thee, vain dreamer! no fond fancy cherish,
Thy vision of Freedom in bloodshed must perish.

"I soon shall be gone—though my name may be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken—
Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
To bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avonbuee seeks the kisses of ocean,
And a wild wreath to plant from the bank of the river
O'er the heart and the harp that are silent for ever.*"

The sacred character of Gougane Barra has, it is said, preserved it from the pest of so many Irish lakes—the monster worm or enchanted eel. We have heard stories of them in abundance; and have "seen the man who has seen" the metamorphosed demon that infests the little lough on the top of Mount Gabriel—it is "deeper than did ever plummet sound;" yet not so deep but that it supplies a home to one of these "things horrible." Often, but always at night, the hideous head of the serpent is raised above the surface of the water; and if a cow be missing from some neighbouring herd, there is no difficulty in ascertaining its fate—it has been made "a toothful for the ould enemy." In ancient times, indeed, the blessed isle of St. Fin Bar was subjected to the visits of such an intruder; who having been guilty of the imprudence and impudence of snatching, from the very hand of the officiating priest, the loneen—a vessel for holding holy water—as he was in the act of

* This poem was written, about the year 1826, by J. J. Callanan, a native of Cork; he died at Lisbon in 1829; and his grave was made, not by the "calm Avonbuee," in accordance with his fervent prayer, but by the banks of the Tagus—far away from "deep valley'd Desmond." A volume of his poems was published soon after his death; and among them are many of merit fully equal to the fine example we have quoted.

sprinkling with it a crowd of devotees, witnesses of the sacrilegious act, he was expelled the neighbourhood for his wickedness, and has never since ventured to leave his loathsome slime upon the green banks of the lake.

The pass of Keim-an-eigh (the path of the deer) lies to the south-west of Inchageela, in the direction of Bantry Bay. The tourist will commit a grievous error if he omit to visit it. Perhaps in no part of the kingdom is there to be found a place so utterly desolate and gloomy. A mountain has been divided, by some convulsion of nature; and the narrow pass, about two miles in length, is overhung, on either side, by perpendicular masses clothed in wild ivy and under-wood, with, occasionally, a stunted yew-tree or arbutus growing among them. At every step advance seems impossible—some huge rock jutting out into the path; and, on sweeping round it, seeming to conduct only to some barrier still more insurmountable, while from all sides rush down the "wild fountains," and, forming for themselves a rugged channel, make their way onward—the first tributary offering to the gentle and fruitful Lee;

> "Here, amidst heaps
> Of mountain wrecks, on either side thrown high,
> The wide-spread traces of its watery might,
> The tortuous channel wound."

No where has Nature assumed a more appalling aspect, or manifested a more stern resolve to dwell in her own loneliness and grandeur undisturbed by any living thing—for even the birds seem to shun a solitude so awful; and the hum of bee or chirp of grasshopper is never heard within its precincts. The drawing of Mr. Nicholl affords but a limited idea of a scene so magnificent.

Protected by these fortresses of rocks, ages ago, the outlawed O'Sullivans and O'Learys kept their freedom, and laughed to scorn the sword and fetter of the Saxon; and from these "mountains inaccessible" they made occasional sallies, avenging themselves upon, and bearing off the flocks and herds of, the stranger. As may be expected, in modern times, these rocky fastnesses have given shelter, often, to bands of lawless or disaffected men; here, in some deep dell, might have been detected the light curl of smoke issuing from the roof of some illicit still-cabin, to disturb the inmates of which would have

required a very strong force of the revenue: among these rocks, too, the smugglers had many a cave, in which they deposited their goods until suspicion had been lulled on the highways, so that they might be conveyed in safety to the neighbouring towns. And here, too, men who had set themselves in battle array against the law, have often met to arrange their plans for carrying destruction into the adjoining valleys. In the immediate vicinity of the pass, there was a stronghold of the Rockites, during the disturbances of 1822. The subject of these agrarian bands, united under a score of names, is one of much interest and importance, and will form a topic for discussion, hereafter, when we visit Tipperary: we may, however, detain the reader while we relate an incident borrowed, partly from the Rev. Cæsar Otway's "Sketches in Ireland," and partly gathered from the relation of the aged man we encountered at Bantry, who was an actor in the drama, and who lay for many days, wounded, among the hills, having been injured by an accidental shot fired by one of his own party.

Several hundreds of the peasantry were sworn to obey an unknown Captain Rock: for their leaders professed to receive their orders from a person who made his appearance only when some work of more than common peril and difficulty was to be performed. The pass of Keim-an-eigh was their place of rendezvous, from whence they made their visits to the houses of the gentry for many miles around, demanding arms, and leaving directions as regarded the persons to be employed and the rent to be paid; which it was dangerous to disobey, and which were, at times, accompanied by the significant hint of a grave dug at the hall-door, or beneath the window, of the party to whom instructions were addressed as to his future conduct. The evil at length spread so widely and became so intolerable, that the neighbouring gentry combined to suppress it. Lord Bantry, his brother, Captain White, and about forty mounted gentlemen, accompanied by a party of the 38th foot, undertook the dangerous task of pursuing the outlaws into the recesses of their mountains. They arrived at the pass we have described: but the officer who commanded the military refused to proceed further with so small a force, and left his lordship and his companions to make their way through the defile, remaining at its entrance to cover their retreat. They rode through it, round the lake of Gougane Barra, and into the village of Inchageela—which they found deserted by all the men, who had joined their associates and were in arms among the hills. During their ride, however, the party had given token of the nature of their mission, and had killed one man, who, having mistaken them for his own friends, had ascended a bank and hurraed for Captain Rock. He was shot instantly—and his body was a few minutes afterwards discovered by his exasperated comrades, who swore, over it, to take ample vengeance.

Having failed to arrest any of the persons against whom they had informations, the gentry commenced their ride back to Bantry, through the pass; and by this time the evening twilight was becoming dark and darker.

Meantime, the insurgents had not been idle; their captain—who he was has never been clearly ascertained, but it is certain that he belonged to the better order of society *—had noted the separation of the mounted gentry from the soldiers, and guessed that in an hour or two they would return through the pass. He at once issued instructions to his men to loosen a huge rock that overhung the narrow road; at a signal agreed upon it was to be flung from its place so as effectually to block up the passage, and, if possible, to crush some of the party by its fall. The design was then, to rush upon them with stones and pitchforks; several who had guns remaining in the rear to shoot them as soon as they were scattered; and afterwards to wait the approach of the soldiers who would no doubt be thus drawn from the open ground in which they had bivouacked. So shrewdly was the plan laid, that the destruction of the party appeared inevitable.

On they came, at a slow trot, cautious and fully conscious that they were in the midst of peril; the rock was nearly in the middle of the pass, and they were rapidly nearing it, yet no human enemy was seen, and not a sound indicative of danger was heard; when an old man of the Mahonys looked down from a cranny in the mountain and saw Lord Bantry and his troop in the path beneath him. We now borrow a passage from Mr. Otway. "This poor fellow had once two sons, the pride of his name and the consolation of his descending years; active, honest, and industrious, but alas! seduced into the Rock system. Their house near Gougane Barra was searched under the Insurrection Act, and arms and ammunition being found concealed, they were tried at Bantry and sentenced to be transported, which sentence was put into instant execution, and their aged parents were left desolate and destitute; the mother wept her life away, and her grey hairs descended in sorrow to the grave; the father joined the rising, and cared not how he died." The old man, under the excitement of the moment, screamed a bitter curse against those who had made him childless, and flung a huge stone at them as they passed; it struck and wounded the horse of Lord Bantry. One of the party instantly fired his pistol at the aged man, whose body came tumbling down the precipice and fell a lifeless corpse upon the path. In a moment, every

* "Was he a gentlemen?" we asked of the old man we have referred to. "Och, surely," he replied, "for he couldn't speak to us in our tongue; and his hand was as soft as a lady's." We inquired if he was ever afterwards seen in the neighbourhood of the encounter, and the answer was "No; but an uncle's son of mine would be on his oath that he saw him not many a long day back riding in a grand carriage about the streets of London; and nobody," he added, "that once seen his dark eye but would know it again."

crevice of every rock sent forth a living man to avenge the deed; a crowd came rushing and yelling down the mountain sides; the mounted gentlemen spurred their horses into a fierce gallop; a minute was thus gained—and it was enough; the rock fell the instant the last of the party had passed uninjured beyond its reach—and just in time to bar the pursuit of the exasperated peasantry.

Another generation must be removed, both from the gentry and the people, before the pass of Keim-an-eigh and this striking incident in its history will be forgotten.

Still nearer to Bantry, and still among the wild and almost trackless wastes, is the mountain of the Priest's Leap*—formerly the principal line of communication between the two most picturesque portions of Irish scenery, Glengariff and Killarney, but now abandoned for one of the best roads in the kingdom. Besides considerably abridging the distance between them, this old road possesses to perfection the characteristics of the fine old vigorous and uncompromising system of road-making, now exploded, that was observant only of the straightest line of access—following as nearly as possible the flight of the bird—regardless alike of acclivity or declivity, of cliff or crag, of stream or torrent†. In this respect the Priest's Leap road offers to every student of the ancient mystery of road-making the fairest subject for inquiry and contemplation; nothing can be more direct than its up-hill flights, or more decided and unswerving than its downward progressions; no mountain elevation, however bristling with crags or formidable the aspect of its precipitous sides, deterred the stern and uncompromising engineer who laid it down. He carried it over the loftiest summits, the wildest moors, at the bottoms of the most desolate glens, and along the most dizzy steeps, overlooking the deepest dells. A savage-looking defile is sometimes made available as a conduit for every ferocious breeze that loves to howl and sweep along such localities; and the loneliness of many of the scenes is emphatically marked by the significant "leacht," or stone-heap,

* We asked a peasant why the mountain was called the Priest's Leap, and received this answer. "Ye see, sir, one time in this country there was five pounds for a wolf's head, and five pounds for a priest's head; and a dale o' money was made out o' the both of 'em. Well, a holy priest was riding over the hill, and he was purshued by the Tories (they called thim Tories that time, that's the blagards that did be hunting the priests); and just as they had their bloody hands upon his robe, he prayed to Saint Fiachna to help him out of their way; and the ass he was on gave a leap, and sprung seven miles over the mountain to th' other side of it,—and there are the marks of the baste's knees in the solid rock to this day. And the people won't blast the rock, though it comes right in the way of the road to Bantry." There is, beyond question, a singular rock which greatly interferes with the road—containing two excavations of a remarkable character—the removal of which rock seems to be necessary; but it remains untouched.

† To account for the absurd manner in which these old roads were laid down,—it must be remembered that, generally, they were not the lines deliberately selected; they were old foot-ways, gradually improved into some approach to the character of high-roads.

that points out the spot where, in other times, some solitary traveller met his fate from the way-side plunderer. Such alarming "hints" are now, indeed, rare; and, of later years, the record of acts of violence, committed in the security of these seldom-trodden paths, is a barren one. The heaps of stones, to indicate where deeds of murder have been done, still remain, however; and to the present day the peasant discharges what he considers his solemn duty by flinging, as he walks or rides by, a contribution to the mass.

To the lover of the wild, the picturesque, and the romantic, we recommend this road for his special enjoyment. Glorious is its scenery over mountain and through glen. The broad bay of Bantry is glistening far beneath, and the blue shores of Ivera and Bear in the distance, are noble features in the majestic panorama. Nor has the voice of tradition failed, or become silent, among these hills; many a wild legend and whimsical fiction may be gathered, by a little kindness, from their shrewd, inquisitive, and really imaginative, inhabitants.

Nearly midway in the course of the mountain road stand the ruins of one of those small ancient churches, whose era, from their style—the Romanesque—must be placed between the fifth and eleventh centuries. A portion of the walls only remains. The stones are large and Cyclopean, curiously jointed and well fashioned. We were told that it is "one of the first churches called at Rome"—a traditional record of its high antiquity. Outside the burial-ground is a perfect curiosity;—a natural rock of a tabular form with five basin-like hollows on the surface, of four or five inches in depth, and about a foot in diameter. These are severally filled with water, and in each is a stone of a long oval form fitting the space fully. The whole forms a *petrified dairy*—the basins being the "keelers," the ovals the rolls of butter.

The history of this strange monument is that, in ancient times, a woman lived here who, not respecting the commandment against thieving, at night milked the cows of her neighbours, and transferred the milk as well as the butter to her own dairy. Suspected at length, the hue-and-cry was raised against her, and Saint Fiachna, who led a holy life at the church we have referred to, resolved to punish the culprit. He mounted his horse to visit her, but she fled. The Saint as he passed turned her dairy to stone, and then descended the hill towards the river in pursuit of her. In crossing the stream

his horse left his hoof-marks on a stone in the centre of it; this we did not choose to wet ourselves to look at, but we were assured by several that it was there. He then drove up the opposite hill-side, where, about midway, he overtook the criminal of whom he was in chase, and instantly turned her into *stone;* and there she still stands, the Irish "Lot's Wife," not, however, a pillar of salt, but a goodly *dallan* of six feet in height; yet still holding a resemblance to the original lady. The tree beside it grew out of the "kippin" of the spancel which she carried in her hand, and with which she was accustomed to tie the cows' legs at milking. And see what a goodly picture it now makes as a blooming hawthorn! It is a singular and striking object, standing, as it does, in the midst of a mountain solitude.

We must now reconduct the reader to Cork, in order that we may be his guide to the county of Kerry, along the sea-coast, through Bantry and Glengariff.

The port of Kinsale, although not in the direct route, may be visited in the way; the town is exceedingly interesting, and as, for a very considerable period, it was the most celebrated and frequented of the southern harbours of Ireland—taking precedence of that of Cork—it occupies a full and prominent page in Irish history.

The road from Cork—a distance of nineteen English miles—has little to interest the traveller; but on either side the mountain-hills are richly cultivated; the fields of green and brown alternating like a chess-board, very few, even at the highest summits, being without some cultivated patches. The town is seen to great advantage from this approach. It is built on the side of a hill; its character is peculiarly quaint; the streets are remarkably narrow; and many of the houses have projecting windows like those of the Spaniards, by whom some of them were probably built*. The population is about

* In the neighbourhood of Kinsale, there are many remains of antiquity of a date long antecedent to the visits of the Spaniards; we examined a singular rath, immediately adjoining "Rathmore" (the great rath), the seat of John Thomas Cramer, Esq., whose lady is sister to the gallant and distinguished officer (Colonel Thomas) who represents the town. We have seen nowhere so graceful a blending of art and nature as in this singularly romantic and beautiful demesne. Wealth and taste have gone, hand in hand, for its improvement; it abounds with the richest and finest shrubs and flowers; and magnificent trees fling their branches over the very ocean. In the mildest climate of the south of Europe, it is impossible for foliage to grow in more luxuriant beauty.

eight thousand. The charter of incorporation is so early as Edward III. Kinsale gives the title of Baron to the De Courcys, the descendants of Milo de Courcy, son of John, Earl of Ulster; and the Lords Kingsale enjoy the exclusive, although vain and useless, privilege of being covered in the royal presence—a privilege granted by King John to the Earl of Ulster. Lord Kingsale is the premier Baron of Ireland.*

* The singular circumstances connected with the history of De Courcy are recorded by Hanmer in his Chronicle of Ireland (A.D. 1571). Sir John de Courcy had held the highest offices in the country, but had been displaced by his rival Hugh de Lacy, and orders were given to arrest him. Sir John, having secret intelligence of the design, "kept himselfe aloofe," and his enemy had recourse to stratagem to effect a seizure of his person; offering a large reward for his apprehension. "Then, privily, he dealt with four of his servants," who informed De Lacy "We can direct you to a course to bring your purpose to effect; upon Good Friday, yeerly, he weares no armes, but is wholly given up to divine contemplation, and commonly walketh all solitary round about the churchyard of Dune." Thus betrayed, De Courcy was attacked by a troop of horsemen. "He ranne to a wooden crosse that stood in the churchyard, took the pole thereof, and laid about him lustily" —so lustily that he slew thirteen of De Lacy's men, but in the end was taken, "clapt in the Towre of London," and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. "The Judases that had betrayed their master had their hire," but on condition of quitting Ireland never to return to it, upon pain of death. They embarked for England with a singular certificate, under Sir Hugh's hand, of the good service they had done, which contained this passage, "I deem them no better than Judas the traitor; wherefore, let no subject within the king's dominions give them any entertainment, but spit in their faces, and suffer them to rogue about and wander as Jewes." Stress of weather compelled the men to land at Cork; where they were apprehended, brought before Sir Hugh, "and forthwith all foure hanged cheeke by jole." Some time after, a quarrel having ensued between John, king of England, and Philip, king of France, it was agreed to put it to the combat. On the part of the French there was a man "in readinesse;" but—(we quote the old chronicler)—

"King *Iohn* upon the sudden wist not what to doe for a Champion to encounter with him; at length, one attending upon his person, enformed him that there was one *Courcy* in the Towre of London, the onely man in his dominions (if hee would undertake it) to answer the challenge. King *Iohn* ioyfull of this, sent the first, yea second, and third time, promising large rewards, and rich gifts, and that it stood him upon as farre as the honour of his Crowne and kingdome did reach, to make good the combat. *Courcy* answered very frowardly, (the which was taken in good part in regard of the urgent necessitie) that he would never fight for him, neither for any such as he was, that he was not worthy to have one drop of bloud spilt for him; that he was not able to requite him the wrongs he had done him, neither to restore him the heart's ease he had bereaved him of; yet notwithstanding all the premises, he was willing, and would, with all expedition, be ready to venture his life in defence of the Crowne and his country. Whereupon it was agreed, that he should be dyeted, apparrelled, and armed to his content, and that his owne sword should be brought him out of Ireland. The day came, the place appointed, the Liste provided, the scaffolds set up, the Princes with their nobilitie of each side, with thousands in expectation. Forth comes the French Champion, gave a turne, and rests him in his tent: They sent for *Courcy*, who all this while was trussing of himselfe about with strong poynts, and answered the messengers, if any of their company were to goe to such a banquet, I thinke he would make no great haste. Forth he comes, gave a turne, and went into his Tent. When the trumpets sounded to battaile, forth come the combatants, and viewed each other. *Courcy* beheld him with a wonderfull sterne countenance, and passed by. The French man not liking his grimme looke, the strong proportion and feature of his person, stalked still along, and when the Trumpets sounded the last charge, *Courcy* drew out his sword, and the French man ranne away, and conveyed him to Spaine. Whereupon they sounded victory, the people clapt their hands, and cast up their cappes; King *Philip* desired King *Iohn* that *Courcy* might bee called before them, to shew some part of his strength and manhood, by a blow upon a Helmet; it was agreed, a stake was set in the ground, and a shirt of maile, and a Helmet thereon; *Courcy* drew his sword, looked wonderfull sternely upon the Princes, cleft the helmet, the shirt of maile, and the stake so farre in, that none could pull it out but himselfe. Then the Princes demanded of him, what hee meant to looke so sowrely upon them; his answer was, if hee had missed his blow upon the blocke, he would have cut off

It would occupy far more space than we can afford to give even an outline of the sieges to which the town has been subjected from a very early period—from the first English invasion to the Revolution of 1688. It was several times in the occupation of the Spaniards; who had possession of it so far back as 1380; and who, in 1601, having been largely aided by O'Neill and other Irish chieftains, kept at bay for a considerable time the English army, under the Lord President Sir George Carew.

On the 12th of March 1689, James II. landed in Kinsale (the house in which he slept is still pointed out), and then commenced the struggle to regain the throne he had abdicated. In 1690, it was taken by the Duke of Marlborough—after a gallant defence, however, when the garrison was allowed to march out "upon honourable conditions."

The parish church is dedicated to a female saint—St. Multose or Multosia, by whom it is said to have been erected in the fourteenth century.

A legend is told in connection with it.—When the Saint was building it, which she did with her own hands, she desired to place a large stone, too

both the Kings heads. All that hee said was taken in good part; King *Iohn* discharged him out of all his troubles, gave him great gifts, and restored him to his former possessions in Ireland."

The grant of the "privilege" does not rest upon the same authority, although there can be no doubt of its existence. The King (John) it is said, "besides restoring to the Earl his property, bade him ask for anything else in his gift he had a mind to, and he should have it; upon which, he answered he had titles and estates enough, but desired that he and his successors, heirs male, might have the privilege (after their first obeysance) to be covered in the royal presence of him and his successors, kings of England, which the king granted." His descendants have repeatedly upheld their claim to the ancient grant, and the late Lord Kinsale kept his hat on before George IV. during his visit to Ireland; but merely for a few moments, in order to establish his right. The present lord is an absentee, and, we believe, has never seen the town from which he derives his title and his income. The property is very limited. There is a tradition that when King John granted the privilege, he agreed to give his champion as much Irish land as he could ride round on a given day, and that the existing owners of the intended transfer made him intoxicated; so that he was able to ride over but a small district.

heavy for her to lift. Seeing two men passing, one a native of the town, the other a stranger to it, she summoned them to her aid; the native refused to help her, but the stranger laboured until her object was effected. Upon which she gave her blessing to the one, and left her curse with the other. It is a remarkable fact, and one that does not depend upon the authority of tradition, that, generally, when two inhabitants of the town marry, they will not go through the ceremony within the walls of St. Multose, but are "united" at some church in the neighbourhood; and we were supplied with proofs in support of the legend, by references to several unlucky couples who had been so unwisely sceptical as to neglect the ancient warning.

The harbour of Kinsale, although greatly inferior to that of Cork, is capacious, deep, and well sheltered. It is defended by a strong fort, called Charles-Fort, so called in honour of Charles II., and erected by the Duke of Ormond in 1681.* The accompanying print represents the Fort, the block-house, and covered-way, with a sloop of war beating in, and a pilot-boat under a foresail.

The "Old Head," the point nearest the sea, has a light-house, and has long been a famous landmark for mariners. Although, for upwards of a century, Kinsale has ceased to occupy a very prominent station among the harbours of Ireland, and has lost its commercial importance, it is still a flourishing town; its prosperity being sustained, chiefly, by its facilities for fishing—the Cork markets being almost exclusively supplied from it—the

* One of the outer forts of Charles-Fort is called "the Devil's Battery." The legend attached to it is that the arch-enemy was wont to take his rounds upon the ramparts, carrying in his hand a cannon-ball, and terrifying the sentinels night after night. The cause of this appearance is said to have originated in a tragic event that once occurred there. The only son of the governor prevailed upon the sentinel on duty to convey a message for him into the town; taking his firelock and place during his absence. The young man fell asleep on his post, and the governor, visiting the stations, and finding, as he supposed, the sentinel betraying his trust, shot him dead, and to his horror, found he had slain his child. So great was his despair that he leaped from the ramparts into the sea and perished. From that fatal night his satanic majesty was a constant visitor at the fort; and a cannon is shown there to this day on which he left the mark of his thumb. Several other "frightful" stories of demons, ghosts, and hobgoblins, are told of the neighbourhood.

skill of its ship and boat builders, and by its convenience as an outlet for the transfer of cattle to England. The adjoining coast is unhappily full of melancholy relics of shipwrecks; the sad fate of the Killarney steam-packet must be fresh in the recollections of our readers; and in the churchyard are numerous grave-stones recording merely the facts of bodies being washed on shore and interred there.

The road from Kinsale to Innishannon passes along the banks of the river Bandon—according to Spenser,

"The pleasant Bandon crowned by many a wood."

The woods, however, have long since fallen under the ruthless axe of the woodman. About midway to Innishannon, a pretty village that skirts the clear and rapid river, is the ancient castle of Ship-pool, a structure erected by the Roches; and between Innishannon and Bandon, is the castle of Dundaneere (or Downdaniel), which stands near the confluence of the rivers Brinny and Bandon. It is stated by Dr. Smith, that "about the year 1612, the East India Company of England had a settlement here for carrying on iron-works, and building large ships, for which uses they purchased the adjacent lands and woods; the following year, two new ships of five hundred tons were launched, and a dock was erected for building more; they kept a garrison in the castle, and built three villages." Unhappily the old curse of Ireland—jealousy of "the stranger"—prevailed; the company were so much "disturbed in their undertakings," and such was the "implacable spirit of the Irish against them, that by continually doing them several ill offices, they forced them at length to quit the country." The castle, represented on the opposite page, is now a complete ruin, but one of the most striking and interesting we have visited; it commands a charming point of the river; the surrounding scenery is perfectly beautiful, and the neighbouring hills are covered with woods and villas. The road leads along the banks of "the

pleasant Bandon" the whole way to the town to which it gives name. It was formerly called Bandon-Bridge, and was built by the first Earl of Cork; who, in a letter to Mr. Secretary Cook, dated April 13, 1632, describes "the place in which it is situated," as "upon a great district of the country that was until lately a mere waste of bog and wood, serving for a retreat and harbour to wood-kernes, rebels, thieves, and wolves." His lordship adds, as the strong claim of Bandon to royal favour and protection, that "no popish recusant, or unconforming novelist, is admitted to live in all the town*;" and Smith, so late as 1750, states that "in the town there is not a popish inhabitant, nor will the townsmen suffer one to dwell in it, nor a piper to play in the place, that being the music formerly used by the Irish in their wars." The old and illiberal system has long since been exploded; the bagpipes are now heard as frequently in Bandon as elsewhere; and among its dealers and chapmen are numerous descendants of the Irish Mac Sweeneys and O'Sullivans, and the Anglo-Irish Coppingers and Fitzgeralds. The town is of considerable size, populous and flourishing, being the great thoroughfare into Carbery, and also to Killarney. It belongs, partly to the Duke of Devonshire, and partly to the Earl of Bandon, whose beautiful seat, Castle Bernard, is in its immediate neighbourhood.

From Bandon to Bantry there are two roads: the northern and nearest, through Ballyneen, Dunmanway, and Drimoleague; and the southern and most picturesque, along the coast through Clonakilty, Ross-Carbery, and

* There is a statement generally credited, but which, we believe, rests on no good authority (for we have vainly searched for and inquired concerning the alleged fact) that the Corporation formerly had carved upon the town-gate, the illiberal and insulting couplet—

"Enter here, Jew, Turk, or Atheist,
Anybody but a Papist;"

under which, it is said, upon authority equally apocryphal, an angry wit wrote the following—

"Whoever wrote this wrote it well—
The same is carved on the gate of H——."

It is more than probable that the author of the latter was also the author of the former couplet; and that neither were ever seen upon the gates of Bandon.

Skibbereen. Ballyneen and Drimoleague are small villages; Dunmanway is a poor town, although the only one in a very large district. Emigration has drained it of its most able-bodied and intelligent inhabitants; as their dwellings remain tenantless, and an Irish cabin is never worth pulling down, they crumble with every shower and every storm, giving to the scene an aspect of extreme dreariness and desolation. Sometimes they are overgrown by the weed called "love-entangled," and the golden stone-crop, rendering them what artists call "picturesque," which comfortable well-built houses seldom are. We noticed a thin gaunt-looking dog wandering about one of these deserted tenements, and the girl of our little inn crossed over the way to give him a bone, which the creature carried within the ruin. "The poor baste," said Mary, "belonged to those who, though they had a good heart to the counthry, war forced to lave it; the dog followed them for certain to Cork, but I suppose missed them there, and came back to die in the ould walls. I often give it a bit for the sake of them that owned it, though it's almost a sin, where the same bit might keep a child from starving." "And who 'owned' the dog, Mary?" we inquired; Mary blushed and turned to arrange the fire. She had wiped the tears from her eyes, with the corner of her apron, before she looked up again.

The little inn at Dunmanway is very clean, and, considering all things, comfortable; the landlord, as is usual at country inns, walks about with his hands in his pockets, seeing, and hearing, and talking, evidently desiring to be thought anything rather than an innkeeper; the landlady—but with the exception of the hostess of the Imperial Hotel in Cork, who came often to inquire if all things in her well-managed house pleased us—with that solitary exception—we do not recollect seeing a landlady anywhere. We believe that both landlords and landladies are above their business; a circumstance much to be regretted, as it militates against their own prosperity and the comfort of travellers, who spend hours where, if the *ménage* were better, they might be induced to spend days*. The little maid of Dunmanway did her best certainly to make up for the absence of her mistress. She was the model of a cheerful do-everything sort of girl, that, like one of the fairies of her own mountains, was in a score of places at the same moment. She would make a fire in the

* We once addressed ourselves to a landlord and tendered him the amount of his bill; he turned away somewhat haughtily, saying he was not the waiter, and called "Paddy" to receive our money. On other occasions we were compelled, reluctantly, to conclude that the master construed an order into an insult. We must except from this observation the landlord at Bantry, who himself accompanied us to the neighbouring points of interest, and gathered together all the old story-tellers in his vicinity who he thought might afford us information. The host at Killarney too was attentive, agreeable, and useful. The waiters were invariably the very opposites of this character;—but they are far too original and amusing a class to be dismissed in a paragraph.

bed-room because it had rained in the morning, and would be sure to rain to-morrow. She was afraid we'd be dull in such a poor place, and brought us an old volume of the "Hibernian Magazine," which, like all the numbers of that periodical, contained an abundance of everything that had no reference to Ireland. In about half an hour she popped in her sunny face again, and finding that we noted a female pedlar standing on the elevated steps that surrounded the pump, displaying her "soft goods," i. e. calicoes and cottons, with sundry gaudy ribands, to the loiterers, rather than purchasers, who crowded round, she volunteered a story of how that same "chate" had sold her a crooked comb, for which she paid sevenpence half-penny; and how the said crooked comb broke "fair off in three halves, the first minute she put it in her hair;" which caused us little astonishment, as she had a sufficient quantity to adorn three maidens with luxuriant tresses. She was lady's maid to "the mistress," child's maid to the children, "waitress" to the whole establishment, and, as she said, "everything but the boy that minded the horses and claned the shoes." That, in addition to her being cheerful and active, Mary of Dunmanway was ready-witted, a single anecdote will prove. The inn, certainly, was very clean, having been newly painted; and the little drawing-room was enriched by, as she called it, a "bran-new Kitterminister carpet;" but notwithstanding, a particularly active little insect left undeniable proofs of its propensities upon our wrist,—two large red spots. "Mary," we said, "look here—this is really too bad." She looked with feigned, or unfeigned, astonishment—it was difficult to say which—and exclaimed in a tone of mingled anger and repugnance, "Why, then, bad luck to the dirty bastes *at the house ye slept last in.*"

On the road to Bantry, we sent our car forward, and loitered to look upon a fair landscape—our "idle time not idly spent"—and were somewhat wearied, for

> "These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
> Draw out our miles,"

when we heard the notes of an old Irish song ascend from the bank of a small mountain rivulet*. We paused to listen, for the air we heard was as the greeting

* We were enabled to carry on our memories a few of the words; and they, subsequently, led to our procuring a copy of the song. The following is a literal translation of some of the first lines, which give a pretty description of rural objects and sounds.

> "I went forth at early morn, the sun of summer was shining,
> I hear'd the *winding* † of a shout—and the sweet music of birds;
> The badger and the hare were abroad; and the woodcock with the long bill;
> I heard the son of the rock (i. e. echo), resounding the noise of guns.
> The red fox was on the rock; the thousand shouts of hunters arose.
> The woman was at home in sadness, lamenting her geese;
> Now the woods are falling,—let us haste o'er the sea,
> John O'Dwyer of the valley,—you are without pastime.

† "In many a *winding* bout."—MILTON'S ALLEGRO.

of an old friend—but the singer's mood changed—the song ceased, and instead of its music a loud peal of merry laughter—earnest, and full, and joyous, ascended with the whistle of a blackbird from the little glen. Presently, we heard a plashing of the waters—then more laughter. Anon, the sound of young girls' voices in cheerful converse. "Peggy, lave off yer tricks do, and mind yer work; lave off, I say. Faix, for one stroke ye give the linen ye hit the wather twice, which is a shame. My hair is wringing wet, so it is, wid yer nonsense." "Yarra, Nancy! there's no life left in ye, since I know who went to Austrailee. Why then, I wonder do they be beetling the linen there—this a-way?" "Not *that* a-way, I'm certain," answered Nancy, who we now perceived was "drawing" some linen through the stream, while the lively Peggy stood with the wooden instrument called a "beetle" uplifted in her hand ready to strike the linen—a mode of washing called "beetling," which certainly purifies it more than any way of "getting up" with which we are acquainted. A "beetling stone" of ample dimensions was firmly based in the brook at her feet, and upon it the clothes of the neighbouring hamlet had doubtless been subjected to such ablutions time out of mind. "That's not the way they work there, I'm sure," persisted Nancy. "Why for *onst* you strike the linen, you strike the wather ten times. I hope, Peggy agra, you'll make a better offer at yer bachelor's heart than you do at ——." "Whisht, Nancy—will ye whisht," exclaimed Peggy, having discovered that we were observing them. "Where's yer manners to the strange quality?" and the girls began a series of blushes and curtsies, wound up by an invitation to rest at their house, though but a poor place, as "Maybe we war tired coming over the back of the hill that was so cruel

steep." We were too hurried to accept a courtesy that has often afforded us much pleasure, as well as great insight into the genuine feelings and character of the Irish peasant. We can refer to the knowledge acquired by long and close observation, and declare that we never left the cabin of a *genuine* Irish peasant, without having our opinion raised as to the *matériel* which composed the dwellers therein, frequently acknowledging—to adopt the beautiful idea of Joanna Baillie—that they were

"Clothed, indeed, but not disgraced, with rags."

Of the towns on the southern or coast road, Ross-Carbery alone demands particular notice; it is one of the oldest towns in Ireland; the ancient name being Ross-Alithri—"the field of pilgrimage;" and according to Hanmer, "There was here anciently a famous university, whereto resorted all the south-west part of Ireland for learning sake." It was formerly a bishop's see, but was united with that of Cork, and, recently, also with that of Cloyne.

A glance at the map of the county of Cork will convey some idea of the numerous bays and harbours along the coast; it is for the most part exceedingly wild and rugged; for miles upon miles there is not a single tree to be seen; but the ocean around it is dotted with small islands, against which the breakers dash and foam; the peculiar scenery has been aptly described by Dean Swift, in a Latin poem—"Carberiæ Rupes*"—from which the following passage is translated:—

"With hoarse rebuff, the swelling seas rebound
From shore to shore; the rocks return the sound.
The dreadful murmur heaven's high concave cleaves,
And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject waves;
For long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had scooped a vault into its nether sides;
Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
Their headlong course, and lash the sounding surge."

Not only the number, but the advantageous positions, of the harbours will claim attention; the coast from Youghall to Bantry is indented by at least twelve, eight of which are perfectly well calculated for merchant-vessels of burthen, and not less than five would float the largest ships in the British Navy. When we consider also that this land is made, at its southern extremity, by vessels from either hemisphere, bound for the English or Irish Channel, their advantages under unfavourable circumstances of wind or weather are at once felt to be striking and important. How essential to the commerce of the

* A tower near Castle Townsend is pointed out as the place in which the Dean composed this poem. It is now a complete ruin, being the mere shell of a turret overgrown with ivy, but commanding a beautiful prospect of the harbour and over the sea.

universe is that little head-land in the chart of the navigator—the well-known Cape Clear, almost as necessary to the reckoning of the seaman as the meridian line of Greenwich! It does not appear, however, that the multiplicity of ports has contributed much to the wealth or prosperity of this part of the kingdom; whether the fact may be attributed to want of public spirit or capital, preventing the people from availing themselves of the immense resources at their command, or whether it must be referred to their indolence and ignorance, is a matter upon which we do not at present design to enter; although "the Irish Fisheries" will, hereafter, necessarily occupy no inconsiderable portion of our attention. It is notorious that the teeming wealth conveyed by the ocean around their shores—easily rendered as productive as their soil—is neglected by the people, who cleave to old prejudices and customs with unaccountable bigotry; the consequence is that the Irish are the worst fishermen to be found anywhere; and that, not unfrequently, even the markets of large towns are supplied by the activity and industry of their Scottish neighbours—the fish being taken within a stone's-throw of the Irish strands*. Habits at variance with science, forethought, and thrift, unhappily still largely prevail, and the people have, as yet, manifested no inclination to improve their condition by means so completely within their reach. This disheartening fact has been fully exposed by the Committee of Inquiry into "Deep Sea Fisheries." Would that their Report might teach wisdom, and rouse some true patriot to apply himself to the task of directing the energies of the people into so accessible, valuable, and profitable a channel†.

In former times, when temptations to illicit trade were great, and the securities against detection comparatively easy, smuggling was carried on to a large extent along a coast so favourable for it. For some years it has been on

* It is also a singular fact, but one capable of easy proof, that the Irish, although the best soldiers in the world, make the worst sailors. A friend of ours had occasion, not long ago, to institute very minute inquiries on the subject, and he was astonished to find how few "able seamen," natives of Ireland, were registered on the books of the Admiralty.

† It is the curse of Ireland that her "Advocates" are always striving after "vain things;" turning a deaf ear to real and practicable improvements; and preferring the advocacy of a small benefit that shall produce agitation, to a large good in which all parties may unite. At the present moment, the Irish papers are full of idle treatises showing that (we quote from one of them, "the Vindicator" of Belfast) "the immense sum of £254,000 is spent annually by Ireland for second-hand clothes in England; which," adds the writer, "would, if we had native manufactories, be spent at home." With the question whether a repeal of the Union would build these manufactories, we do not now meddle; but if the labours of such writers were devoted to prove the ability of the Irish to catch their own fish, to eat what they required, and sell the surplus, they would be much better employed, and might lead to results that would make the cost of these "old clothes" a very trifling consideration. We hope to see manufactories in Ireland flourish ere long (that they may do so has been proved in the neighbourhood of Waterford, where a cotton manufactory has been for some years established where fortunes have been made, and where 1600 mechanics of both sexes are employed during the whole year); but the fisheries require far less capital, and afford far greater certainty of profit.

the decline, and it is now nearly abandoned. We desire permission to record one of our own memories in association with this coast. In the immediate neighbourhood of Ross-Carbery, about two-and-twenty years ago, it was our lot to spend a few weeks at the house of a gentleman—for such he was by birth, education, and connexions, although circumstances had unfortunately seduced him into the practice of trading with Holland, and importing foreign produce without the design of paying, for a licence so to do, any duty to the crown. His residence, a large and handsome building, was close to a peculiarly rugged, rocky, and wild shore; here, for a considerable period he contrived, by the assistance of a numerous and attached tenantry, to elude all the watchfulness of the excise, who practised every art to entrap him. The roads from the sea-coast to the adjoining towns were strictly and narrowly guarded; yet, by night, the smuggled goods generally escaped seizure, and very often artifice succeeded by day. The peasants were usually cunning enough to baffle the excise force; and often managed to pass safely the "commodity" under loads of turf or sand; sometimes funeral processions were seen along the road, and, of course, proceeded without scrutiny. The coffins were filled with tobacco, and the mourners carried loads under their cloaks. On one occasion, we remember, the officers were completely outwitted by a man who lay on a cart, apparently in all the agonies of a contagious fever, while his wife, screeching by his side, was conveying him to the nearest hospital. A few hours afterwards, both were seen merrily wending homewards, laughing at the soldiers whom they had balked of a rich prize.

During our visit at the house we have referred to, we had expressed a wish to be present on some midnight excursion of the smugglers, when the most hazardous part of their enterprise was performed—the discharging the cargo of one of their vessels. It was soon gratified. We were roused from sleep by the son of our host, with the news that a lugger was at anchor in the neighbourhood. We hastened to accompany him to the shore; in doing so, we had to tread cautiously in the footsteps of our guide, through dells and over precipices, which, else, would have been fatal to us. On the heights above, and over one of the most dangerous passes, a number of the peasantry, men and women, were collected, ready to roll down immense stones on any intruder—from which the pass-word of our companion alone preserved us. The night was dark; yet the few stars that shone, glimmering from a clear heaven, supplied light enough to excite those feelings of awe which the wildness and grandeur of the scene could not have failed to inspire even by day. At length we reached the small and narrow beach, where preparations had been made to receive the cargo of the lugger that was lying-to in the offing. A long range

of rocks, jutting out into the sea, concealed her from a revenue cutter that was anchored not a mile distant; while the preventive guard had its station on the other side of the nearest hill. The strand was literally covered with men and horses; about twenty boats, with muffled oars, were ready for the signal to put out to the ship; the most intense silence prevailed, the people spoke in whispers, and the hoofs of the horses had been covered with straw. The director of this half-magic scene, whom we had seen a few hours previously, laughing with his guests, and with his wonted vivacity and humour setting the table in a roar, was now seated in the cave of a rock; before him was an upturned cart covered with bank-notes. He was issuing "orders" to the peasants, who surrounded him, to receive tobacco, tea, or geneva, from the boats as they brought supplies from the ship; for almost invariably the goods were disposed of on the spot, each purchaser bearing his own risk, and keeping, or concealing, it upon his own responsibility, until he found opportunities for selling it to the dealers in the towns. Many of the peasants were armed! and it was evident that without a perilous struggle they were not likely to surrender the articles they were paying for. It is scarcely necessary to add that many fatal encounters took place between them and the revenue officers; and that the consequences of a system so demoralizing was to fill the criminal calendar of the county. A few minutes after our arrival on the spot, the boats left the shore; it required little persuasion to induce us to embark in one of them. We were soon in the lugger's cabin, and formally introduced to the captain, who had prepared refreshments for expected visitors. Some two-and-twenty years have passed since then, but we can recall his form and features accurately. He was the very opposite of the "Dirk Hatteraick" of our imagination—a small man, of mild exterior, and very courteous in his manner. Yet resolute and brave he certainly was; his step was firm and decided, and his eye had the quick and determined glance that evidences acquaintance with danger and indifference to it. On the deck, all was bustle and activity; yet the arrangements were made with the utmost skill, order, and precision. Each boat brought several large stones, necessary to supply ballast as the cargo lessened; and the principal boatman delivered bits of cards to the number of the bales he conveyed to shore. The business of the night was nearly finished, and the boats were for the last time putting off to the vessel, and were half way towards it, when some signal of alarm was given, and they returned to land.

The crew had been resting for a few minutes, and singing with a careless air; but their voices were lowered and their words half smothered. They were evidently a motley group, composed of the hardy and the desperate

of various nations — for inquiries as to the cause of interruption were made in many languages. Almost the instant the alarm was given, their voices were hushed, all hands were on deck, the hatches were fastened down, fire-arms were distributed, and preparations made for repelling some anticipated attack. The reason was soon ascertained. Rounding the point, still at a distance, and dimly seen by the uncertain light, a sail was discerned approaching the lugger. We can remember, even now, our awkward sensations on the occasion; apprehensive that we might have to pay a frightful penalty for our curiosity; for when reflection came, it came too late; we had no means of returning to land, and were compelled to share the destiny of our comrades of the moment, whatever that destiny might be; the easiest, perhaps, a trip to Holland. The opinions of the crew as to the nature of the object that drew towards them, were varied; the night was too dark to distinguish more than that the vessel was small and had but one mast—but the neighbouring revenue cruiser was known to bear this character. We shall not readily forget the whispers of "'tis her," and "'tis not her," that went round—only serving to make the suspense more painful. The alarm was soon found to be a false one; it proceeded from one of the fishing hookers of the coast. The smuggler made her heave to, and remain alongside; but solaced the men, for the delay, by flinging on board an anker of geneva. Another signal was made; the boats returned; the work was rapidly finished; we embarked in the last of them; and, as we touched land, we saw the lugger gradually fade away into the deeper darkness,—her bow was turned towards home.

The strand was by this time nearly deserted; and it is worthy of remark, that barely an hour had sufficed to discharge the whole cargo, and to distribute it among the glens and mountains. Next day parties of the excise were scattered in all directions, in search of the prize they had missed—but very little of the whole was found. The curious in such matters may now examine, all along the coast, numerous holes and caves formerly depositaries of smuggled goods*; and in a little island off Glengariff, may, if he pleases, visit one of them, known as "Brandy Island," stories in connexion with which will be related to him, in abundance, by the boatmen.

Between the town of Ross-Carbery and Skibbereen, and at the head of

* We have seen one, long disused, which contained six or seven natural chambers, and covered an area of, perhaps, a quarter of a mile, the entrance to which seemed hardly wide enough to admit a shepherd's dog; and close to the Old Head of Kinsale, a crevice in a high rock, leads, it is said, to an excavation large enough to hold a regiment; popular tradition states, indeed, that it contains a passage into the town—a distance of several miles.

Glandore Harbour, the tourist passes along a beautiful and picturesque road, where

"Lakes upon lakes interminably gleam,"

and to one point, in particular, his attention should be directed—the glen called "The Leap," the ancient boundary which divided the civilised from the uncivilised; "beyond the Leap beyond the law," being, even within our own memory, an accepted proverb. Not far from Skibbereen is a singular salt-water lake, Lough Hyne, or Ine (the deep lake). In the centre is a long island, upon which are the ruins of one of the castles of the O'Driscolls. It is surrounded by picturesque hills, some rocky and precipitous, others steep and woody, rising from the lake. Mr. Willes has made his sketch from a church-yard, peculiar to Ireland, devoted exclusively to the interment of children, and where there was formerly a chapel dedicated to St. Bridget. In the foreground is one of the singular ring-stones or pillar-stones, engraven with inscrutable characters. It is immortalized in traditionary lore, and the country people attach great value to it, affirming that it has been gifted by the Patron Saint with miraculous power—at least, for its own preservation. It has been repeatedly removed, to form lintels for doors, and to answer various other purposes, but always found its way back again to its original station. Once it was taken off by a gang of sacrilegious sailors, and thrown into the sea; when, after raising a terrific storm, it was beheld, next day, safely and soundly in its own proper place. With this lake there is also connected another legend—but one common to nearly all the deep-bedded and lonely loughs, with "gloomy shores;"—for Lough Hyne

"Skylark never warbles o'er."

As at Glendalough, the sweet birds "singing to heaven's gate" having disturbed the saint at her orisons, she prayed to the Virgin to silence their song; and was so far answered, that they were ordered into a solitude less sacred to penitence and prayer.

The coast, south-west of Skibbereen, is dotted with islands;—

> "Sea-girt isles,
> That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
> The unadorned bosom of the deep"—

the most famous of which is that of Cape Clear. Innisherken, immediately opposite Baltimore Harbour, is full of interest; its ruined abbey is pictured in the annexed print; the O'Driscolls had formerly castles here, which defended the entrance to the harbour. Cape Clear — the well-known landmark for vessels outward or homeward bound — is the most southern point of Ireland. In the ancient ecclesiastical books it is called "Insula Sancta Clara," and in the old Irish MS. "Inish Damhly." Many years have passed since we visited this wild and primitive district; but we learn from more recent travellers that the character of its inhabitants continues quite unchanged. They exist almost in a state of nature; depending for food upon the potato crops and the fish that swarm round their rocks; seldom visit the main land; and are devotedly attached to their rugged strand and almost as rugged plain—a temporary exile from which they consider a grievous affliction.

In the year 1750 there were, according to Smith, in the island, about four hundred families; they do not seem to have increased, for the latest returns give the population as less than eleven hundred. Indeed it is not likely that it could supply the means of existence to a larger number—the island being only three miles long and one mile and a half in breadth. On the south side is the light-house, which, it is said, may be distinguished in clear weather from a distance of twenty-eight nautical miles. On the north-west

point of the island is the singularly picturesque ruin of the castle of Dunanore, or the Golden Fort—represented in the annexed print. It stands on a rock; a very narrow passage leads to it; the path being so steep and high, and the sea dashing and foaming against it on either side, the ascent to it is a somewhat perilous task. "When I got to the top of the castle," says Dr. Smith, "and beheld the ocean roaring round me, I wished heartily to be again on the main land." Legends enough to make a volume are connected

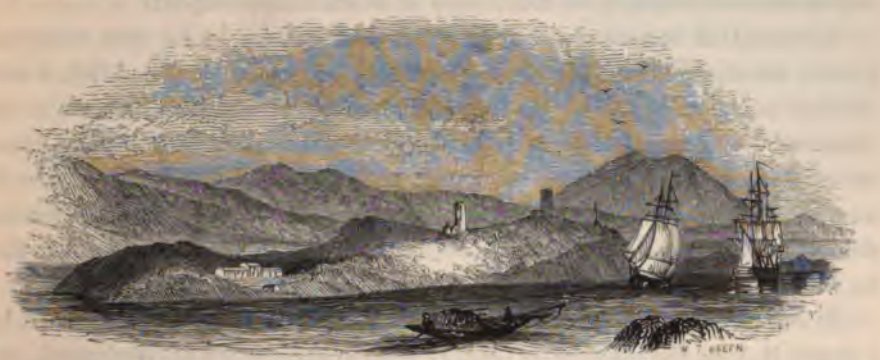
with this remarkable ruin; it was formerly a stronghold of the O'Driscolls—some of whom are stated to have mingled the hospitalities of the Irish chieftain with the reckless darings of the Buccaneer.

To the west of Baltimore is the harbour of Crookhaven, a view of which we give on the opposite page, separated by a narrow promontory from the beautiful Dunmanus Bay, which another promontory divides from the famous Bay of Bantry.

The mail-coach road from Skibbereen to Bantry runs through a wild and uninteresting country; and the traveller who desires to examine the most peculiar and picturesque portion of the Irish coast, will have to pursue a route less easy of access, but far more certain of recompense for the expenditure of time and labour. The mountains appear to rise directly from the sea; as if they were but the continuations of mountains underneath the ocean; small villages are thickly scattered at their base; Mount Gabriel, bleak and barren from the foot to the summit, looks down upon the poor village—once a famous collegiate town—of Scull.

Lakes are to be seen in every valley, upon the mountain sides and on their summits, from whence pour down the streams that now and then break in cataracts over precipices; and on the opposite sides, the sea, with its stores of green islands, or black rocks; creeks and bays and harbours running into the land; and beyond all the broad Atlantic, that affords no

resting place for the sea-bird until he closes up his wings and stands on the continent of America.



The ocean, with its tales of shipwrecks and piracies, the land with its legends and traditions, afford themes to fill folios of interest and excitement; every castle (of which there remain the ruins of hundreds) has its story of bold adventure.

The Lakes, too, are fertile of legends; for examples—that on the summit of Mount Gabriel, with its eternal serpent and depth that has never been fathomed; Loughdrine, where on a certain day of every year the islands used to dance merrily, change places, and shift from one side to the other from sunset to sunrise*; Ballinlough, where the fairies keep nightly guard, protecting the passage that leads from the ancient rath, that borders it, to the bottom, where flourishes the Thierna-na-oge—"the land of perpetual youth." The stranger will, in short, find, wherever he travels, in this wild and comparatively primitive neighbourhood, a rich abundance to interest, excite, and amuse, and not a little to inform and instruct.

The early associations of one of us with Ireland are connected chiefly with this wild district; for here our father, Colonel Hall, embarked in mining speculations, and within a circuit of little more than twenty miles, discovered and opened no fewer than thirteen mines; some of which he continued to work for a considerable period; and, although his efforts were in the end unsuccessful, he set an example of enterprise and activity, and supplied evidence of the vast mineral wealth of the country, which entitle us to claim for him some tribute of public gratitude, and justify us in placing to his credit much of the benefit that Ireland has since derived from the "Companies," who have been enabled to render to it the service that exceeded the strength of a private

* Unhappily, an officer thrust his sword through one of these floating sods (they are no more), and the country people tell you "it limped in the water ever after."

individual. We shall, therefore, discharge a debt of duty no less than affection, if we briefly direct attention to the exertions of a gentleman who is now removed beyond the reach even of so small a recompense.

Colonel Hall commanded a regiment, raised by him in his own county of Devon, which contained a large number of Cornish miners. In 1795, it was ordered to Ireland; and at the suggestions of some practical men under his command—who were astonished to find everywhere demonstrations of mines more promising than those with which they were intimate in Cornwall—he was, not long afterwards, induced to embark his property in mining speculations. It was not, however, until his regiment was disbanded, in 1802, that he was enabled to devote his whole time and energy to the subject.

If our recollection serves, his first essays in mining were commenced by Colonel Hall on the property of Mr. Bolton, in the county of Waterford, and subsequently in the vicinity of the village of Silver-mines on the estate of Lord Dunally, in the county of Tipperary. The product of this mine was a sulphuret of lead, containing a considerable proportion of silver, which had been worked at a former period, and probably gave name to the village. But it was on the royalty of Lord Kenmare, in the vicinity of Killarney, that his operations assumed a character of importance. This was a deposit of an exceedingly rich copper ore, the working of which commenced in 1804*. Exclusive of the very extensive mineral deposit brought to light on Ross Island, operations, to a limited extent, were prosecuted at another small island on the lake, called Crow Island, where evidence of the presence of copper manifested itself; and at a subsequent period, other attempts were made in this vicinity, on the estate of Mr. Herbert of Mucruss Abbey, where a limited quantity of the arseniates of cobalt and copper were obtained, but not sufficient to induce an extensive prosecution. The mines on Ross

* We extract the following passage from Croker's "Researches in the South of Ireland."

"About the year 1804, Colonel Hall, who had been some time quartered at Killarney, conceiving a favourable opinion of Ross Mine, induced one or two gentlemen in the vicinity to join him in re-opening it. Having succeeded in clearing out the water and rubbish, the little company were encouraged by the flattering appearances to proceed to work it, which they did on rather an extensive scale, notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances of its situation, nearly close to the lake, the ground not rising much above, and dipping towards it at an angle about thirty degrees from the horizon; so that in a short time the workmen had excavated completely under the lake, with every fear of its waters breaking in on them. The richness and abundance of the ore was, however, a sufficient inducement to counteract this danger and inconvenience, as, during the four years that Ross Mine was worked, nearly £80,000 worth of copper was disposed of at Swansea, some cargoes producing £40 per ton. But this very richness was the ultimate cause of its destruction, as several small veins of pure oxide of copper split off from the main lode, and ran towards the surface. The ore of these veins was much more valuable than the other, consequently the miners (who were paid by quality as well as quantity) pursued the smaller veins so near the surface, that the water broke through into the mine in such an overwhelming degree, that an engine of thirty-horse power could make no sensible impression on the inundation; and thus a forcible stop was put to all further proceedings."

Island continued at work for some years; and it was not, we believe, until 1813, that Colonel Hall commenced his discoveries in the district to which we make especial reference; and where he persevered, until somewhere about the year 1823, with varied success, but with capital far too limited for large operations—opening, as we have said, no fewer than thirteen mines, one of which, that at Balledehob, between Skibbereen and Scull, was at work for about four years, employing on the average two hundred persons weekly, and shipping many thousand tons of ore to Swansea. Mr. Croker, in his "Researches in the South of Ireland," states that "the mines on the estate of Lord Audley, about ten miles west of Skibbereen, were discovered and opened by Colonel Hall about the year 1814. Three distinct veins presented themselves at no very considerable distance from each other. The first worked was a bright yellow ore of iron pyrites, containing in general about eight per cent. of copper. The second has been scarcely attended to, as it chiefly consisted of green carbonate of copper, disseminated through a slate-clay, with small nodules of grey or purple ore appearing here and there. In the third (Kippagh), which has been more extensively pursued than either of the others, the ore is a very rich sulphuret of copper, containing from fifty-five to sixty-five per cent. of that metal, and near the surface gave every promise of being a very valuable vein, but it degenerated in depth, and was, as well as the others, relinquished."

This mine of Kippagh was subsequently taken by the "Mining Company of Ireland," who worked it for a time, but with success so limited as to induce its abandonment*; and about the year 1835, the late Lord Audley, into whose hands it again came, formed a company, and raised an enormous sum in London, for the professed purpose of setting the mine once more at work. Circumstances, to which it is now unnecessary to do more than refer, brought the matter into the Court of Chancery, and we apprehend the consequence has been a total loss to the shareholders; who have complained, and certainly not without justice, that a mine which had been resigned by a private party, and relinquished by a public company, as either valueless or impoverished, should have been so described as to induce them to embark capital in the undertaking.

The other mines discovered and opened by Colonel Hall do not require particular notice—with the exception of one, if it can be classed under that head. The history of this discovery is curious, and may interest our readers.

* The company expended £12,000, in addition to the produce, in proving the mine of Kippagh; and sunk the principal shaft 120 fathoms, extending on the several levels nearly 200 fathoms; and the mine having been altogether unproductive in depth, where it was expected the junction of two parallel lodes would have yielded return, the lease was surrendered to Lord Audley, who soon afterwards succeeded in forming, in London, the notorious "West Cork Mining Company" for working the mine.

[illegible] the [illegible] of its residence, at Glandore. Colonel Hall noticed some [illegible] a stream was running out ashes; his curiosity was excited to know [illegible] the ashes in such a state; and on examining them he found they contained copper. His next object was to ascertain how they acquired this unnatural quality: and he learned that it was conveyed from mines with the ashes of turf cut in a neighbouring bog, known to the peasantry as the "smoking bog:" and that neither bog nor turf would burn in the room in which the turf was burnt. Having proceeded so much, his further progress was easy. The ashes were already impregnated with copper. He first collected from the heaps adjoining the cottages as much a quantity as he could, and shipped it to Swansea, where it produced to the remarkably high price between eight and nine pounds a ton*—a remunerating price. His next step was to take a lease of the bog, build kilns upon it, and burn the turf. This plan he continued until the whole of the bog was consumed, and sent, to the extent of several hundred tons, to the Welsh smelting-houses—the ease with which it was smelted greatly enhancing its value.

It was a curious sight—and one we remember well—to see scores of workmen cutting the turf, conveying it to the kilns to dry, and then to another to be burnt; while the carts were bearing the ashes to the river side to be shipped for Wales. Mr. Cooke, in the work we have quoted, states, that "the particles contained in the turf are supposed to have been conveyed into the bog by a stream from one of the surrounding hills, which, passing through a copper vein, took them up in a state of sulphate, but meeting with some iron ore in its progress, or in the bog, became deposited in the metallic state, though a large proportion contained in the turf was still in a state of sulphate, which was proved by allowing a knife to remain in it a few seconds, when it became incrusted with a coat of copper." Unfortunately for Colonel Hall, however, when the bog was burnt out, he considered his operations as only commenced; his object being to discover the vein of ore by which the bog had been supplied with copper. In a vain search for the source, technically called "the lode," he expended all he had made by sales of the ashes; shafts were sunk in several of the surrounding hills; and he continued the pursuit until his capital was exhausted.

We have written sufficient to do honour to the memory of an individual, to whose energy and enterprise Ireland is considerably indebted; for he was among the earliest of those who laboured to turn to account the great natural resources of the country—to encourage men of larger means—men who

* The Rev. Mr. Townsend, in his Survey of the County of Cork, states that the ashes yielded from ten to twelve pounds per ton.

will probably reap the rich harvest for which it was his destiny only to prepare the ground*—and to direct public attention to a source of profit for the undertakers, and of employment for the people. Like many others who have pointed out the way to fortune, it was his fate to behold the achievement of his hopes only from a very remote distance; but he enjoyed the enviable knowledge that his labour had not been in vain; that he had been the means of spending some hundreds of thousands of pounds in the country; of giving advantageous employment to masses of the people in various districts, and of showing how others might certainly do that which he, as certainly, failed of doing.

The far-famed Bay of Bantry is, perhaps, unsurpassed by any harbour of the kingdom for natural beauties combined with natural advantages. As we approach it, along the dreary road from Skibbereen, a sudden turn, at the base of a rugged hill, brings us suddenly within view of the most striking objects which make up the glorious scene. Far and away, in the distant background, tower, and meet the clouds, the lofty Mangerton and Macgillicuddy's Reeks; nearer, rises Hungry Hill, the Sugar Loaf, and a long range—the Caha Mountains—among which it is said, and said on good authority, there are no fewer than three hundred and sixty-five lakes—the number having, of course, suggested a legend that some holy saint prayed effectually for one to supply water for each day of the year. Little flat and fertile islands lie at the feet of the spectator; and, nearly facing the town, Whiddy Island, with its fierce-looking fortifications and its fields rich with the promised harvest. It is impossible to do justice to the exceeding grandeur and surpassing loveliness of the scene; the whole of it is taken in by the eye at once; we are not called upon to turn from side to side for new objects to admire—we gaze upon it all; and he must be indeed dead to nature, who does not drink in as delicious a draught as Nature, in the fullness of her beauty, ever presented†.

* This has, indeed, been already done, and to a large extent. The discovery of the productive and profitable mine of Allihies, at Berehaven, in the county of Cork, was the result of a suggestion of Colonel Hall's, who, after exploring the land in company with its proprietor, Mr. Puxley, pointed out a particular spot especially favourable for experiment. It was tried, and from it has resulted one of the most successful mines of the kingdom.

† We sheltered, until a heavy shower by which we were overtaken had in some degree subsided, beneath a rock; and a story told us by a lady, whose veracity was never questioned, was recalled to our remembrance by the immediate *locale* in which we stood. We will endeavour to relate it in her own words:—

"When I was a little girl," she said, "my uncle was a magistrate of the county of Cork, an active, but kind-hearted man, rendered vigilant by the period in which his energies were called into action by the Irish '*troubles*.' The attempt of the French to land in Bantry Bay, made the people suspicious of every ship that rode upon its waters; they forgot in their terror that France would not be likely to risk another storm in the same quarter. Now my uncle was what is called a very watchful man, always on the look-out for ships; and it was said that if a nautilus had raised its tiny sail in Bantry Bay, my uncle would have boarded her—if he could.

"It is no wonder then, that riding homewards from the town of Bantry one fine evening about six

The road into the town—a town that has been too truly described as "a seaport without trade, a harbour without shipping, and a coast with a failing fishery"—runs immediately under the fine demesne of the Earl of Bantry—and all the way it is one continued line of beauty; we never for a moment lose sight of the distant mountains, or the fore-ground of green islands; while the ear is gladdened by the mingled harmony of the rippling waves, and the birds that sing among the foliage of the thickly and gracefully wooded plantations.

There are not many islands in this vast expanse of water—"Whiddy" is the largest; and there are besides Hog, Horse, Coney, and Chapel, Islands, flung into the glorious bay—land-locked, as we have said, by gigantic abrupt headlands, beyond which the Killarney mountains seem to tower into the clouds.

The Bay is memorable in history as having been twice entered by a French force, for the invasion of Ireland—the first in 1689, in aid of James II.; the next in 1796:—some details concerning the latter cannot fail to interest our readers.

o'clock, before sunset (for it was summer time), he saw an exceedingly fine vessel, but of foreign build, at anchor, nearer the shore than he, as a magistrate, quite liked. It was so calm an evening, that there was no sound from the sea, save the whisper of the ripple that wandered along the shore—the stillness was oppressive to one who loved the music of hound and horn better than meditation—but for all that he *did* meditate upon the ship, and drew up his horse to observe her at leisure; it was so *deadly* calm, that the rays of the sun rested almost without sparkling upon the huge mirror of the bay that slept as calmly as a child upon its mother's bosom: while my uncle paused he drew forth his little telescope and applied it carefully to his eye, and was more convinced than ever that the ship was a foreigner, and carried (as all ships did in those days) a sufficient quantity of guns for her own preservation; he had just taken down his glass, determining to ride back to the town, put the military on the alert, and demand to see her papers in the morning, when, immediately under the stern of the vessel, he saw a tall thin figure rise perpendicularly out of the water. His first impression was that some one was indulging in an evening bath; but a feeling of extreme awe crept over him as he observed that the form *stood* upon the sea. My uncle was anything but superstitious, yet he found it impossible to shake off his terror; the mysterious being was there, shrouded, as if in the garb of the grave, standing with outstretched arms in the same spot. My uncle noted that it clasped its hands more than once, and then stretched them forward again towards the ship. He observed its movements with breathless attention, and after a lapse of, as nearly as he could calculate, three or four minutes, it slowly descended into the waters. That night my uncle never slept—and the next morning he rose before the sun, saddled his own horse, rode in to Bantry, and accompanied by what he considered a sufficient force—in his capacity as magistrate—boarded the ship, which was anchored in the same spot, and demanded to see her papers. There was neither mystery nor trepidation in the skipper's manner, which was blunt and sailor-like; and the papers seemed 'all right.' My uncle was perplexed!—he did not know what to say or do—and at last, stimulated by an uncontrollable impulse, he mentioned what he had witnessed the previous evening. In an instant the rough sailor's manner changed; he trembled violently and sank upon a chair. My uncle's keen grey eyes were fixed upon him—he covered his face with his hands—and, after a brief pause, exclaimed 'All is in vain; the vengeance of God is everywhere. Sir, *that* has followed me from sea to sea, from harbour to harbour, in storm and calm, everywhere.' This extraordinary confession, made while the wretched man trembled with agony, and huge drops stood upon his brow, was followed by an appalling confession of murder upon the high seas, mingled with superstitious forebodings as to his having been doomed from his birth to destruction; and that finding such was his doom, he had led on a mutiny, and destroyed his captain; whose 'wraith' had attracted my uncle's attention on the previous evening. Such was his wild and incoherent tale; and upon that confession, borne out by the evidence of some of the crew, he, and we believe one or two of his associates, were executed in Cork." Such was our friend's story—and she added that it made her uncle's spirit sad to speak of the circumstance, and that at last it was never mentioned before him.

BANTRY BAY.

The French invasion of Bantry Bay, which occurred in December, 1796, forms a remarkable page in the history of the country, and of the age; and it is singular that so very little should be known of the circumstances under which it took place. The accounts published in the newspapers of the day are meagre and questionable; and, upon the whole, the Journal of Theobald Wolfe Tone, edited by his son, and printed at Washington, in 1826, is the best authority respecting the organization of this formidable armament. The project, undoubtedly, arose out of the suggestion of Tone; whose seditious conduct in Ireland had caused him to become an exile in America, where, stimulated to action, and supplied with funds, by his republican friends, he determined on proceeding to France, as agent for the Society of United Irishmen.* He landed at Havre, in February, 1796; and on his arrival at Paris, was put into the proper channels for diplomatic negociation, by Munro, the American ambassador, who was, at this period, cautiously, yet vigorously, intriguing for the separation of Ireland from England. The vague plans of the French for invading Ireland speedily assumed a tangible shape. Tone received a commission as chef-de-brigade; was introduced to General Hoche, by whom he was subsequently appointed adjutant-general, and was directed to draw up a proclamation respecting the contemplated invasion.† This proclamation was immediately printed; but so secretly as to baffle the English spies; while other

* There is little doubt, however, that Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. Arthur O'Connor had previously intrigued with the French government for the invasion of their country.

† Tone afterwards made another attempt to introduce the French into Ireland—in 1798. He was captured in the Hoche, off Donegal; transmitted to Dublin, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death. He appeared at his trial in French uniform; and on hearing the sentence, requested to be shot as a soldier holding a commission in the French service, under the name of Smith; the request was, of course, refused. On the evening previous to the day fixed for his execution, he wounded himself in the throat so desperately, that he could not be moved without the probability of dying before he reached the scaffold; after lingering in this state for about a week, he died in prison, on the 19th November, 1798.

documents, which assigned to the armament different destinations, were suffered to fall into their hands—a manœuvre intended to mislead the British government, and which may account for the distrust of the intelligence respecting the large and active preparations then making at Brest—which occupied the entire summer of 1796. On the 1st of December, Tone embarked on board the "Indomptable," a ship of the line, and on the 16th of December the fleet "for the invasion of Ireland," set sail in two divisions from the port of Brest. It consisted of 17 ships of the line; 13 frigates; 5 corvettes; 2 gun-boats; and 6 transports; with about 14,000 men,* 45,000 stand of arms, and an ample supply of money for the purposes of the expedition. In their passage from the harbour, as if ominous of the disasters they were subsequently to encounter, one of their ships, a seventy-four, struck on a rock, and of 550 men on board only thirty were saved; and a few days afterwards another was driven on shore; when 1000 out of 1800 perished. After other disastrous accidents—every ship of the fleet being more or less injured—the main body arrived off the coast of Ireland, and on the 22nd, anchored off Bere Island, in Bantry Bay.† Intelligence of the event was, as rapidly as possible, communicated to the Irish and English governments. Not the slightest preparation, however, had been made to meet the enemy; and, but for the interposition of Divine Providence, Ireland must have been involved in a bloody and desolating civil war.‡

* This force of 14,000 (or more correctly 13,975) men, is magnified by the London Gazette of the 3rd of January, 1797, into 20,000; and by the Annual Register into 25,000 men. Mr. Alison, in the 4th vol. of his "History of Europe from the commencement of the French Revolution," has followed the authority of the Annual Register, and states that the fleet "conveyed in all 25,000 land forces."

† General Hoche and Admiral de Galles, the naval and military commanders of the expedition, were on board one of the frigates—the Fraternité—which parted company from the fleet soon after it left the harbour of Brest, and never joined the main body. The failure of the expedition is evidently as much to be attributed to the absence of the leaders, and consequent want of orders, as to the state of the weather.

‡ The Irish government appears to have been most culpably negligent. According to a writer of the period, "Hurry, confusion, and disorder, marked the advance of the army; all was terror, doubt, and dismay; troops disaffected, horses wanting, the munitions of war badly supplied, and even the ball was unfitted to the calibre of the cannon, furnished by a defective commissariat." This, although the statement of a partisan of France, is perhaps but little exaggerated. We can support it by authority of an opposite character. Colonel Hall, whose regiment was then quartered at Tralee and Killarney, received orders to march to Bantry, from the general commanding the district, and "oppose the landing of the French." If we recollect rightly, the force under Colonel Hall's command (for he was the senior field officer), including as many of his own regiment as he could instantly collect, when he arrived at "the bay" amounted to about 700 men; a force which the French, if they had landed, would instantly have annihilated; but which might have been very advantageously employed in breaking up the roads, and harassing the march of the invaders to Cork; procuring time for the government to make preparations to meet them. Colonel Hall's regiment then consisted of raw recruits, nine-tenths of whom had never seen a shot fired, and who would have cut but a poor figure if opposed to the élite of the French army. His intention, therefore, was to have fired a volley in obedience to orders, and then to have saved the lives of his men, by grounding arms and surrendering as prisoners of war.

For several days previous, the weather had been even more than usually stormy at this period of the year; and when the wind lulled, a dense fog overspread the sea, so that the French ships were seeking each other, in vain, along the ocean *. Of the 43 that quitted Brest, 16 only anchored at Bantry; next day, a heavy gale once more dispersed them; on the morning of the 26th, others having parted company, the formidable fleet was reduced to seven sail of the line and one frigate; the force in men had by this time dwindled to 4168; it was therefore resolved at a council of war, "not to attempt a landing, as no demonstration had been made" by the Irish on shore in favour of the French;† and it was determined to put out to sea, and to cruise off the Shannon in the hope that the dissevered armament might be concentrated there. On the 27th, they weighed anchor and quitted the Bay; but on the 1st of January, a portion of them returned, and remained inactive for two or three days. By degrees, ship after ship of the once formidable fleet entered the French harbours; and on the 15th, General Hoche himself, in the Fraternité, reached Rochelle, having had several narrow escapes from capture by the English fleet.

* The instructions were, in case of such a contingency, to cruise four days off the Mizen Head, and then to proceed to the mouth of the Shannon; to remain there three days, and then, if not rejoined, to return to Brest.

† The French had marvellously miscalculated as to the co-operation they anticipated from the Irish people; who were, in 1796, totally unprepared to receive them as friends, or to adopt the republican principles and government they designed to disseminate and establish. In his memorials to the Directory, Tone had represented the Irish as "fixing their eyes most earnestly on France," as "eager to fly to the standard of the republic;" the catholics as "ready to join it to a man," and that "it would be just as easy, in a month, to have an army in Ireland of 200,000 men as 10,000." Whether he had wilfully misstated the fact, or whether his sanguine temperament had led him to believe that his countrymen would join the French *en masse*, it is difficult to say. But it is certain that the invaders would have been received by the Irish generally, not as friends, but as enemies. Along the coast, the south and west, most distinctly threatened, the peasants were actually in arms—such arms as they could command—to repel them. We have frequently heard Colonel Hall state that on his march to Bantry, his men were cheered by the peasantry, supplied with food and drink by them, and received unequivocal demonstrations of their resolves to fight upon their cabin-thresholds against the entrance of a Frenchman. In the London Gazette of the 7th of January, 1797, this feeling is particularly adverted to. "The accounts of the disposition of the country where the troops are assembled, are as favourable as possible, and the greatest loyalty has manifested itself throughout the kingdom; in the south and west, when the troops have been in motion, they have been met by the country people of all descriptions with provisions and all sorts of accommodations to facilitate their march; and every demonstration has been given of the zeal and ardour to oppose the enemy in every place where it could be supposed a descent might be attempted." The Gazette of the 17th contains a letter from the lord lieutenant (Earl Camden), in which, after noticing the good disposition evinced by the troops, his excellency states "the roads, which in parts were rendered impassable by the snow, were cleared by the peasantry. The poor people often shared their potatoes with the soldiers. * * * In short, had the enemy landed, their hope of assistance from the inhabitants would have been totally disappointed." Every account published at the time bears out this statement. Our own experience of the Irish justifies us in asserting that, even now, they have neither sympathy with, nor affection for, the French; and that under no circumstances could the majority of the people be brought to consider them as desirable allies.

Bantry was, thus, soon freed from the presence of the invaders; no Frenchmen having trodden upon Irish ground, with the exception of an officer and seven men, who, being sent in a boat to reconnoitre, were taken prisoners by Mr. James O'Sullivan, of Berehaven.

The storm that scattered the French fleet, and, under Providence, preserved Ireland from civil war, and contamination by the atrocious principles of the republicans of 1793, is still remembered in the vicinity of Bantry Bay, where it is referred to as an epoch to assist memory.*

To visit Glengariff, the tourist may proceed either by land, or by water across the bay;—it is obvious that the best mode will be to go by one way and return by the other, both offering strong temptations to the lover of the picturesque. Those, however, who take it in their route to Killarney, and do not design to make any stay at Bantry, had better continue the road; for the bay may be seen fully from the hills above either Bantry or Glengariff; or, at all events, by taking a boat a mile or two from the shore of either.† The road is exceedingly wild and picturesque; a short distance from the town the Mialloch, "the murmuring river," is crossed by a small bridge; a little way below which the water is precipitated from thirty to forty feet over a ledge of rocks of fantastic forms; this is the "Fall of Dunamarc;" close to it we saw

* Of the ships, the Nestor, 74, was driven on shore; the Séduisant was wrecked on the Grand Stevent, going out of Brest; the Impatiente was wrecked on the Mizen Head; the whole crew, except seven, perished; the Surveillante was captured in Bantry Bay, and scuttled, having been abandoned by her crew; the Resolve was dismasted by being run foul of by the Indomptable, and afterwards towed into Brest; the Tartare was captured, after a short action, by the Polyphemus, and brought into Cork harbour. (The Tartare had 625 men on board, including troops, and had 16 killed and 35 wounded in the action; the Polyphemus lost only one marine.) The Scævola, gun-boat, foundered off the Irish coast. The Ville d'Orient transport was captured by the Unicorn, and carried into Kinsale, with 400 hussars on board completely equipped. The Justine transport probably foundered at sea, and all on board perished. It is singular that so many of the ships contrived to escape the British fleet, which had kept incessant watch for them. The question was put in a song, very popular at the period:—

"O, where was Hood, and where was Howe,
And where Cornwallis then;
Where Colpoys, Bridport, or Pellew,
And all their gallant men?"

And it was not long afterwards asked in both houses of Parliament. The reply of Mr. Dundas was a satisfactory vindication of the national character. He stated that Sir Edward Pellew's squadron was employed in cruising off Brest, to watch the motions of the enemy; but the hazy state of the weather was such that fog guns were obliged to be continually fired, and the French fleet succeeded in getting out, notwithstanding all the efforts of that active and gallant officer to prevent them; that Admiral Colpoys' squadron, which was also hovering off Brest, came into harbour for supplies; and that Lord Bridport's squadron, which was ordered, on the 21st of December, off Cape Clear, sailed on the 25th, but the denseness of the fog prevented his falling in with a single French vessel.

† Vast quantities of coral sand are raised in all parts of the bay; it is highly esteemed as a manure; and produces, it is said, between four and five thousand pounds annually to the boatmen who procure it, and the peasants who convey it to distant parts.

a water-mill, in full work, which, although it diverted the current, and consequently lessened the effect of the cataract, evidenced activity and industry, and heightened the moral beauty of the scene. In this immediate vicinity, according to one of the fanciful traditions of Keating, the first human foot trod upon Irish ground—Ladra having effected a landing in Ireland exactly forty days before the Flood. After passing three or four miles of good road, and comparatively cultivated land, we entered a rude and rugged district; barren hills towering over us at either side; and among them rapid streams rushing over gigantic stones down into the valleys. We left to the right an interesting object—a little chapel nestling among the barren hills; and a short way farther on we passed one of those singular dwelling-places, by no means rare in this wild part of the country; we were startled by a human form issuing from a mass of huge rocks; and, upon inquiry, learned that a family actually lived in a hole which the rocks protected and sheltered. They had evidently fallen, ages ago, in the position they retained, enclosing and covering a natural chamber. On entering, we found a woman with three children;—the man was at work in the adjacent "garden;"—here they contrived to exist during the summer months; for we ascertained that, in winter, they quitted it for some neighbouring town, where they worked or begged, according to circumstances. The woman replied to our few questions with cheerfulness and civility; and to an expression approaching to condolence as to the misery of her lot, replied "It's bad enough to be sure, yer honour; but there's many have worse places to lay their four bones in." While conversing with her, we observed a singular character watching our movements; it was one of the Kerry peasants, mounted on a small active pony, sitting in front of a pair of hampers, in which he had conveyed his tubs of butter to the market of Cork, from which he was now returning. The hampers were fastened to the horse by a rope of hay; and his bridle, which was merely twisted round the nose of the animal, was made of the same material. In this

primitive style he galloped up and down hills as fearlessly, and far more safely than a steed fully caparisoned for the chase. We learned that he was one of a class known in cities and towns by the cognomen of "Kerry Dragoons." We made a sketch of him, and introduce him to our readers.

He was a fine handsome fellow, with keen grey eyes, white teeth, and a complexion bronzed by healthy exercise; by no means communicative, however, for to our questions he had but one answer—"nein English." As we drew near Glengariff, we had a foretaste of the rich treat we were about to enjoy; for, long before we had again a glimpse of the bay, the scenery assumed a rich and luxuriant character, strongly contrasting with the dreary solitude we were leaving.

Language utterly fails to convey even a limited idea of the exceeding beauty of Glengariff, "the rough glen," which merits, to the full, the enthusiastic praise that has been lavished upon it by every traveller by whom it has been visited. It is a deep alpine valley, inclosed by precipitous hills, about three miles in length, and seldom exceeding a quarter of a mile in breadth. Black and savage rocks embosom, as it were, a scene of surpassing loveliness—endowed by nature with the richest gifts of wood and water; for the trees are graceful in form, luxuriant in foliage, and varied in character; and the rippling stream, the strong river, and the foaming cataract, are supplied from a thousand rills collected in the mountains. Beyond all, is the magnificent bay, with its numerous islands,—by one of which it is so guarded and sheltered as to receive the aspect of a serene lake. The artist cannot do it justice; and the pen must be laid aside in despair! Our memories, indeed, recal every portion of the magic spot,—but only to convince us how weak and inefficient must be our efforts to describe it. We are again wandering through the glen—among majestic trees, fantastic rocks, and bubbling rivulets which every now and then rush by huge masses of stone, and, finding a declivity, roar along their rapid way, until, encountering some new obstruction, they creep awhile, and anon force a passage onwards, breaking

GLENGARRY.

into masses of foam—for there the mountain torrents crawl or gallop to mingle with the broad Atlantic. The song of birds is either hushed or unheard; and but for the ripple, or the roar, of waters, there is no sound to disturb a solitude perfect and profound. We look up to the mountains; they are of all forms, altitudes, and outlines. The most prominent among them is the Sugar-loaf, Slieve-na-goil, "the mountain of the wild people," with its conical head, soaring into the clouds; and, to the rear, but at a considerable distance, Hungry Hill, with its naked and meagre sides, down which runs a stream from the lake upon its summit, until, gathering as it goes, it breaks in a tremendous cataract, of eight hundred feet, expanding as it falls, and flinging a spray around it, that seems to cover with a thick mist a third part of the hill:—

> "Now a blue wat'ry sheet; anon dispersed,
> A hoary mist; then gather'd in again,
> A darted stream along the hollow rock,
> This way and that tormented, dashing thick.
> From steep to steep with wild refracted course,
> And restless roaring to the humble vale."

We turn from the mountains, but a step, and gaze over the broad bay; the foreground is composed of islands of various shapes and sizes; and we stand in the midst of cultivation, as if nature had resolved upon mingling as much grandeur and beauty as the eye could take in at once. We turn again and look inland; enormous rocks are scattered in all directions; without order or arrangement, but graceful from their very confusion; seeming as if the giants of old had done battle here, and fought with huge masses they had wrenched from the adjacent mountains.

From every part of the glen some attractive object may be discovered; but the best view, perhaps, is to be obtained from a small hill—small in comparison with its stupendous neighbours—in the immediate vicinity of a chapel west of the village; it places the spectator in the very centre of a glorious panorama, absolutely bewildering from its profusion of beauties. There will be a gush of enjoyment from the heart the instant this hillock is ascended. But it is from the road to Kenmare that the surpassing loveliness of the valley, and the full glory of the bay, will be seen to perfection. For three or four miles the traveller winds round the side of a mountain—a steep and weary road, so barren of interest that he has ample leisure to ponder over, and fix in his mind, the marvels he has seen. Suddenly he arrives on the brow of the hill. He is over the glen, many thousand feet above the ocean, which he beholds stretching out into space, while the islands appear as dots upon it; the river that runs through the valley has dwindled to a

white thread; the trees have gathered into masses, and the hill upon which he stood a while ago seems no bigger than a fairy mound. Midway down are scattered cottages, the pale smoke from which alone distinguishes them from mole-heaps. Thin and narrow streams, like snow-wreaths, are running from the mountains; and every now and then his eye falls upon the lakes that send them forth to fertilise the valley. The whole scene is within his ken—its sublime beauty and its transcendent grandeur—ocean, mountain, glen, and river. He is in the midst of solitude; the clouds are on a level with him; at times, they hide for a moment every object from his sight. There is no song of bird to break the perfect loneliness; but if he look upward he will see the eagle winging his way homewards in solitary grandeur. We were startled by the scream of one of them, flying over our heads, so near to us that we could almost count the feathers in his wing. Our feeling was that we had seen enough of the sublime and beautiful in Nature, and need go no further in search of either.

On the summit of the mountain an incident occurred to us, which we may not omit to notice in this record of the most gratifying and interesting portion of our journey:—

We had been gazing so earnestly upon the scene below and around us, that we had not noted the sudden appearance of a lad, upon a bank, a little to the left of the place on which we stood; but our attention was attracted by his clapping his hands together, and laughing, or rather shouting loudly, in evident delight at the scene. There was nothing in his appearance different from that of many young goatherds we had passed, and who hardly raised their heads from the purple heath to gaze at our progress. His sun-burnt limbs were bare below the knees; but his long brown hair had been cared for, and flowed beneath a wide-leafed hat, that was garnished, not untastefully, by a couple of wreaths of spreading fern. His garments were in sufficient disorder to satisfy the most enthusiastic admirer of "the picturesque;" and although we called to him repeatedly, it was not until a sudden diffusion of cloud had interfered between him and the sunset, so as to diminish the light, and of course lessen the effect of the shadows, that he noticed us in the least; indeed, it was evident he would not have done so at all, but for the unexpected appearance of another "child of the mist," in the person of a little bright-eyed girl—literally one mass of tatters—who sprang to where the boy stood, and seizing his hand, pointed silently to us. He descended immediately, followed by the girl, and after removing his hat, stood by the side of our carriage, into which he peered with genuine Irish curiosity.

To our question of "Where do you live?" the mountain maid replied,

"Nein English." We then addressed ourselves to the boy, when the girl placed her hands on her lips, then to her ears, and finally shook her head. "Deaf and dumb?" I asked. Upon which she replied, "Ay, ay, deaf, dumb —deaf, dumb." The little creature having so said, regarded him with one of those quick looks so eloquent of childish love; and seizing his hand, raised her rosy face to be kissed. He patted her head impatiently, but was too closely occupied examining the contents of our carriage to heed her affectionate request. His eye glanced over our packages without much interest, until they rested on a small black portfolio; and then he leaped, and clapped his hands, making us understand he wanted to inspect it. His little companion had evidently some idea that this was an intrusion, and intimated so to the boy; but he pushed her from him, determined to have his own way. Nothing could exceed his delight while turning over a few sketches and some engravings. He gave us clearly to understand that he comprehended their intent—looking from our puny outlines to the magnificent mountains by which we were surrounded, and smiling thereat in a way that our self-love could not construe into a compliment.

While he was thus occupied, his little companion, struck by some sudden thought, bounded up the almost perpendicular mountain with the grace and agility of a true-born Kerry maiden, until she disappeared; but she soon returned, springing from rock to rock, and holding the remnants of her tattered apron together with evident care. When she descended, she displayed its contents, which interested us greatly; for they were her brother's sketches, five or six in number, made on the torn-out leaves of an old copy-book in pale ink, or with a still paler pencil. Two were tinged with colour extracted from plants that grew upon the mountain; and though rude, they bore evidence of talent. The lad could have had no instruction; the copy-book was the property of his eldest brother, and he had abducted the leaves to record upon them his silent observations of the magnificence of Nature, whose power had elevated and instructed his mind. We should not have read even this line of his simple history, but for the opportune passing of another "Kerry dragoon"—a wild, brigand-looking young fellow, mounted between his market-panniers on his rough pony—who proved to be the lad's brother, although he did not at first tell us so.

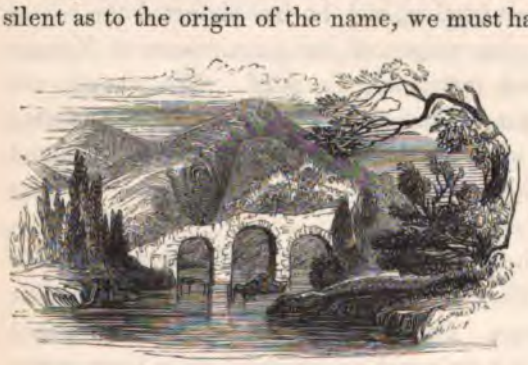
"We all," he said, "live high up in de mountain; but I can't trust him to look after de goats by himself. His whole delight is puttin' down upon a bit of paper or a slate whatever he sees. I'd ha' broke him off it long agone; but he was his mother's darlin', and she's wid de blessed Vargin these seven years, so I don't like to cross his fancy; besides, de Lord's hand has been

heavy on him already, and it does no harm, no more than himself, except when any of de childre brake what he do be doing; den he goes mad intirely, and strays I dunna where; though, to be sure, de Almighty has his eye over him, for he's sure to come back well and quiet."

The lad at last closed our portfolio with a heavy sigh, and did not perceive, until he had done so, that his little sister had spread out his own productions on the heather, which grew so abundantly by the road-side. He pointed to them with something of the exultation of spirit so natural to us all when we think our exertions are about to be appreciated; and he bent over them as a mother would over a cherished child. His triumph, however, was but momentary—it was evident that his having seen better things rendered him dissatisfied with his own, for while gathering them hastily together, he burst into tears. We gave him some pencils and paper, and a few engravings; and as the evening was approaching, bade him a hasty farewell; as he stood, his little sister clinging to his side, waving his hat on a promontory, while we were rapidly descending into the valley.

The village of Glengariff consists of but a few houses; there is a little inn, happily situated at the head of the bay; and the glen is divided between two proprietors—Lord Bantry and the widow of his brother, Colonel White. His lordship has a small lodge, where he generally resides, in a valley away from a view of the sea; but the other seat skirts the left of the bay, is cultivated to the water's edge, and commands a view of the principal island, on which is built a Martello Tower—as if for the express purpose of giving interest and value to the demesne.

The old bridge, now a picturesque ruin, which, in ancient times, was on the high road to Berehaven, is called "Cromwell's Bridge." History being silent as to the origin of the name, we must have recourse to tradition. When



Oliver was passing through the glen to visit the O'Sullivans he had so much trouble in getting across the narrow but rushing river, that he told the inhabitants if they did not build him a bridge by the time he returned, he would hang up a man for every hour's delay he met with. "So the bridge was ready agin he come back," quoth our informant; "for they knew the ould villian to be a man of his word."

West of Glengariff is the promontory of Berehaven, separating Bantry Bay from the Kenmare River. It is a wild and primitive district; abounding in picturesque and romantic scenery; full of legends; with historical associations of great interest; and possessing the ruins of many castles of the O'Sullivans—for centuries the lords of the soil, altho' their descendants are now but the hewers of stone and drawers of water. The accompanying print represents the harbour of Berehaven, and the ruin of the ancient castle of Dunboy*.

* Of the castle of Dunboy, the ancient stronghold of the O'Sullivans, a few walls only remain, barely sufficient to point out its locality. During the wars of Elizabeth, it was occupied by the Spaniards, who subsequently resigned it to Philip O'Sullivan. In 1601, Sir George Carew marched at the head of a small army to besiege it. The garrison was commanded by a gallant soldier, Mac Geoghegan; with whom co-operated Tyrrell, the best guerilla of his time. It consisted of less than a hundred and fifty fighting men—but they were the stoutest and bravest of all the Irish forces. For many days they kept their numerous and powerful enemies at bay; at length, a tower of the castle having been beaten down, they offered to surrender upon quarter. The messenger was hanged within their sight, and the breach was ordered to be entered. The Irish fought lustily for many hours, until the remnant were forced to take shelter in the cellars, the only entrance into which was a narrow stone staircase, which they continued to defend; offering, however, to surrender "if they might have their lives," which, in accordance with the barbarous policy of the age, were refused. They collected a quantity of powder into one of the vaults, and their captain sate down beside it, with a lighted match—a resolution having been formed to blow up the castle and all in it, unless quarter was granted. Ultimately, however, the English troops forced a passage, and Mac Geoghegan, who was lying there mortally wounded, raised himself, and snatching up the match staggered with it to the powder barrel, when Captain Power seized him and held him in his arms until he was killed. The whole of the garrison were butchered—either slain, buried in the ruins, or executed. No single man of the gallant defenders of the castle escaped; and while the memory of Dunboy endures, a dark blot will remain upon the name of one of the bravest, wisest, and most courteous of all the officers of Queen Elizabeth. The O'Sullivan remained among his native fastnesses until the cruel policy of the conquerors so wasted the district that his followers gradually perished of famine, and the few that remained were compelled to accompany their lord to a far off distance in search of food. It is of this period, and to this county more especially, that Spenser refers when he states "the people of Munster were brought to such wretchedness, that even a heart of stone would have rued to see the same; for out of every

We are now about to quit the county of Cork, and enter into that of Kerry; and although we have occupied in describing Cork a much larger space than the limits of our work will justify us in devoting to any other county, we are fully aware that we have omitted to direct the reader's attention to many subjects, connected with it, of exceeding interest and deep importance.

Circumstances, to which we have referred, have contributed largely to its improvement; nature has been liberal to every part of Ireland, but especially so to this county. Its soil is rich; its climate is remarkably mild and temperate; its facilities for obtaining manure are great; it abounds in mineral wealth; its harbours are numerous, capacious, safe, and convenient—and literally swarm with fish; and its rivers are easily capable of being made available for manufactures—to an almost inconceivable extent. To the capitalist, therefore, it holds out many temptations; and now that prejudice and ignorance are rapidly losing their influence over the minds of the humbler classes—from which there cannot fail to result mutual confidence between the employer and the employed—it is certain that the raw material, plentifully at the disposal of enterprise and industry, will be so wrought, ere long, as altogether to change the physical as well as moral character of the country. The Irish peasant, who a very few years ago was proverbial for his reckless disregard of legal authority, has been led, at length, to consider the law as established for his own security, as well as the security of others; and the constabulary force, once so unpopular as to be a service of great danger, is already looked upon in the light of an ally and a protector, by the people generally—a change sufficient to justify the certain expectation that time and patience will bring to them conviction of any real improvement and a corresponding zeal for its adoption. The honesty and punctuality of the lower Irish, too, formerly believed to be at least questionable, has been of late years tested and proved so as to admit of no question: we refer for evidence to the returns of the various Loan Societies established in every district of the country. As these two subjects, the "Constabulary Force," and the "Loan Societies," comparatively recent establishments, throw so much light upon the existing character of Ireland, and so strongly illustrate its improved condition as removing the great barriers to the introduction of English capital where the certainty of ample benefit has been hitherto rendered nugatory by the

corner of the woods and glynnes, they came creeping forth on their hands and knees, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death; they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carrion, happy were they when they could find it; yea, and one another some time after; insomuch that the very carcases they spared not to scrape out of their graves; and if they found a plot of water-cresses, or shamrock, there they flocked as to a feast."

want of security, for the speculator, in the ill habits, jealousies, and dissensions of the mass of the inhabitants, we shall avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity for bringing both under the consideration of our readers.

Another subject of vast importance, too, must claim our attention—the National Schools, and their system of Education. It is, we know, to be approached with extreme caution; for it, unhappily, furnishes, at the present moment, an arena for contending parties in politics. We shall endeavour, nevertheless, to consider it apart from the wishes and interests of any party—protesting on the one hand against the unwise and unchristian course adopted by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam*; and on the other against the wholesale sentence of condemnation pronounced upon it by the high church party in the state. With one observation we shall now content ourselves. After visiting very many of the schools, and inspecting them closely—we may, perhaps, add with suspicion—it was impossible for us to arrive at any other conclusion, than that the present generation of boys and girls—aided by the uncompromising foe of idleness, prejudice, insubordination, and bigotry, EDUCATION—must be a race far superior to their parents, who were reared in ignorance and kept in ignorance.

Although, however, very sure as to the existing improvement in Ireland, and very sanguine as to its increase, we are fully aware that to remove all impediments in its way must be a work of time, and especially of patience. And we cannot entertain a doubt that the extensive—and increasing—agitation for "Repeal" must greatly tend to retard and impede its onward progress. It would be wasting space to recapitulate the facts and arguments by which its advocates have been met, or to detail those upon which the principle is defended. We have no hope that our feeble voice can be heard amid the tumult; but we implore the more moderate and reflecting to pause in a course which—though it may hold out some visionary prospect of recompense and advantage—can lead to no other result than to weaken and embarrass England and to ruin Ireland †.

* "He was not opposed to education; but he objected to the present unjust system, miscalled National Education, which took the business of instructing the people out of the hands of the hereditary, constitutional and divinely constituted instructors of the people."—Dr. McHale's speech at the Mayo Election, in Dec. 1840.

† The most frequent and the most specious argument in favour of a Repeal of the Union is that it will materially lessen the great evil of Absenteeism. Nothing can be more fallacious. The complaint that Ireland suffers in consequence of so many persons of rank and wealth expending their properties abroad, is by no means a new one—it has existed for centuries—it was sought to procure a remedy for the evil by legislative enactments so far back as the reign of Richard II. Enactments "made by our ancestors to prevent our gentlemen of estate and office from living abroad." We have before us a quaint volume, dated 1729, and "printed for R. Gunne, in Capel Street, Dublin," the writer of which deeply deplores "that the evil (of absenteeism) grows daily upon us, and has already thrown the nation into a wasteful consumption of all its substance." His book

The county of Cork, in the province of Munster, is the largest county in Ireland, and larger than any English county, except that of York: comprising, according to the Ordnance survey, 1,725,100 statute acres—of which, 1,024,340 are cultivated, and 700,760 are, at present, either barren mountain or bog; but, as every day some portion of both is reclaimed by the industry or the necessity of the peasant, the enormous proportion of waste is rapidly lessening*. In 1821, the population was 629,786; and in 1831 it had increased to 700,359. The new census about to be taken will, no doubt, exhibit a large augmentation. From east to west the county extends above ninety English miles; its greatest breadth being about forty. We take this on the authority of the Rev. Horace Townsend; Smith makes it greater. It is bounded on the north by Tipperary and Limerick; on the north-east by Waterford; on the north-west by Kerry—being considerably wider in the centre than at the extremities; and on the south by the Ocean. By the statute of the 4th Geo. 4, cap. 93, the County was divided into the East and West Ridings; the East

is entitled "A list of lords, gentlemen, and others who, having estates, employments, and pensions in Ireland, spend the same abroad; together with an estimate of the yearly value of the same, as taken in the months of May, June, and July, 1729." The list he divides into three classes; first, "those who live constantly abroad, and are seldom or never seen in Ireland; second, "those who live generally abroad, and visit Ireland now and then, for a month or two;" and third, "those who are occasionally absent—their numbers being commonly the same, for if some come home, others go abroad and supply their places." The names of the three classes he gives alphabetically, stating the incomes of each; and in commenting upon the facts he adduces, he observes "we are not now at a loss to point out the principal source of all our misfortunes, and the chief cause of all our distress; it appears plainly, from the list of absentees, and the estimate of the quantity of specie they are reasonably supposed to draw yearly out of the kingdom, that no other country labours under so wasteful a drain of its treasure as Ireland does at present, by an annual remittance of £600,000 to our gentleman abroad, without the least consideration or value returned for the same." And the writer further adds, "'tis melancholy to observe that now we are labouring under great disadvantages of trade, and struggling with penury and want, the humour of living and spending abroad still increases among our men of quality and station." Absenteeism will continue only so long as Agitation prevails; and Prosperity was never found separate from Peace.

* Several owners of mountain land—if the term "land" may be applied to tracts of country where the spade can seldom sink an inch—are in the habit of letting for a long term large districts of it at a nominal rent. We were present when the practice received a singular illustration. A peasant addressed a landlord with, "If ye plase, yer honour, I want thirty shillings' worth of mountain." We were informed that the quantity allotted to him for this sum was thirty acres, for a period of thirty years. The labourer sets to work with his spade and his "four bones;" picks out every morsel of soil he finds enclosed by rocks; clears it of stones; gradually conveys manure to it; and, in the end, plants it with potatoes. Nothing in Irish scenery is more striking than such patches of cultivation up the mountain slopes. But an Irishman will endure any privation to obtain "a bit of land;" suffer any misery to retain it; and, indeed, commit any crime rather than permit it to be taken from him. If our readers could but imagine the extreme eagerness with which they covet its possession, and the frightful passions that are aroused when deprived of it, either justly or unjustly, they would easily understand the nature of those outrages which are continually occurring in Ireland, to blacken the Irish character. We shall go more deeply into the matter hereafter. Several of the mountains, however, have been taken possession of by wanderers, distinguished as "squatters." Any attempt to dispossess them would be dangerous to a degree; they usually mark the boundaries of their "properties" by lines of stones; and are peculiarly jealous of the in-coming of a new settler.

comprising eleven baronies* with the liberties of the city of Cork, and the port of Kinsale; and the West, eight baronies.

* The use of the term "Barony"—a term with which English readers are not familiar—reminds us of the necessity for briefly explaining the divisions and subdivisions of the country. Ireland is divided into four provinces. These are the remains of the petty kingdoms which the island formerly contained. According to Sir James Ware, there were most anciently but two, viz.—Legh Cuin the northern, and Legh Moa the southern; and, accordingly, Bede divides Ireland into north and south Scotia. The island was, however, very early partitioned into five divisions. And Giraldus Cambrensis in the reign of Henry II. divides it into Connaught, Ulster, Leinster, North and South Munster.—Topogr. Hibern. distinc. 1, c. 6. Other, and it would seem more correct, authorities mention Connaught, Ulster, Leinster, Munster, and Meath; see Ware's Antiq. cap. iii, citing a MS. of the time of Edw. I. in archbishop Usher's library, now in Trinity College, Dub., and the registry of Duisk. The authorities which mention these divisions, subdivide them into "Cantreds," which seem synonymous with the Saxon hundreds, still known in England. The term cantred, though found in ancient grants even after the coming of the English, has, however, long ceased to be used in Ireland; as Meath, also, has long ceased to be regarded as a province, East and West Meath being now counties in Leinster. The division into provinces is of little or no practical utility at the present day.

The provinces are subdivided into counties: this division was introduced by the English, in the reign of King John, who made twelve counties in Leinster and Munster, viz.—Dublin, Meath, Uriel, Kildare, Catherlogh, Kilkenny, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, and Tipperary. The division of the rest of the island (nearly two-thirds of it in extent) into counties, was not wholly completed until nearly three hundred years afterwards, in the reigns of Mary, and Elizabeth; Stats. 3 and 4 Phil. and Mar. c. 2. Ir.; and 11 Eliz. Sess. 3, c. 9, Ir. See the Tanistry Case in Sir John Davies' Rep. 102, Edit. Dub., 1762. There were originally several counties palatine, having, like those in England, jurisdictions independent of the ordinary courts of law. The rights of all the counts palatine had, however, by various means become vested in the crown, before the time of Sir John Davies, who was attorney general for Ireland in the reign of James I., except Tipperary, which had been granted by Edw. III., to the Earl of Ormond. See case of County of Wexford, Davies' Rep. 168, *ut sup.* But these rights, and the royalties subsequently granted in Tipperary to the Dukes of Ormond, in the reign of Charles II., were all extinguished by Stat. 2 Geo. I. c. 8, Ir.; and there is now no county palatine in Ireland. Several of the counties have changed their names since their first institution. Thus, there is now no county called Uriel. The county formerly called Coleraine, is now Londonderry; Thomond, is now Clare; Catherlogh, is corrupted into Carlow, &c. As the division into counties was introduced for the purpose of holding assizes, appointing sheriffs to execute the king's writs, &c., according to the laws of England; so it continues to be used to the present day in all the practical details of the law in Ireland as in England.

The counties are subdivided into Baronies, a division which, it would appear, was also introduced by the English, a barony, in its original meaning, being the honour and dignity which gives title to a baron, which anciently consisted of 13 knights' fees and a quarter, or 400 merks per annum.—Jacob's Dict., by Rufhead and Morgan, tit. Barony. But as the division into counties has long since ceased to have any connexion with the titles of counts or earls, so that into baronies has no longer any reference to the dignity which it originally supported. The division into baronies and half-baronies is at present of great practical utility for various purposes, as in regulating the number of constabulary under Stat. 6 Wm. IV. c. 13; the levying and application of presentments under the grand jury act 6 and 7 Wm. IV. c. 116; for some purposes connected with elections, St. 2 and 3 Wm. IV. c. 88, &c. &c. It may be mentioned in reference to the term barony, that although manor-courts still exist in Ireland, and take cognizance of debts within their respective districts, courts baron, at least in the sense in which they are used in England, in connexion with the tenure of copyhold estates, have not been in use in Ireland. Indeed, it is commonly supposed there is no such thing as tenure by copyhold in Ireland, although a writer of high authority mentions an instance of an estate of this nature at Kilmoon or Primatestown, in the county of Meath—1 Gabbet's Dig. 445—and copyholds are occasionally mentioned in the Irish Statute Book. It may be also noticed, that there is a difference between the dignity of baron as an Irish title of nobility, and the same dignity in England. The curious in such matters will find ample matter to satisfy them in "Lynch's law and

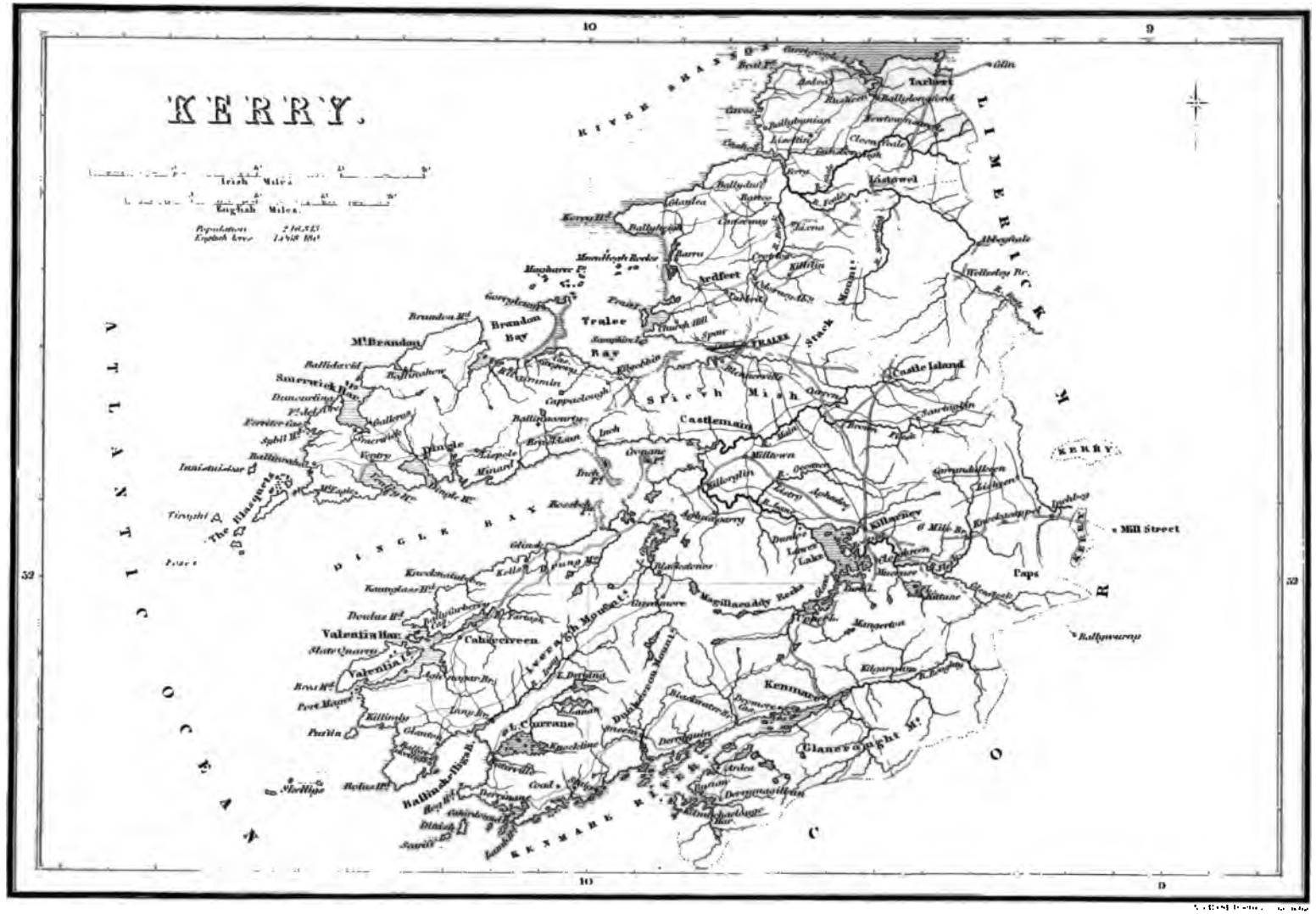
These baronies are; in the East Riding,—Duhallow, Orrery and Kilmore, Condons and Clongibbons, Fermoy, Kinsale, Imokilly, Kerrycurrihy, Kinnalea, Barrymore, Barretts, and East Muskerry; in the West Riding,—Ibane and Barryroe, Bere, Bantry, West Muskerry, Kinalmeaky, Courcies, East Carbery, and West Carbery.

The principal towns of the county, besides the city of Cork, are, Youghal, Kinsale, Bandon, Mallow, Cove, Bantry, Fermoy, Skibbereen, Macroom, and Dunmanway.

The county sends only eight members to the Imperial Parliament: two for the county, two for the city, and one for each of the towns of Bandon, Kinsale, Mallow and Youghal.

usage of prescriptive baronies in Ireland," and the work on Irish honorary hereditary offices and feudal baronies, by the same author.

The recognised ecclesiastical division of the kingdom into dioceses and parishes used by the established church, differs from that employed by the Roman Catholics. The division into parishes is less important for civil purposes in Ireland than it is in England. In consequence of the indisposition which existed to pay assessments made at vestries, and the difficulty of peaceably collecting them, the legislature have made various provisions to discontinue them: and the most important of the matters formerly provided by this means are now in the hands of the ecclesiastical commissioners and the grand juries; the principal charge at present provided for at vestry, except in the county and city of Dublin, being a trifling annual assessment for parish coffins.


KERRY.
Irish Miles
English Miles
Tarbert
Listowel
Tralee
Brandon Bay
Castlemaine
Killarney
Mill Street
Paps
Valentia Har.
Cahirciveen
Kenmare
Glanerought Mt.
Castle Island
Ballybunion
Ardfert
Dingle Bay
Kenmare R.
Atlantic Ocean
LIMERICK
KERRY
CORK

KERRY.

The entrance to the county of Kerry, ("the kingdom of Kerry," as it was anciently called), from that of Cork, is through a tunnel, of about two hundred yards in length; a very short distance from which there are two others of much more limited extent. They have been cut through rocks—peaks to the mountain we have described as overlooking Glengariff*. As the traveller emerges from comparative darkness, a scene of striking magnificence bursts upon him—very opposite in character to that which he leaves immediately behind; for while his eye retains the rich and cultivated beauty of the wooded and watered "glen," he is startled by the contrast of barren and frightful precipices, along the brinks of which he is riding, and gazes with a shudder down into the far off valley, where a broad and angry stream is diminished by distance into a mere line of white. Nothing can exceed the wild grandeur of the prospect; it extends miles upon miles; scattered through the vale and among the hill slopes, are many cottages, white always and generally slated; while to several of them are attached the picturesque lime-kilns; so numerous in all parts of the country. The road, of which there is a view almost the whole way to the Kenmare River, is a gradual descent, and has been so admirably constructed and is kept so carefully in repair, that it is smooth and finished enough to be the entry to a demesne; and is classed, by universal consent, among the best roads of the kingdom. The whole district, we believe, belongs to the Marquis of Lansdowne; and a better ordered estate,

* Until these tunnels were cut and the road made, travellers to Killarney were compelled to order carriages from Kenmare to meet them at the Kerry side of the mountain; or, as was usually done, hire five or six stout peasants from Glengariff to carry the car on their shoulders over rocks and along precipices exceedingly dangerous from the want of a protecting wall, and in consequence of the numerous ruts in the way. The misery of travellers so circumstanced was whimsically but pathetically described to us by several who had endured the fatigue and peril of the journey.

or a more flourishing tenantry are not to be found in any mountain district of Ireland. Such was not always the case; at one period it was proverbial for the poverty of the land and the wretchedness of its inhabitants. The misery of the soil has been illustrated by a saying that "a Kerry cow never looks up at a passing stranger, *for fear it would lose the bite:*" and it was asserted that, at stated seasons, his lordship's agents stationed themselves at the old entrance into the county, to meet the beggars as they were returning homewards from Cork to Kerry, and received the rents of their cabins by taking from them the half-pence they had collected*. We had heard of its old character, but not of the change that had taken place in the district; and were as much surprised as gratified to meet everywhere evidences of improvement, that could only have been the result of a sincere desire and zealous determination, on the part of the landlord, to promote the welfare of the tenant by encouraging his industry and securing to him a certain and enduring reward for his capital, of labour, expended upon the soil. The consequence has been most beneficial to both; the one has materially enhanced the value of his property, and the other has obtained comforts which have already essentially advanced him in the scale of humanity. We refer to the large tract of country which intervenes between the border of the county and the town of Kenmare—a distance of about thirteen miles; but the town, also, is undergoing a proportionate improvement; its natural advantages are, at least, equal to those of any town in the kingdom; the river being navigable from the Atlantic to the quays, and a suspension bridge recently erected over it by the joint subscriptions of the Marquis of Lansdowne and the Board of Works, at an expense of five thousand pounds, is not only an object of great beauty, but saves a distance of three or four miles to the traveller from Glengariff and the large tract of country south, and nearly double that distance to the dwellers in Castletown and its populous vicinity †.

* This is, no doubt, a humorous exaggeration; but it is certain that about twenty or thirty years ago, gold, and even silver, were so scarce in this district, that its inhabitants rarely saw either. A circumstance related to us by the person to whom it actually occurred, may bear out the assertion. He left his home on horseback to collect the county cess—an agreable tax on land— through a large and wild tract of country, expecting his journey to last two or three days; he was so long absent that his family became alarmed, and sent his servant to ascertain the cause. Every one of the tenants had paid him in pence and half-pence, which he was unable to get exchanged; the weight had increased as he advanced; until he found it so great as to prevent the possibility of his returning to his home, without leaving a large portion of it behind him; and he preferred remaining at one of the cabins until the event he anticipated occurred, and his friends sent him assistance.

† The bridge is but just finished; we were unable to cross it, and had to drive these three or four miles into the town; a circumstance, however, we did not regret, for we might have missed the pretty village of Cross-Roads, on the town side of the river, from which there is a road into Kenmare of about two miles through an avenue of high and well-grown ash and elm trees. We should observe that, to the angler, Kenmare holds out strong

We had scarcely passed the tunnel, and entered the county of Kerry, when we encountered a group that interested us greatly; on enquiry we learned that a wedding had taken place at a cottage pointed out to us, in a little glen among the mountains, and that the husband was bringing home his bride. She was mounted on a white pony, guided by as smart looking and well dressed a youth as we had seen in the country; his face was absolutely radiant with joy; the parents of the bride and bridegroom followed; and a little girl clung to the dress of a staid and sober matron—whom we at once knew to be the mother of the bride, for her aspect was pensive, almost to sorrow; her daughter was quitting for another home the cottage in which she had been reared—to become a wife. We made a hasty sketch of the party; and a clever artist, Mr. Timbrell, has rendered to it more than justice.

We may take advantage of the occasion to describe the ceremonies and formalities connected with an Irish wedding; presuming, however, that a very essential part of them—the drinking to intoxication "for the honour of the bride,"—has been, of late, essentially abridged.

temptations; the Blackwater is one of the best rivers in Ireland; and is carefully preserved from the poacher, although entirely free to the visitor. We had not leisure to throw a fly ourselves; but we conversed with several disciples of old Isaac, who showed us their hampers, in lieu of fishing-baskets, full of salmon and gigantic trout.

When the match is made, it becomes necessary for the bridegroom to obtain a certificate from his parish-priest that he is free to contract marriage *cum quâvis similiter solutâ* (it is always written in Latin), with any woman equally free from canonical bonds or impediments; to this a fee is always attached, we believe five shillings. He must also procure from the bishop or vicar-general, a licence to marry, to which, also, a fee is attached, of seven shillings and six-pence. This being done, he repairs with his bride to the house of *her* parish priest, accompanied by his and her friends, as many as they can muster, and before he is married pays down to the priest the marriage fee according to his circumstances. The friends of both parties are also called upon to pay down something, and between their reluctance to meet the demand and the priest's refusal to marry them till he is satisfied, a scene, sometimes humorous and sometimes discreditable, often arises. If the bride's father or brother be a "strong" farmer, who can afford to furnish a good dinner, the marriage takes place at the bride's house, the bridegroom bringing with him as many of his friends as choose to accompany him. The same process as to *money* takes place here, and it is not uncommon for the collection to amount to twenty, thirty, and sometimes forty or fifty pounds, where the parties are comfortable and have a long line of followers*. The ceremony is in Latin what, or nearly what the church of England ceremony is in English, and the priest closes it, by saying "give your wife the kiss of peace." A struggle often ensues for this kiss, (the first kiss?) between some young wag of the party and the bride-groom; the latter generally surrendering it good-humouredly. The priests, in some instances, discountenance, and in others, overlook, the practice. We have seen a priest give a severe slap on the face to a young fellow who attempted to snatch the kiss.

The time most in favour for celebrating weddings is just before Lent. The guests are always numerous, and consist of all ranks, from the lord and lady of the manor through the intermediate grades of gentlemen, "squireens," farmers, down to the common labourer,—wives, of course, included. Perfect equality prevails on this occasion, and yet the natural courtesy of the Irish character prevents any disturbance of social order—every one keeps his place, while, at the same time, the utmost freedom reigns. The dinner is, as we have

* The cost of the ceremony is consequently very considerable; and not unfrequently, the bride and bridegroom have to begin life within empty walls, their savings barely sufficing to recompense the priest for uniting them. We have indeed known instances in which Roman Catholics have been married by a clergyman of the Church of England, in consequence of the small expense of the ceremony there; being resolved to become "one," and finding it utterly impossible to collect a sum sufficient to induce the priest to marry them; such cases, however, are of rare occurrence.

intimated, usually at the expense of the bride's family; and as nothing is spared in procuring the materials, and the neighbouring gentry allow their cooks, &c. to assist, and lend dinner services, &c.; it is always "got up" in the best style. The priest sits at the head of the table; near him the bride and bridegroom, the coadjutors of the clergyman, and the more respectable guests; the other guests occupy the remainder of the table, which extends the whole length of the barn—in which the dinner generally takes place.

Immediately on the cloth being removed, the priest marries the young couple, and then the bridecake is brought in and placed before the priest, who, putting on his stole, blesses it, and cuts it up into small slices, which are handed round on a large dish among the guests, generally by one of the coadjutors. Each guest takes a slice of the cake, and lays down in place of it a donation for the priest, consisting of pounds, crowns, or shillings, according to the ability of the donor. After that, wine and punch go round, as at any ordinary dinner-party. In the course of an hour or so, part of the range of tables is removed, and the musicians (consisting, usually, of a piper and a fiddler), who, during the dinner, had been playing some of the more slow and plaintive of the national airs, now *strike up*, and the dance immediately commences. First single parties dance reels, jigs, and doubles*. Country-dances now succeed, in which, as in the single dances, priest and laic, old and young, rich and poor, the master and his maid, the landlord and his tenant's daughter, as well as the landlord's daughter and his tenant's son—all join together without distinction. Yet it is pleasing to observe how the poor peasants return, on such occasions, the condescension of their superiors with additional respect. During the intervals of the dance, drinking is, or rather was, resumed; and though on these occasions it was often carried to excess, we never knew, nor ever met any one who knew, of anything like a quarrel taking place at a country wedding. Indeed, we have seen people who, as the saying goes, were "wicked in their licker," get intoxicated at these joyous festivals without manifesting ill-temper—on the contrary, they have been remarkably entertaining, as if the general harmony had expelled the demon of discord. Songs are also sung both in English and Irish.

The Irish words of one of them were given to us by a friend, accom-

* This last is a species of dance very difficult to describe—it is, however, the male partner who "shows off" in it: the best idea we can give of it is that it consists in striking the ground very rapidly with the heel and toe, or with the toes of each foot alternately. The perfection of this motion consists, besides its rapidity, in the *furor* with which it is performed. A stranger, not hearing the music and seeing only the dancer, would be likely to imagine he was killing a rat; nor would it be very safe to have this dance performed by a stout fellow on a *crazy loft*.

panied by a literal translation; we have endeavoured to return them to verse; they are sung to the well-known air "Shule Aroon."

Oh, have you seen my Norah Fay?
She's left me all the sad long day,
Alone to sing a weary lay;
Go dhi mo vourneen, slaun;
Shule, shule, shule, aroon;
Shule go sochir, agus shule go cune,
Shule go theev dorris agus eilig lume,
As' go dhi mo vourneen slaun.*

You'll know her by her raven hair,
Her deep blue eye, her forehead fair,
Her step and laugh that banish care;
As' go dhi mo vourneen, slaun.

In form you may her semblance find,
But none like her, of womankind,
If you can see her heart and mind;
As' go dhi mo vourneen slaun.

Oh, bring to me my Norah Fay,
For hours are days when she's away;
The sun looks dark, and sweet birds say,
Go dhi mo vourneen, slaun,
Shule, shule, shule aroon;
Shule go sochir, agus shule go cune,
Shule go theev dorris agus eilig lume,
As' go dhi mo vourneen, slaun.

In the course of the night a collection is made for "the music," and another for the poor. The dancing generally continues till morning, when the first intimation of breaking up is the dancing of the figure called "Sir Roger De Coverly." As soon as that dance is over, all the more timid part of the female guests slip out of the barn to avoid the *finale*, which is as follows:—The music striking up the quadrille air called "Voulez-vous danser," a "gentleman" goes round with a handkerchief, which he throws round the neck of any "lady" he chooses, falls on his knees, gently pulls her down and kisses her; then giving her the handkerchief, continues a kind of trot round the barn; the lady does the same with any gentleman she likes, and giving him the handkerchief, catches the first gentleman by the skirts of the coat and trots after him around the barn. This is done alternately by all present, until all the young men and women are trotting round catching hold of each other as

* Come, come, come, my love,
Come quietly, come—come stealingly
Beside the door and away with me,
And may my love come safe.

in the play of "Chickens, come cluck." They then form a ring around the last person who has the handkerchief, who selects a lady or gentleman, as the case may be, and after another salutation leads his or her partner to a seat. This is done until the whole circle is broken up; and thus terminates a country wedding*.

Our readers will bear in mind, however, that we are describing a picture as exhibited in the cottage of a small farmer, where there is comparative abundance; and on such occasions the national hospitality is never bounded even by prudence: far less merry, and infinitely less plentiful of good cheer, is the scene enacted within one of the common cabins of the hard-handed labourer, where, not unfrequently, the marriage feast is little more than a dish of potatoes and a jug of sweet-milk.

Yet, amid the want so often attendant upon the young and thoughtless marriages of the Irish peasantry, it is wonderful to note how closely heart clings to heart. Poverty, the most severe and prolonged, rarely creates disunion, and still more rarely separation. The fidelity of the Irish wife is proverbial; she will endure labour, hunger, and even ill usage, to an almost incredible extent, rather than break the marriage vow; we have known cases in abundance.

"He beat me," said a pretty weeping girl, not nineteen, who had married from the service of an old friend,—"He beat me, ma'am, long ago; but I never thought more of it since; and yet that didn't hurt me half so much as he's saying that maybe little Ned wasn't his; that's breaking the heart in me intirely, though I know he didn't mane it, and that it was the temper that spoke in him—the weary on it for temper!—I've known nothing but hardship since I married him; but I didn't complain of *that; we both expected nothing else;* and I don't mind a hasty stroke, for it's hard on him to see us wanting a potato, and he wet and weary—an *ould man* before his time with the slavery—and though I put little Neddy to bed early to *sleep off the hunger*, yet often it's too teazing on the poor child, and wakes him in spite of me, and I know the little hungry face of the darlint aggravates his father. I know all that; but *he* ought to know that I'd follow him faithful through the gates of death, if *that* would save him an hour's pain; he ought to know it—and he does know it—I'm sure he does; and he kissed me this morning on his *fasting*

* On the first May-day after the wedding, it was customary for the young men and maidens of the parish to go to the wood and cut down the tallest tree, which they dressed up with ribbons, placing in the centre a large ball, decorated with variously coloured paper and gilt. This they carried in procession to the bride's house, and setting it up before the door, commenced a dance round it, which lasted throughout the day. They were "thrated" liberally by the bride on such occasions. The custom, which appears to have been a relic of Druidism, is now nearly obsolete.

breath, leaving the handful of potatoes for me, and saying the masther, where he gives his strength for eight-pence a day, ordered him a breakfast, which I'm sure ain't the truth. The love's in his heart as strong as ever; but the misery, ma'am, often hardens the man while it softens the woman; he didn't mane it, and he knows it's not true, but it's hard to listen to such a word as that. He was my first love, and he'll be my last. None of us can tell what's before us, but I'd go all my trouble over again if it would do him any sarvice!"

It is also worthy of remark that *second marriages* are very rare among the peasantry, and, we may perhaps add, *comparatively*, among the higher classes. This affords a strong proof of the depth of their attachment, for it is very improbable that *prudence* can restrain in the second instance those who take so little of her counsel in the first. They do not hold it strictly right for either man or woman to marry again; and if a woman does so, she prefaces it with an apology:—"It's a father I was forced to put over HIS children, because I had no way for them, God help me! and this man, ye see, says, 'Mary,' he says, 'I have full and plenty for them, and the Lord above he knows it's justice I'll do them, and never hinder yer prayers for the man ye lost, or anything in rason, or *out* of rason either;' an' troth he has kep his word wonderful." And the neighbours of the married widower apologise for him after this fashion:—"Well, to be sure! we must consider he had a whole houseful of *soft* children, and no one to turn round on the flure or do a hand's turn for them; so it's small blame to him after all." Or they condemn—"Yarra huish! to see an old *struckawn* like that set himself up with a young wife, and grown up daughters in his house. To think of the hardness of him—passing the churchyard, where the poor heart that loved him, and put up with him, and slaved for him and his children, is powdering into dust—passing the grave where the grass isn't yet long, with a slip of a girleen in the place of her with the thoughtful head and the ready hand. Oh, bedad! she'll punish him I'll engage; and I'm glad of it." They are more angry with a woman for a second marriage than with a man, and certainly never consider a second union as holy as a first*.

* The following is a striking and creditable instance of attachment to the memory of a wife. We once remarked to a very respectable old man, and of very prepossessing appearance, that he must have been a great favourite with the fair sex in his youth. "Listen to me," said he, "and the divil a word of a lie I'm tellin' you, for I can't be far from my end now. Sometime afther the death o' my wife, a rich widow, and a handsome one, fell in love with me, and offered to marry me. Faith, it was a temptin' offer—my manes were small, and the family were large and helpless. But when I went home and look'd at the poor childher, and thought of her that was gone—oh, I could never bear to bring another in her place—for she was a good woman, and a lovin' woman, and a sensible woman, (here his voice began to grow tremulous with emotion, but by an effort he added) and a likely woman!" He burst into tears. This man's wife had been dead

It is not a little strange that a people so indifferent to consequences as the Irish certainly are, should, when they have anything to bestow in the way of a marriage portion on their children, frequently drive the hardest and most heartless bargains. If two young people form an attachment for each other, and have hardly enough between them to pay the priest his dues, the only parental observation is, "Well, sure!—We did the same thing ourselves."—"They can't be worse off than they are;"—"It's asy to halve the potato where there's love."—"It's an *ould* saying, marriages are made in heaven;" and so on. But if a farmer can bestow a cow with his daughter, he will insist on a horse, or an equivalent in pigs, 'slips,' or full-grown. We have known a match broken off, without the question ever being asked whether the young people's affections were engaged or not, only because the girl's father would not bestow a feather-bed on the young couple as a set-off against the "two-year-old" heifer which the boy's parent proposed to give. "See now, I wouldn't be putting betwixt them," said old Dennis; "but sorra a taste of your whisky shall pass my lips, barrin' ye' consint to put the bed agin the heifer; and only I have a grate regard for you and yours, Mr. Barney, Sir, it isn't only *that* I'd be asking. Johnny's a nate boy—not that I've a word to say against Nancy—but he's the sort of boy to have the pick of the fair." "I'm not denying it, Misther Dennis, he's a clever likely boy, though a little inclined to be foxy; but as to the bed, its clane out of the question. I don't say but if we're lucky with the ould pig that I won't halve the *bonneens** with them. Mary's a fine sonsy girl, with eyes to see, and a tongue in her head that would win the birds off the bushes." "She's been a good while batin' the bush then," rejoins Dennis, who is a regular '*hard* man,' and in no hurry to marry his son. "Mary's purty hardy†, but that's neither here nor there; I've nothing to say agin the dacent girl, only in regard of the two-year-ould

nearly thirty years. We may link with this an anecdote of one of the other sex. We know a widow, who is now about fifty years old; she has two daughters well provided for, and two sons who "help to keep the cabin over her." She was as susceptible as most of her countrywomen, and in her youth had a sweetheart. He was not, however, the choice of her parents, who married her to another—the ugliest man in the parish. We were once present when somebody asked her whether she was not crying the whole night of her marriage? The question brought out her natural eloquence.—"I was," she said, "I'm not ashamed to own it now; I was giving myself up to a man I didn't like, and I fond of another at the time. He was the ordinaryest man in the county; but I won't wrong him; he was a good husband to me, and nobody can say I wasn't a good wife to him, thank God! He was sickly for eleven years before he died; and all that time I didn't lay my side on a bed for three hours together, day nor night, besides having a family of four children to look after. He left me without the means of helping them, except by the work of these two hands. I brought them up, thank God, decently; nobody can say I didn't, and never asked a meal for them from any christian I didn't earn it from."

* Give half the litter of pigs—bonneens—boneveens—bonnifs—young pigs.

† Advanced in years.

beautiful heifer, it's small price I set upon her to be evenin' her to a bit of a feather bed!"—"Well, some people's unconscionable, but there's no harrum done;" &c., &c. And thus one cunning old fellow endeavours to outwit the other, without, as we have said, either consulting the affections of his child.

Instances of disobedience are rare amongst the peasantry; the love of the child towards the parent is almost invariably devoted, and a more bitter reproach cannot be cast upon a child than "She turned her back upon the mother that bore her," "She forgot the love of her father."* We remember in our childhood an old beggar-woman, who travelled from county to county with her mother on her back, and a little grandchild running by her side; the *very* old woman had lost the use of her limbs, and her face was furrowed by wrinkles; *one* of the links had been broken by an early death—the young child's mother died when she was only sixteen: it was a singular group, strongly evincing the power and durability of Irish affection.

We would not advocate disobedience in children towards their parents, but we grieve when parental authority is too harshly exercised. We ourselves knew an instance where a young girl, loved and admired by all who knew her, fell a victim to that species of domestic tyranny we desire to condemn; and the folly, or wickedness, of which we cannot better illustrate than by relating her story.

Jack Casey was a prosperous and wealthy farmer, but his neighbours called him 'hard and honest,' and certainly, whatever were his claims to the latter distinction, there could be no doubt as to his meriting the former. He had

* There are of course exceptions to this rule, but they are very rare. We may relate one of them.—A man of the name of Walsh, a small farmer who resided many years ago within a few miles of Waterford, had a son whom he reared up with the greatest care and tenderness; the young man was every way worthy, being sober, attentive, and industrious. On the marriage of the son to the daughter of a more wealthy farmer, the father, like another Lear, losing his prudence in his paternal affection, and hoping to raise his boy in the world, on the day of his marriage gave up the farm into his hands, and being a widower, became a willing dependent on the filial affection and gratitude he had never had the slightest reason to doubt. For some time things went on well; but as the old man every day became less useful, the son's wife, who was a woman of violent temper, and possessed high notions of her superior family connexions, took every opportunity to let the old man feel the state of dependence to which he in his simplicity had reduced himself. As her young family increased, she resolved to get rid of the old man, and made the house a scene of continual confusion. The poor old farmer saw all this with a sorrowful heart, and resolved to put an end to his son's unhappiness by "taking to the road,"—*i. e.* going begging. "God will give me enough while I live," said he; "I want but little, and He that feeds the sparrows will put it into the hearts of the good Christians to give me that little." The son remonstrated, the old man remained firm, and the daughter-in-law in her joy was not long before she began to provide a bag for him; the next morning was fixed on for his taking the road. The eldest child, a boy about seven years of age, seemed to be an indifferent observer of what was going forward. He sat in a corner sewing up his bib into a bag. "What are you doing, Showneen?" says the young farmer to the child. "*Making a bag for you to go beg—when you're as old as daddy.*" The son burst into tears and hung on the neck of the old man; and the daughter-in-law too was so moved, that she sank on her knees and asked forgiveness of God, her husband, and his father, for her undutiful hardness of heart.

two daughters, Anty and Honor; the eldest, a cheerful, sunny-hearted girl, the youngest, a gentle, beautiful creature four years younger. Anty had mirth and mischief enough in her composition to enliven half-a-dozen farms; she was the very consolation of her mother, who by some unexplained obtuseness of female intellect had never been able to discover her husband's weak points so as to turn them to domestic advantage; though married to him for twenty years, the poor woman had only become thoroughly acquainted with his obstinate ones, which she unfortunately strengthened by opposition. Anty, though afraid of her father, was the bird of his bosom—the peace-maker—the joy-giver—the harmony of the house, taking off the rough edges of unkindness by her sweet words and kindly manners, and being withal the gayest at the rustic dance, as well as the most devout at the parish chapel; her nature was warm and enthusiastic, and her mother, doubtless remembering her own young days, importuned the Virgin with many a prayer to 'overlook' her beloved Anastatia, and keep her from trouble. The poor woman for a long time believed her prayers were answered; but it so happened that a young farmer of a neighbouring parish was so captivated by Anty, that he took every opportunity of meeting her whenever her father was absent, well knowing that a sort of faction-feud which had existed for many years between the Coynes of Ballyduff, and the Caseys of Ballyran, of which each was a member, added to the impossibility of his telling down guinea for guinea with 'hard Jack Casey,' would effectually prevent the old man's favouring his suit; he trusted, however, to time—and chance—and "his luck" —the old man's love for his daughter—to all and everything in fact which lovers trust to, without looking closely into the future. To HOPE he trusted, believing it would do all for them both. Anty did not care whether her lover was a Casey or a Coyne; she loved him with all the enthusiasm of a young warm heart, and without inquiring of herself *why* she did so. From her mother, hitherto, she had never had a secret, but she had cherished a dangerous habit of evasion and concealment with her father, a habit which extreme sternness invariably originates, and the only person in her perfect confidence was her little sister Honor. Still, the knowledge that she was carrying on a clandestine courtship damped her spirits: instead of her voice echoing through the house in merry laughter, her very footsteps descended upon the floor as though she would not have them heard. If this absence and care of manner was at all noticed, she would atone for it by a burst of merriment too boisterous to be natural even in an Irish woman, or break into some of those wild snatches of song so characteristic of a people whose feelings are easily excited.

One clear moonlight night, Anty had met her lover at the old Tryst—a tree near to a Holy Well, under the shadow of which they had spent many hours together, talking over the various 'nothings' which time out of mind have made up the sum of lovers' 'somethings.'

"My heart misgives me, John," she said; "not so much on account of my father, for sure it wouldn't be possible to do anything with him—but my mother, John dear—my kind gentle mother, that I never told a lie to about any but you—that's what's grievin' me and making my heart heavy; and I'm thinking, John, no blessing will be over us this way; and the last time I was with the priest, he told me as much; and that's another thing, it has kept me from *my duty** lately; and John *agra*, maybe it would be better we unsaid the words that——"

Her lover would not permit her to finish the sentence. "Unsaid the words!" he repeated; "do you mean, Anty Casey, that we should unsay the promise we made kneeling by that blessed well, to each other, in the sight of God, with his stars looking down upon us; haven't we the same hearts in our breasts, the same feelings towards each other? the Coynes and the Caseys are not farther off than they were. At the very last fair-day, though hurling Casey dragged his coat through the fair-green, daring a Coyne to touch it, did I lift a finger to him? and for whose sake did I stand back, with the eyes of all my people on me, but for yours? And this is my thanks? Oh, Anty, I never thought it would come to this!" and he dashed himself passionately on the ground; while poor Anty, terrified at his vehemence, stood by trembling, not knowing how to appease his anger.

"John, dear, sure I hope for the best," she said at last while kneeling by his side, "it was for the best, I spoke, only to unsay the words, until such time as I could tell my mother the truth, and maybe bring my father to rason; he's bitther intirely lately on account of Jim Coyne of the mill's boast, that you heard of, and that stirred up all the bad blood of the family. And my mother, that seldom takes part in any thing, joined my father last night against every Coyne that ever broke the world's bread."

"And you agreed with her," again interrupted the impetuous young man, springing up, "you know you did, Anty, or you would not be for unsaying the words; it's all because hardship has weighed heavy on the Coynes, while the Caseys have got up in the world; but I care no more than you."

"But I *do* care, John; God, he sees my heart, for it's light to him; and he knows I would rather beg my bread with you through Ireland's ground this minute, than live in a palace with any other—and that's more," she added,

* Confession.

turning away her face, upon which the moon shone brightly, as if ashamed of the confession—" that's more almost than I ever dare own to myself before." Her lover pressed her to his bosom, and instead of 'unsaying' the words, they repeated their vows of mutual affection! kneeling before the cross which some pilgrim had carved ages ago upon the south side of the well; and was regarded with extreme veneration by the peasants—who mingle religion with the business of their lives;—some call it superstition, and so it is, to a certain extent, but still it proceeds from a 'looking upwards' at all times and under all circumstances—a firm belief in the omnipotence and omnipresence of the Creator; and a trust in Him, which never fails them, is never shaken, and seems to grow stronger the more they prove the instability of all worldly promises. And yet, when Anty returned home, her spirits were heavier than ever, and though her father was in excellent humour, she could hardly prevent tears from rising to, and overflowing, her eyelids.

"Anty, avourneen," he said, "put a brighter colour in yer cheek, and a finer polish on yer hair aginst this time to-morrow-night,—there's one will be here then that will be proud of ye, as well he may be,—and you of him; Anty, a cushla, I'm not going to keep my daughters moulding at home; hould up yer heads, girls, there's money bid for ye; the best in the counthry know there's something in Jack Casey's house besides smoke. Come, Honor, take the plate from yer sister, and get supper; we can't have her always, nor you either, little Honor, when yer time comes; a cushla machree, we'll have a bright house this time to-morrow, when Alick Cotter and his father's to the fore——."

"Anty, what ails you, agra!" inquired her mother: "Anty, my jewel; Anty, honey!—Oh, John, the life has left her; she's both cowld and heavy in my arms! Anty! mother's blessing! spake to me, darlint!" Anty had fainted on her mother's bosom.

"What ails her?" inquired her father, sternly, when she had somewhat recovered, "what ails her?"—

"A wakeness came over her," said Honor, tremblingly.

"I'll have no such wakenesses come over my girls," observed the old man, in a determined tone; "I'm not going to give them what I earned by the labour of my hands and the sweat of my brow, unless they plaze me in the only thing I want them to plaze me in."

"I want nothing from you father, dear," exclaimed Anty, falling at her father's feet; "I ask nothing but to be let remain here, to slave for you and my mother to the day of my death, if you'll not ask me to marry Alick Cotter—that's all—but I'll die first—I'll never say the words for him before

Priest or Bishop. Oh, father, sure you'll never crush the heart of your poor Anty."—A loud and angry scene followed, but Anty lacked courage to confess the truth:—errors in domestic management acquire fearful strength as they grow—and the first harshness—the first equivocation—the first duplicity—if not stifled in its birth, is certain to produce a base and powerful progeny.

The farmer was not to be turned from his determination. The next evening Alexander and his father arrived at Ballyran, where all was made ready to receive him; and Anty, in obedience to commands she had not the power to dispute, moved silently about the house, more changed in her appearance within twenty-four hours, than if ten years of ordinary existence had passed over her head.—After supper the two fathers sat at the table with the punch "screetching hot" between them, arguing stock against stock, advantage against advantage, guinea against guinea; while the lover, not consulted in any way in the transaction, was left, as was supposed, to make the best progress he could in the affections of his intended bride; in accordance with this design, he seated himself by her side on the 'settle' which was close to a wall that projects in Irish cottages before the door, so as to form a sort of screen to protect those who sit round the fire from draughts. He addressed the poor girl in the rural jargon of prescribed love-making, while her mother and sister were busied about the house. She listened to all he said as one who heard not; but on his endeavouring to kiss her, she sprang from her seat, and, casting a look of horror and disgust on the perplexed youth, rushed from the room;—while the fathers were so intent on their traffic as not to note the occurrence. Alick was sufficiently astonished to remain with his eyes fixed on the fire for some minutes, and then endeavoured to keep himself awake by setting the dog and cat to fight; a pastime they sometimes indulged in after the fashion of the master and mistress of the house, reversing, however, the finale, as the cat usually came off conqueror. This, however, was put an end to by "the misthress" throwing a pitcher of water over the combatants; and, being informed by Honor that "Anty was above in the room, and would not come down,"—the lover, imagining his duty ended, folded his arms, and fell asleep.

"And now, children," said John Casey, rising, at last, "and now, children, having settled this business to our entire satisfaction, it only remains for us to give ye' our blessin', and fix the day for his reverence to spake the words—but thunder and ages, Mr. Cotter, why, yer boy's fast asleep—and—Mitty—Honor—where's Anty?—where's Anty? I say." He continued furiously, stamping, while Honor and her mother, after telling, what they believed, that

she was "above in the room," shrank in affright before him, and young Cotter, roused at last, looked stupid and astonished, as sleepy-headed people do when suddenly awakened.

Anty was nowhere to be found; she had taken nothing with her; even her bonnet and cloak were in their accustomed places. Honor, as much terrified as her mother, at her absence, flew towards the well, the trysting-place, where she thought she might find her sister. She was followed by her father and young Cotter; it was a fine clear night, but the moon hardly showed above the horizon. "Ye needn't run so fast, Honor," said her father; "I found only this morning who she had fixed her mind on, and the message she sent to one who I'd rather see her a corpse at my feet than married to. And I fastened her pretty messenger in until this night was over, for he wouldn't tell me the rights of what she entrusted to him. No need to hurry, she'll be met at the well, but not by *him* she expected."

"Here she is, father, like a silver rod under the starlight; for the love of God, don't terrify the life out of her. Anty, I'm here," shouted Honor.

"To disgrace her family this way," muttered the old man between his clenched teeth, grasping his shillelah more tightly in his rigid hand, "to disgrace me and mine!" It would appear that Anty, not meeting her lover as she expected, saw who was coming, and knowing the stern violence of her father's nature, resolved, in a moment of desperation, that he should not overtake her. She flew like an antelope across the field.

"Father, father," exclaimed Honor, in irrepressible agony, "she's making for my aunt's house, and the foot-bridge is broke. Oh, father, the narrow strame is deep enough there to drown ten men.——Stand back, father; let me call." And she did—but in vain; Anty unconsciously rushed forward to her doom. They saw her on the very edge of the bank—and then she disappeared. Honor and the young man arrived almost together at the fatal spot; nor was old Casey far behind;—in an instant both the men had plunged into the dark water, from the broken edge of the frail bridge, which they had often talked about repairing. Once, while they were striving with the rapid stream, Honor saw, or fancied she saw, her sister far below where she stood. It might have been she—or the sudden brightness of the moon—she could not tell which. Had not her screams brought help, and speedily, Casey would have shared his daughter's fate;—Alick's arms were strong—and he was a good swimmer,—he dived moreover, and well—but brought nothing from below save the broad leaves of the water-lilies, which clung around him like a shroud. The next morning, the once light-hearted and joy-giving girl was found in a pool—about three hundred yards from where

the accident occurred—into which the eddy of the stream must have hurried her, even while the voices of her father and her sister were ringing in her ears. There she lay—as if asleep—one hand grasping a bunch of rushes, the other tangled in her hair. In death, she was even more beautiful than in life; and no one who looked upon ever forgot her;—bitter were the lamentations at her untimely end. The most celebrated *keener* in the country composed a *keen* expressly for her, calling her "The fair-haired girl of the clear stream;" "The white dove of the valley;" "The early blossom shaken from the bough by the north wind;" "The music of the waters;" and other epithets equally gentle and endearing. Her young companions kissed her in her shroud; and her broken-hearted lover presented himself at her wake; and after pouring a torrent of bitter reproaches upon the grey-haired old man, demanded the privilege of carrying her head, *i. e.* walking under the head of her coffin, to the grave. The Coynes mingled with the Caseys at this mournful funeral. The people call the pool the Grave of the Maid, or the Maiden's Grave, to this day. The village boy will not ply his idle business of angling in its waters, but cross himself, and pass on to another spot. Nor do the young even now deem it lucky to meet their sweethearts under the shadow of the well-tree. Coyne emigrated soon after; and a long, long time, elapsed before the bereaved parents were observed to go about their usual occupations. Time, however, though it does not obliterate, disperses, sorrow.

Honor grew in stature and in beauty, and the love of both father and mother twined close, and more closely, round their surviving child.

"I'm thinking," said the old man to his wife, "I'm thinking—don't let the little colour that the throuble has left there quit your ould face intirely, agra, whenever I'm going to spake to ye; but I *am* thinking that Honor has more than a mind to take up with young Lawrence Coyne." "Lord, save us!" muttered the old woman, laying down her knitting, and looking over her spectacles at her husband, while she trembled violently at what might follow. "I'm sure of it; my ears hear nothing but her step and her voice, and the study of my life is to try to see into her heart"—he paused—"if it is so," he continued, "and I know it is, I'll not put against it," (his wife clasped her hands in silent thankfulness,) "I'll never put against it, even if it broke my heart; though the spirit's going out of the factions, and the boys are forgetting their *ould* ways, and born foes are dying friends; still a Coyne's a Coyne, and a Casey's a Casey; but I'll not put against it either for the sake of the dead or the living; if Jack Casey's heart was hard, it has had enough to soften it; and you, my poor woman," he added,

with the touching emotion of a stern man, the more powerful, from being so seldom excited, "you have had enough to break yours, poor Mitty! *you* war young and handsome—so like HER when I had you first—and you bore that thrial without ever throwing one reproach in my face—or meetin' me once, even once, with a could look, though *I murdered your child!*" The old man laid his furrowed brow upon the faded cheek of his loving wife, and their tears mingled together.

"It was her hard fortune, John, dear; it was the will of God; and she's one of the bright angels long ago. I often think, and I laying awake in the night, I often think what a time it will be when we see her in glory! But don't give way, John, agra. Sure it was the will of God."

"Not it," he exclaimed, starting up; "it was the wilfulness of man, that flew in the Lord's face."

"Whisht, whisht, Alana machree, and don't be talking such wild words that's enough to lift the roof of the house—it *was* the will of God, avourneen! and that's my great comfort—His holy will be done!" And she covered her face with her hands and rocked herself backwards and forwards, while her husband paced up and down to subdue his emotion.

"Well!" he said at last, "but about Honor. Lawrence isn't a bad boy for a Coyne; though he has nothing but his hands an' his heart."

"Many an Irish boy has made great way intirely in the world with no more."

"I can't take what we've got out of the world," said the man, his old *hardness* dictating an apology for his present liberality.

"And if you could, dear, sure it wouldn't be any use!"

"You may tell Honor—that—she may ask Lawrence Coyne here—or, do you do it; that will be better—he's a good boy, though a Coyne; one can't go past luck, and so—a Coyne must be in the family—that's sartin—his house can be mended with the thrifle she'll have at first, and in God's name, let him take home his bride—let him take home his bride—better *he* should take her home than death, Mitty. We know that the *ould* man must part with his money—better his money than his child, you know; and they'll be *convanient*, not far away from us in our *ould* age—there's no going past luck—a Coyne and a Casey, in these times!" And so he muttered to himself, and walked up and down long after his wife had hastened to communicate the tidings to Honor, who could hardly believe it possible that the good news was true, and that she was at liberty to make her own choice.

In the early part of the next spring, a group—similar in character to that we have pictured—was seen passing along the road leading from Ballyran

to Ballyduff: the bride was 'bringing home' to her husband's house, followed by her aged parents and the blessings of her people.

About three or four miles east of Kenmare are the copper and lead mines of the "Kenmare Mining Association;" the former at Ardtully, the royalty belonging to J. D. Croker, Esq. (but the property is at present in dispute), the latter on the estate of the Marquis of Lansdowne at Shonagarry. They have been three years at work, but with limited success; a shipload of seventy-eight tons had been just sent off to Swansea; we have not been able to ascertain the price it brought. It is a peacock ore; the principal shaft has been sunk seventeen or eighteen fathoms; and a steam-engine was erecting to facilitate the progress of the work. The mines give employment to about 120 persons, nearly the whole of whom are Irish. The lead mine we were satisfied to inspect only on the surface; the copper mine we descended, accompanied by the captain, Thomas. The levels extend from east to west above sixty fathoms; the vein is generally about five feet wide, part in a bed of limestone, and part in a stone of much softer character. The land-carriage is three miles; but where man and horse labour are cheap, this is no material drawback, the cost of transfer to the quay being somewhat less than 2*s*. per ton.

The road from Kenmare to Killarney, for the first five miles, possesses little to interest; it is nearly due north; but before entering on this road a deviation to the west will conduct the traveller to many objects of considerable beauty. A mile or two from the town are the ancient ruins of Dunkerron castle, once the hospitable seat of the O'Sullivan Mor; and Cappanacuss, another shattered castle of the same family. Farther on, the river Blackwater flows into the bay; the adjacent scenery is highly picturesque; the river rushes through a deep ravine, the steep sides of which are thickly wooded. Its source is a small dark lake among the Dunkerron mountains; and near its mouth it is crossed by a bridge of two lofty arches, passing over a chasm of great depth.

Twelve miles to the west, the antiquary may obtain one of the rarest treats which the country supplies, by visiting, on the verge of the coast, the

singular fort of Staigue, or Staigue-an-ar, "the staired place of slaughter." It is a circular stone structure, standing on a hill, within a deep hollow, formed by surrounding mountains, and open only on the south, to the sea. The periphery is divided into ten compartments of steps or seats, ascending to the top; the whole surrounded on the outside by a moat twenty-six feet wide and six feet in depth. Mr. Windele considers it "a remain of the primitive Cyclopean or Pelasgico-Irish architecture, used in the early fortresses of Ireland, and indifferently called 'Cahir,' 'Boen,' and 'Caisiol.'" Vallancey has pronounced it to be a Phœnician amphitheatre, and describes it as unique. But since his time, many other erections of a similar kind, or varying from it in no essential points, have been discovered in various parts of the island, and in this district in particular.

The new road to Killarney is one of the best roads of the kingdom, and the surveyor who laid it down should receive a passing benediction from the lips of every traveller; the old road which lay between Mangerton and Torc is now completely deserted. The present course leads for some miles along a range of hills which overlook the Upper Lake. For a considerable space the eye and heart are cheered and invigorated by a striking contrast to the wildness of the barren hills and rushy valleys —the grandeur and beauty of the scene gradually expand, the foliage becomes thicker and more varied, as he advances; and, at length, when he has passed "the Tunnel" cut through a huge rock, the whole glory of the lake bursts upon him. It is the foretaste of a banquet, abundant, healthful, and delicious.

The Lakes of Killarney are three in number; the Upper Lake, the Torc (or Middle) Lake, and the Lower Lake: these we shall endeavour to describe, with the islands, and other attractive objects, they contain; and, afterwards, such matters of interest and importance as are to be encountered in their immediate neighbourhood.

The Upper Lake is the first at which the traveller arrives, if he journey from Kenmare; but the last to be examined, if his starting-point be the town of Killarney*. It is the smallest of the three, and much narrower than either of the others; but for grace and beauty, and all that makes the scene attractive, we cannot class it below them. It is situated in the midst of an amphitheatre of mountains; the effect of which is considerably heightened by the comparatively limited space the lake occupies. From the police station (marked on the map) the best view will be obtained.

The tourist on approaching the lakes of Killarney is, at once, struck by the peculiarity and the variety of the foliage in the woods that clothe the hills by which on all sides they are surrounded. The effect produced is novel, striking, and beautiful; and is caused chiefly by the abundant mixture of the tree-shrub (*Arbutus Unedo*†) with the forest-trees. The Arbutus grows in rich profusion in nearly all parts of Ireland; but nowhere is it found of so large a size, or in such rich luxuriance, as at Killarney. The extreme western position, the mild and humid atmosphere, (for, in Ireland, there is fact as well as fancy in the poet's image,

> "Thy suns with doubtful gleam
> Weep while they rise,")

and the rarity of frosts, contribute to its propagation, and nurture it to an enormous growth, far surpassing that which it attains in any part of Great Britain; although, even at Killarney, it is never of so great a size as it is found clothing the sides of Mount Athos. In Dinis Island there is one, the stem of which is seven feet in circumference, and its height is in proportion, being equal to that of an ash-tree of the same girth which stands near it; and on Rough Island, opposite O'Sullivan's cascade, there is another, the circumference of which is nine feet and a half. Alone, its character is not picturesque: the branches are bare, long, gnarled, and crooked; presenting in its wild state a remarkable contrast to its trim, formal, and bush-like figure in our cultivated gardens. Mingled with other trees, however, it is exceedingly beautiful; its bright green leaves happily

* The tourist, to whom time is an object, should take a guide from Kenmare; he will then be made familiar with every object of interest and importance before he arrives either at Cloghreen or Killarney, and not find it necessary to retrace his steps. He may also visit the Torc Waterfall on his way, and also Mucross Abbey. The journey from Kenmare, and the examination of these two places, may be easily accomplished in one day.

† Pliny says it is called "Unedo" because, having eaten one, you will never desire to eat another. It is said, however, that an agreeable wine is made from the berry in the south of Europe.

MAC GILLYCUDDY'S REEKS, AND THE UPPER LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

mixing with the light, or dark, drapery of its neighbours—the elm and the ash, or the holly and yew, with which it is almost invariably intermixed. It strikes its roots apparently into the very rocks—thus filling up spaces that would otherwise be barren spots in the scenery. Its beautiful berries, when arrived at maturity, are no doubt conveyed by the birds, who feed upon them, to the heights of inaccessible mountains, where they readily vegetate in situations almost destitute of soil*. Its most remarkable peculiarity is, that the flower (not unlike the lily-of-the-valley) and the fruit—ripe and unripe—are found at the same time, together, on the same tree. The berry has an insipid though not an unpleasant taste, is nearly round, and resembles in colour the wood-strawberry; whence its common name—the Strawberry-tree. It appears to the greatest advantage in October, when it is covered with a profusion of flowers in drooping clusters, and scarlet berries of the last year; and when its gay green is strongly contrasted with the brown and yellow tints which autumn has given to its neighbours. It is said that, although now found universally in Ireland, and more especially in the counties of Cork and Kerry, it is not a native of the soil, but was introduced into the country by Spanish monks†.

While upon this subject, it will be well to notice another remarkable botanical production to be met with in the immediate vicinity of Killarney.

The Bristle Fern (*Trichomanes speciosum*) is peculiar to Ireland, and has

* A worthy gentleman with whom we conversed in reference to this peculiarity, committed a genuine bull: "If you go to Killarney, 'tis there you'll see NATURE—*the trees growing* out of the solid rock."

† On this point, however, botanists are much divided in opinion. We have had opportunities of consulting two of the most eminent in Ireland. By one we are told, "There is not the least doubt of its being truly indigenous, for it is found growing on the wild declivities of Glengariff, and bordering many of the little mountain loughs in the remote parts of Kerry, which still remain in a state of almost primitive nature." By the other, we are informed, "Touching the Arbutus, my opinion is, that although now growing spontaneously around Killarney, particularly on limestone, and what is termed red talcose slate, yet I am inclined to think it not strictly a native, but introduced from Spain by the monks. Innisfallen in the sixth century was a place of great wealth; numerous and valuable presents were constantly contributed to it; and the stranger monks procured from their own countries whatever would prove useful, either medicinally, culinary, or ornamental. Consequently, some of our rarest plants are found in the vicinity of these religious buildings."

not hitherto been discovered either in England, Scotland, or Wales. It

is described by Edward Newman, Esq. F.L.S., in his elegant and interesting "History of British Ferns," as growing luxuriantly at Glandine, near Youghal, and at Torc Waterfall, Killarney; but it seems questionable whether it has ever been found in any other part of the island; and it appears limited even in the vicinity of the lakes to this single locality*. "I visited the waterfalls," he says, "all round Killarney, but without success; and it was only at the often-recorded habitat of Torc that I found the slightest trace of Trichomanes." He perceived it to the left of the seat, whence tourists take the grand view of the fall; completely clothing the rocky bank—the dark green fronds hanging heavily down, dripping with wet; and if the sun is shining, begemmed with drops, it is a beautiful sight.

The guide—an old soldier of the 89th regiment of foot—who has exclusive jurisdiction over the waterfall, is not a little proud of the distinction it enjoys, and described to us with kindred enthusiasm the delight of Mr. Newman, on discovering the treasure he had so long and vainly sought. The naturalist literally danced with joy, and gave vent to his ecstacy in a loud halloo that was heard above the roar of the cataract. The veteran has,

* A correspondent informs us, however, that since the publication of Mr. Newman's book, "At Mount Eagle, seven miles from Dingle, the most western highland in the county, the rare *Trichomanes speciosum* was found in the chasm of a moist but exposed cliff, unprotected by brushwood, and at a much greater elevation than the sheltered and shaded locality of these beautiful ferns at Torc."

however, since grown so chary of his wealth, that he bestows a leaf only as a mark of peculiar favour, and is careful never to pluck one while any of the regular guides are by, that the secret of the mine may not be communicated to many, and its riches be exhausted by continual robberies of the curious or the careless;—a very wise precaution, of which, particularly as it was not exerted to our prejudice, we can in no degree disapprove.

The exceedingly beautiful road, we have described, led us—after a course of five or six miles along the shores of the Upper Lake—to the pretty little inn at Cloghreen, immediately facing the entrance gate to Mucross. "The Mucross Hotel," kept by Edward Roche, is a long narrow building, with but one story above the ground floor—it is constructed with due care to comfort and convenience, and contains a large number of rooms. The situation is peculiarly eligible—lying almost at the foot of Mangerton, close to the Torc Waterfall, and almost adjoining the Abbey. It does not, however, from any point, command a view of the lakes. Mr. Roche is unremitting in his attentions to his guests, and is not unfrequently their guide, or their pilot, among the adjacent wonders. The servants, too, are active, civil, and obliging; the head waiter, in especial, merits a compliment from us—he was ever at hand when wanted, always ready with a word of caution, or a sentence of advice, yet never intruding either; and he contributed largely to the many sources of enjoyment the pretty and unpretending inn supplied. The "charges" for "entertainment" at this fashionable resort of persons who have no immediate or pressing thought of economy were absolutely startling, and may be added to the novelties, as well as the recommendations, of the scene*.

* It was certainly not very difficult to content us with "creature comforts" when so many means of obtaining intellectual feasts were within our reach; but if we had been less easily satisfied, we could in no way complain of the "table" furnished by Mr. Roche; everything was good, and everything abundant. Our readers—such, at least, as have located at any fashionable English watering-place—will therefore share our surprise at perusing the bill laid before us; we extract the items for one day:—

	s.	*d.*
Two Breakfasts	3	0
Two Dinners	4	0
Pint of Wine	2	0
Two Teas	2	0
Bed	1	6
	12	6

The moderate tourist may consequently calculate his necessary expenses at Killarney at something less than seven shillings *per diem*. The only charge of which he will complain is that for the hire of a boat—sixteen shillings; it includes, however, the dinners of five men. The charge for a pony to Mangerton or "the Gap" is five shillings. Mr. Roche is amply supplied with good boats and sure-footed ponies, with careful men and boys in abundance.

Travellers who prefer state to quiet, may take up their abode at "the Royal Victoria Hotel," kept by Mr. Finn, for many years landlord of "the Kenmare Arms," in the town of Killarney. The charges here

Our first duty after our arrival, was to select "a guide."

Irish guides are, as our readers will imagine, the most amusing fellows in the world; always ready to do anything, explain any matter, go anywhere—for if the tourist proposes a trip to the moon, the guide will undertake to lead the way—"Bedad he will, wid all the pleasure in life." They are invariably heart-anxious to please; sparing no personal exertion; enduring willingly the extreme of fatigue; carrying as much luggage as a pack-horse; familiar, but not intrusive; never out of temper; never wearied of either walking or talking; and, generally full of humour. They enliven the dreariest road by their wit, and are, of course, rich in old stories; some they hear, others they coin, and, occasionally, make a strange hodge-podge of history—working a volume of wonders out of a solitary fact. If they sometimes exact more than is in "the bond," they do it with irresistible suavity; the guides of all countries extort; the Irish guide does so only by—"laving it to your honour."

The car-driver we hired in Cork was sober, civil, thoughtful, and attentive not only to our directions, but to our comforts. "If yer honour will change sides with the lady she'll not feel the hill wind so keen," or "Shall I face about, that ye may have a sight of the view? I can turn first this side, then that; for it's aqual both sides, though different." John soon ascertained that we were view-hunters; and, though he certainly had no taste for the picturesque, he was most anxious to minister to ours. He got on very well until he arrived at Glengariff, but John's knowledge of roads extended no farther; the consequence was a hint that a guide would be an acquisition to our party, and it was taken. We selected one who recommended himself as "the boy to run aside or afore the horse to keep his spirit up—and was as light of foot as of heart." When the lad received his appointment he was surrounded by half a score of competitors, all highly lauding themselves and disparaging their rivals; the moment he was fixed in office, however, they warmly congratulated him and us:—"Yer honour's lucky to have the smartest boy in the barony," said one; "He's as good as a road-book for the curosities," quoth another; while a third half whispered "It'll be worth yer ladyship's while to be lost in a mountain, or stuck in a bog, to see the cuteness of Rody." Rody commenced duty at once by ordering the crowd round our car to keep back, in a tone of official importance; and as one woman with a fish-basket was

exceed those at the Mucross Hotel; but it is a very splendid establishment, and may vie, both in external appearance, as well as in the costly character of its interior, with any hotel at Brighton or Cheltenham. Moreover, the situation is perhaps unrivalled in the kingdom; it is about a mile and a half from the town—we have marked its locality on the map—the adjoining grounds are exceedingly beautiful: it skirts the lower lake, commands a fine view of Ross and Innisfallen, of the ever-green hills that form their background, and the most distant mountains.

rather troublesome, he exclaimed "Be off wid ye, Biddy Brady, sure the lady knows that the grandfathers of all the Bantry cockles were reared upon Frinchmen."

Rody was a famous example of his class—the boy-guides; shrewd and intelligent; while the racy spirit of the mountain animated his expressive features. Sometimes he would grasp the back step of the car and run behind it, kicking out, every now and then; and, when a little more familiar, indulging the genuine Irish propensity of asking questions either of us or of John. Once, when we had not seen him for some minutes, we looked through the front windows, and perceived him coiled up on the horse's shoulders, perched like an imp, and grinning with mischievous delight, inasmuch as he had succeeded in persuading our innocent driver that a "tunder storm was on to'der side de mountain," and would blow us all up, if it met us—"lonesome like." He told us his father "could talk Latin wid a priest; he was a Kerry boy; indeed, he'd bate any one at Irish history, and could tell de battle of Ventry harbour out of de face, widout looking into a book at all at all." He himself had "walked tree mile to school, and tree back over de mountain—and to a fine scholar, able to tache Greek to de schoolmaster of de Nashanol School —indeed he wanted to be a poor scholar himself, and travel de country for his edication; but wouldn't like to be a priest."—"Why?"—Rody did not answer at first, but looked sly and shy; at last, when pressed very much, he confessed that "indeed he mightn't be comfortable widout a wife!" Information as to his own personal affairs was interspersed with sundry "speerings" with regard to our objects and occupations. We had "a power and all of books —he'd engage we had fine larnin'"—and then he gave us the names of every mountain-pass and stream; exchanged laughing salutations with the few we met; and told John a wonderful story of a "lady who walked the tunnel ladin' into the Kingdom of Kerry, sometimes wid a head and sometimes widout one;" adding a divertissement, apparently for his own amusement, of a "Cork boy," a stranger, who entered the tunnel a "fine hearty boy, and came out to'der side *eat all to de legs.*" "Lord save us," ejaculated John, "and is that true?" "Why den," replied the Kerry scout, drawing himself up in his rags, which were kept together by a sort of invisible machinery that we could not comprehend; "De ye think it's imposin' on ye I'd be? Sure de legs do be walkin' all alone by demselves, in de sight of one's eyes, over de mountains." "Did *you* ever see them?" inquired John, with the air of a man determined to probe truth itself to the bottom;—"Look at de eagle! Look at de eagle!" shouted our guide. "Hoora for de eagle!" and he sprang upon a projecting rock, where he continued jumping upwards and tossing his arms

in the air, calling to the noble bird, who sailed majestically over our heads without an effort, "to let de wran out from under his wing," until we lost sight of both eagle and guide. "That's a never-may-care sort of *sprissawneen* as ever I met with in all my travels," said John, touching his hat, after jogging on quietly for about a quarter of a mile; "and now he's off, and there's the only bothering corner we've come to yet—a cross road—the baste himself doesn't know which to take, on account he was never this way before. I'm thinking we pickt the crooked stick out of the lot of them, for guides." "I'm not as crooked as your own eyes, Johnny from Cork!" exclaimed the boy, apparently rising from the morass that extended along the road: "for here I am, and here's for the lady"—he placed a bunch of rushes, in all the downy beauty of their seed, upon the cushion, and selecting one, blew off the down, which floated away like a small flake of snow—"De girls below in de glin, call it 'light o' love,'" he said, laughing, "and more call it a rush*!"

The night did not overtake us on the mountain, though a growling thunder-cloud, scattering a few drops of heavy rain, rattled past, and made us thankful for the shelter of a mighty rock. Rody crouched under the horse, and when we reached the pleasant and improving inn at Kenmare, and dismissed the glen-boy, he took our gratuity with manifest delight and gratitude, though John afterwards declared "He bothered the life out of himself and the horse intirely, with his mighty quare ways."

We have encountered guides in various parts of Ireland; the neat, orderly legend gatherer of the noble ruin of Carrig-a-gunnel, near Limerick; the pretty, barefooted, blithesome maiden at the Abbeys of Adare, who turned us over to a game-keeping man, because, "in troth, her feet were *tinder*, so she couldn't keep on the shoes all that morning;" the stout dame at Blarney, who, with all her veneration for her kind and lawful Priest, was not over well pleased to see him do the honours of the lake, the rock-close, and the very top of the castle; hinting, more than once, that "his Reverence, dear gentleman, had a dale too much larnin' to be showing ould castles, and keepin' all the talk to himself, God bless him for a fine portly man;" the withered, keen-eyed guide at the glorious rock of Cashel, who talked of Walter Scott, and Miss Edgeworth; pointing to where the true patriots of Scotland and Ireland had paused, and praised the ruin, every stone of which was dear to the old man's heart; the woman at Holy-cross, with her "black bitter curse" on the

* We have seen scores upon scores of bogs looking like waving fields of snow, from the immense quantity of this beautiful down, which floats its own seed over the earth. It contrasts so well with the dark earth and still darker mountains. The people sometimes gather it for *quilting*, that is, to use as we use wadding. We thought that a little ingenuity might convert it to a more beneficial purpose.

soldiers who "batthered" to pieces the finest monument of the ruin; the innumerable guides at the caves of Mitchelstown, seeming compounded of yellow clay, tallow candles, and rosin—all talking at the same time, chattering, and shouting, and scrambling, and inventing, as if invention could add to the magical beauty and mystery of these extraordinary caverns; the ranting, roaring guide at Glendalough, who tells you in the tone of a Stentor, that "he lost his voice shouting agin the waterfalls, and the false guides, that would be taking the bit out of his mouth, and he the only legal guide of the counthry," and who makes it his boast that he can "invint overnight ould ancient legends enough to intertain the quality a whole summer's day."

But our especial business, now, is with the Killarney guides, and truly their name is 'Legion;' every child, boy or girl, from the time it is able to crawl over the door-step, seems to have a strong natural instinct to become a guide—to climb, or rather trot up, Mangerton, round the Devil's Punch-Bowl, or, what is still worse for the traveller, disturb the solemnity of the Eagle's Nest, when it reverberates to Spillanes' bugle, by the piping treble of their importunities that you will drink goat's milk fresh from the—cow—taste poteen, or eat wild strawberries *.

As we have said, immediately on our arrival at Cloghreen, we proceeded to appoint our "body-guard;" and, our purpose being known, a score of candidates for the anticipated honour and emolument, presented themselves, chattering eagerly outside the gate of the garden of our hotel. They were, as we found invariably, of all sizes and ages—eager to display their accomplishments, and set themselves off to the best advantage. "I was with the man that was with Sir Walter Scott and Misther Moore himself, ye'r honour. To say

* It is deplorable to see the hundreds of beggars and "guides" that infest this most exquisite scenery. We hope the time is almost come when they can shelter and feed beneath a roof; but last summer it was painful to see mothers of families, attended by their children, well-grown, handsome girls, and fine young men, wasting the entire day in moving up and down Mangerton with a cup of milk, a leaf of strawberries, or a couple of table-spoonfuls of whiskey; and worst of all, satisfied with the donation of a penny, or even a half-penny to each, for the expenditure of time which, in any other country under the sun, would have produced ten times the sum. "It's twice this blessed day I've been up to the top of Mangerton, and see, there's all I got to take home to a starving mother and a blind sister," said a fine-looking girl of seventeen, while leaning against the garden-wall of the pretty hotel at Cloghreen, running her finger listlessly round the edge of the cup she dangled by the broken handle, and tossing three halfpence about in it. "And why don't you stay at home and knit or work?" was the natural observation. "I do knit, ma'am, and my mother mends my bits of rags, and my sister, God help her, begs betimes, and cries always; the only chances we have, is when the quality comes among us." It is vain to preach industry—that meets with no pay, or to tell people not to beg who are starving; we return again and again and again to the regret that the legislature has not devised some means of employment and relief for this fine and superabundant population. We do not ask charity, we only ask, for them, employment; employment which the waste lands, the extensive fisheries, the rivers, that expend to no purpose their thousand horse-power in turbulence and foam, could supply.

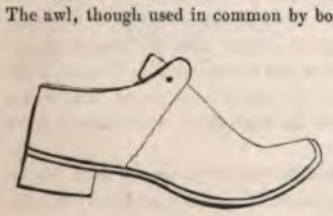
Before we proceed to visit the Upper Lake—to which we shall first conduct the reader—it will be desirable to lay before him a brief history of the most interesting and the most celebrated portion of Ireland—a scene which far surpasses, in natural beauty, aught that nature has supplied elsewhere in Great Britain; for, with scarcely an exception, the devoted worshippers of Loch Katrine and the fervid admirers of the northern English lakes have yielded the palm to those of Killarney; some, however, having qualified the praise they bestow upon "the Pride of Ireland," by admitting only that "the three lakes, considered as one—which they may naturally be, lying so close to each other—are, together, more important than any *one* of the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland*." A glance at the map will show that the three are separated but by very narrow channels; and that two of them have scarcely any perceptible division. They have, nevertheless, very distinctive characteristics: the Lower Lake is studded with islands, all richly clothed with evergreens; the Upper Lake is remarkable for its wild magnificence, the mountains completely enclosing it; and the Middle Lake is conspicuous

fong for use. When the sole is formed to the last and the upper leathers put together, the workmen do not attach them on the last to each other for the purpose of sewing, as the shoemaker does, but, laying the upper leather on his knee, he takes the sole, in which he has made a groove or channel to facilitate him in taking a hold for his sewing, turns down the edge, and placing it in the upper leather, begins usually at the heel part. He takes his hold not in a straight line, but puts his awl in a diagonal direction, and follows his stitch in this manner ΛΛΛΛΛ so that a section of the seam would present this appearance. When the sewing is performed, and the seam pared level and hammered flat on the block, which stands in the middle of the workshop, and serves as a lapstone, the brogue is then turned inside out by the help of a long iron bar of from eighteen to twenty inches, with one end flattened, which they call "a spoon." This instrument serves the purpose of a long slick, or slicker, to harden and polish their work. When the brogue is turned, it is flattened by striking it against the block, and then, for the first time, the last is put into it. The brogue is then slicked all over, upper as well as sole, with the handle part of the spoon, and then set before the fire to dry and harden. The heel of the brogue is made of what they call "jumps," tanner's shavings stuck together with a kind of paste, and pressed hard, and dried either in the sun or before the fire. This, when properly dried, is cut to the size of the heel and sewed down with the fong and then covered with a top-piece of very thin sole leather fastened on with deal or sally pegs, and in this one particular they had to boast over the shoemakers in the neatness of execution. When the brogue is ready to be taken off the last, they give it the last finish by rubbing it over with a woollen rag, saturated in tallow, called a "gerrag," then the brogue is considered fit for sale. The brogue is worn larger than the foot, and the difference is filled up with a sap of hay or straw. They are considered by the country people more durable for field labour, being less liable to rip in the sewing than if put together with hemp and wax; and being cheaper than shoes, are in more general use, although there are few people, particularly females, who can afford it, who do not keep shoes for Sunday and holiday wear. The brogue is designated by the appellation "*brogue gailoch;*" the shoe "*brogue goulda;*" and the makers of each have the same distinctive names: "*gracy gailoch*" being the term applied to the brogue maker, and "*gracy goulda*" to the shoemaker, marking the distinction between the original Irish shoe and the one of English introduction. The brogue makers pride themselves on the antiquity of their trade; and boast over the shoemakers, whom they consider only a spurious graft on their more noble art.

* Such is the admission of Mr. Wordsworth in a letter we have had the honour to receive from him on the subject; and he adds, "I have more than once expressed an opinion that the county of Kerry, so nobly indented with bays of the Atlantic Ocean, and possessing a climate so favourable for vegetation, along with its mountains and inland waters, might without injustice be pronounced in point of scenery the finest portion of the British Islands."

giving his "veritable portraiture," carrying the portfolio of Mr. R. D. Tongue—the artist—by whom he has been accurately pictured. Note his peculiar hat—not quite a "caubeen," although the mountain blasts have materially changed its shape since it was "a bran-new beaver;" his small keen grey eyes; his "loose" good-natured mouth—that pours forth in abundance courteous, if not courtly, phrases; and pronounces scraps of French with the true pronunciation of an actual native—of Kerry; for Sir Richard having mixed in good society, "parley-voos" as well as bows with the grace of a travelled gentleman. His coat was certainly not made by a Stultz, nor his brogue* by a Hoby; but the frieze suits well with his healthy and sun-burnt countenance, and the shoes are a fitting match for the sturdy limbs that have borne him a thousand times up the steep and high mountain of Mangerton.

* The "brogue," or shoe, of the Irish peasantry differs in its construction from the shoe of any other country. It was formerly made of untanned hide, but for the last century at least it has been made of tanned leather. The leather of the uppers is much stronger than what is used in the strongest shoes, being made of cow-hide dressed for the purpose, and it never has an inside lining like the ordinary shoe; the sole leather is generally of an inferior description. The process of making the brogue is entirely different from that of shoe-making; and the tools used in the work, excepting the hammer, pinchers, and knife, bear little analogy. The awl, though used in common by both operators, is much larger than the largest used by the shoemaker, and unlike in the bend and form. The regular brogue was of two sorts—the single and double pump. The former consisted of the sole and uppers only; the latter had a welt sewed between the sole and upper leather, which gave it a stouter appearance and stronger consistency. In modern times the brogue maker has assimilated his manufacture to the shoe by sewing the welt on an inner sole, and then attaching the outer sole to it in shoe fashion. In the process of making the regular brogue, there formerly were neither hemp, wax, or bristles used by the workman, the sewing all being performed with a thong, or, as they called it, a "fong," made of horsehide prepared for the purpose; and it was no mean part of the art, the cutting and pointing the



for a happy mingling of both—yet inferior to the one in grace and beauty, and to the other in majestic grandeur.

The romantic beauties of the Killarney lakes were celebrated ages ago; in a very ancient poem they are classed as "the tenth wonder" of Ireland. The Irish name is Loch Lene—"the Lake of Learning," according to some authorities—a name by which it is still recognised among the peasantry, and which it is presumed to have derived from the number of "bookish monks" by whom its monasteries of Innisfallen, Mucross, and Aghadoe were at one time crowded. The lakes are formed and supplied by numerous minor lakes that exist in the surrounding mountains, and may be described as an immense reservoir for the several rivers that also flow into them, having received on their way the waters of innumerable tributary streams. The only outlet for the waters thus collected is the narrow and rapid river Laune, a channel along which they proceed to the Atlantic through the beautiful bay of Dingle. The origin of these lakes—covering an extensive valley—is, therefore, self-evident; but fiction has assigned to them one of a far less obvious nature; for, as will be readily supposed, the scene is full of wild legends and marvellous traditions, harmonising with the poetical character of the locality.

The legends which account for the existence of the lakes vary in some respects; but all have one common source—the neglecting to close the entrance to an enchanted fountain, which caused an inundation, and covered, in a single night, fair and fertile fields, and houses and palaces, with water. One of them attributes the misfortune to the daring impiety of an O'Donoghue, who, full of scepticism—and wine, scorned the tradition which doomed to destruction the person who should displace the stone over the well-head, and resolved to expose its falsity, by removing it to his castle: his subjects, with whom his word was law, awaited the result in fear and trembling—all but his favourite jester, who fled to the summit of a neighbouring mountain. When the morning sun broke, he looked down into the valley and saw nothing but a broad sheet of water. Another legend throws the responsibility of the awful event on a fair young peasant girl, who was wont to meet her lover—a stranger ignorant of the mystic spell—by the fountain-side: one night they were lulled to sleep by the music of its flow; at day-break the girl awoke screaming "The well! the well!" It was too late; the water was rushing forth, and overtook them as they ran. They were drowned, and involved in their fate the inhabitants of the whole district *.

* There are many other lakes in Ireland that have originated in similar accidents; that of Loch Neagh has been made familiar to English readers by the great Irish poet—who commemorates

"The long-faded glories they cover."

Six centuries back, the tradition was related by Geraldus Cambrensis; which Holinshed repeats. "There was,"

The legends all agree, however, that the men and women who then peopled the lovely valley did not perish, but still exist beneath the lake; where the O'Donoghue continues to lord it over his people; living in his gorgeous palace, surrounded by faithful friends and devoted followers, and enjoying the delights of feasting, dancing, and music, as fully as he did upon the dry land. Many a time and oft, as by the banks of the lake

> "The fisherman strays
> When the clear cold eve's declining,
> He sees the round towers of other days
> In the wave beneath him shining."

The confirmation of the story, does not rest upon proofs so slender as the sight of palaces under water; many living men having—as we shall presently show—not only seen the chieftain during his brief walks or rides upon earth, but actually visited him in his own magnificent halls, and partaken of his boundless hospitality.

The name of O'Donoghue is so closely associated with Killarney, and has been so frequently referred to by writers who have visited the lakes, that, perhaps, no Irish legend is so familiar to the English reader. Wander where you will in this delicious neighbourhood—either up the mountain, along the valleys, upon the water, or in any one of the islands, you are sure to find some object connected with it; every rock of unusual form is forced into an illustration of the story; the guides and boatmen will point out to the tourist O'Donoghue's horse, O'Donoghue's prison, his stable, his library, his pigeon-house, his table, his cellar, his honeycombs, his pulpit, and his broom; and almost on the summit of lofty Mangerton, a huge stone is described as the shaft of his jaunting-car, which he broke one night returning from a revel with the arch-enemy, who, to give a fitting reception to his gallant guest, had filled for that night the "Devil's Punch-Bowl" with the genuine dew of the mountain. Scores of the peasantry may be encountered who have as firm a belief in the existence of the spirit-chieftain as they have in their own; and we have met with persons of education who do not hesitate to express their opinion as to the truth of his periodical appearance.

says Holinshed, "in old time, where the pool now standeth, vicious and beastlie inhabitants. At which time was there an old saw, that as soone as a well there springing (which for the superstitious reverence they bare it was continuallie covered and signed) were left open and unsigned, so soone would so much water gush out of that well as would forthwithe overwhelme the whole territorie. It happened, at length, that an old trot came thither to fetch water, and hearing her childe whine, she ran with might and maine to dandle her babe, forgetting the observance of the superstitious order tofore used. But as she was returning backe, to have covered the spring, the land was so farre overflown as that it passed hir helpe; and shortly after, she, hir suckling, and all those that were within the whole territorie, were drowned; and this seemeth to carrie more likelihood with it, because the fishers in a cleare sunnie daie see the steeples and other piles plainlie and distinctlie in the water."

Although its variations are numerous, the original story may be told in a few words. In ages long past, O'Donoghue of Ross was lord of the lake, its islands, and the land that surrounded it. His sway was just and generous, and his reign propitious; he was the sworn foe of the oppressor; he was brave, hospitable, and wise. Annually, since his death, or rather disappearance, he is said to revisit the pleasant places among which he lived—

> "So sweet is still the breath
> Of the fields and the flowers in our youth we wander'd o'er."

Every May morning he may be seen gliding over the lake mounted on a white steed, richly caparisoned, preceded and followed by youths and maidens, who strew spring flowers in his way; while sounds of unearthly sweetness glide along the waters, and become thunder as they make their way up the surrounding hills. Although he appears in state only on May morning—

> ("For when the last April sun grows dim
> The Naiads prepare his steed for him,
> Who dwells, bright lake, in thee,")

he is seen on various other occasions; and lucky is the child of earth by whom the immortal spirit is encountered; for be he peer or peasant, good fortune is sure to wait upon him—and therefore many are they who peer with longing eyes along the lake, at sunrise or in twilight, to catch a glimpse of the chieftain, and listen with eager ears for the music that heralds his approach.

We have said that many living witnesses are ready to testify to the appearance of the O'Donoghue, either riding over the lake, walking on the

shore, or playing "hurly" upon the surface of the waters; and we have conversed with so many of them, of credit and repute, that we can have no hesitation in believing them to have actually beheld that which they affirm they *have* "seen with their two eyes." The circumstance, however, is now easily accounted for; although, a few years ago, it was impossible to consider it otherwise than supernatural. The legend, told in so many ways, is a fertile source of amusement to visitors. Every rock of the Lower Lake is in some way or other associated with it: the most remarkable of these rocks is "O'Donoghue's horse,"* of which the accompanying print will convey an accurate idea; although from some points of view it bears a much closer resemblance to the form of the animal whose name it bears. We were the more desirous of preserving a copy of this natural wonder, for,

* There is another family of the same name—O'Donoghue of the Glens—distinct from that of Ross, though equally ancient. This branch is described as, from time immemorial, the very opposite to that of the spectre-chief—being turbulent, cruel, and tyrannical. Their territory embraced the wild and uncultivated valleys watered by the river Flesk; and there still exist some remains of their Castle of Killaha. The race is characterised by the ancient poets and chroniclers as "fierce leaders of battles." The latest of these chieftains, Geoffrey O'Donoghue of "Glinne," having joined in the great Tyrone rebellion, forfeited their estates—their "territory of Glinfleiske, containing twenty one carrucutes, almost all mountain, bog, and unprofitable land." The present representative of this branch of the O'Donoghues is a youth, the grand-nephew of Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P. He is an only child; his father also was an only son; and for generations back there has been but one son to each, to preserve the famous name of the family. The peasantry, as usual, have their own mode of accounting for this fact—if it be so. One of them gave us the following tradition:—"Your honour should know that O'Donoghue of the Glin was a hard man; not all as one as O'Donoghue of Ross; and he took deep offince agin the only son of a poor widdy woman, and threw the poor boy into one of his great dark dungeons. Well, the widdy went for justice to the Mac Carthy More; who ordered O'Donoghue to deliver him up to his mother, or if he didn't he'd be after paying him a visit with his faction, just to ask him the rason why. So wid that O'Donoghue said he'd consint to do the bidding of the Mac Carthy, and tould the harald to wait outside the hall-door of his castle till he'd bring the boy to him; wid that he went and hanged the lone widdy's child, and pitched him over the battlemints, wid a scrap o' writin' telling the MacCarthy that as he hadn't been plased to say whither he wanted the young fellow alive or dead, he had made the choice for him himself, and sent him the body to do what he plased wid. Well, yer honour, the widdy caught the corpse in her arms, and gave a screech that was heard by the holy monks of Aghadoe; and she down on her two bended knees and cursed the O'Donoghue, and prayed that none of the race might ever have more nor a single son. Her people were ould follyers of the family, and she couldn't ask the Lord to crush them out and out; so she prayed there might be only one son for ever and ever to keep the name of the grate O'Donoghue from perishing. And she was heard—for from that day to this, there was never more than the one boy of the name."

its base being nearly undermined by the continual action of the water, it is not likely it can long remain on the comparatively slender props that now sustain it. In a few years the "horse" may be an inmate of the chieftain's stable under the waves; but he will cease to be an object of interest and attraction to the dwellers upon earth. The guides and boatmen have all, of course, "had a sight" of the chieftain, and will tell the tourist amusing stories—but those they have only heard—of their ancestors, who not only saw, but conversed with him and shared his hospitality in his palace below the waves. One anecdote will, perhaps, bear repetition; it was told us of the way in which Gandsey, the famous piper—to hear him play is one of the richest and rarest treats of Killarney—"got his pipes." The adventure, however, did not happen to Gandsey himself, but to the party from whom he obtained the bequest of the bagpipes—as being the only musician of the district worthy to inherit so precious a gift.* We questioned the kind old man as to the accuracy of our authority. He smiled and bowed, but was silent. As he did not, therefore, express any doubt concerning the fact, we shall relate it in the words of our informant—no less a person than Sir Richard Courtenay himself.

"Ye see, yer honours, Thady Connor (who was own brother of Maurice Connor, that had the wonderful tune, by the manes of which he married the

* Gandsey is old and blind; yet a finer or more expressive countenance we have rarely seen. His manners are, moreover, comparatively speaking, those of a gentleman. For many years he was the inmate of Lord Headley's mansion, and was known universally as "Lord Headley's piper." He was greatly loved by his patron, and respected by all his neighbours; and, fortunately, his Lordship did not die without making some provision, though limited, for his venerable protégé. His son, too, plays the bugle for parties, when Spillane is occupied—for the "old residenter" has, of course, the preference. It would be difficult to find anywhere a means of enjoyment to surpass the music of Gandsey's pipes. No one who visits the Lakes must omit to send for him. Those who return without hearing him, will have lost half the attractions of Killarney. Above all, he must be required to play the "Moothereen Rue" ("The Hunting of the Red Fox"). It is the most exciting tune we have ever heard, and exhibits the power of the Irish pipes in a manner of which we had previously no conception. It is of considerable length, beginning with the first sight of the fox stealing the farmer's goose; passing through all the varied incidents of the chase—imitating the blowing of the horn—the calls of the hunters—the baying of the hounds—and terminating with "the death," and the loud shouts over the victim. Gandsey accompanies the instrument with a sort of recitative, which he introduces occasionally, with very beneficial effect—commencing with a dialogue between the farmer and the fox, thus—

"Good morrow, fox;"—"good morrow, sir;"
"Pray, fox, what are you a-ating?"—
"A good fat goose I stole from you;
Sir will you, will you come and taste it?"
"Then I tell you, I'll make you rue
The goose that you are a-ating!"
"Sir, all may see what I've with me—
It's the leg of a salmon I'm a-ating."

Gandsey is, moreover, a library of old Irish airs; his treasure is inexhaustible; and as a performer on the pipes he has very few rivals in Ireland. We have rarely enjoyed an evening so thoroughly as that he passed with us in our parlour of the inn at Cloghreen, and record it among the greatest treats of our lives.

grand sea lady at Trafraska), was the gratest piper in these parts, and taught Mr. Gandsey a power of fine music; and the both of them, as well as Maurice, were stone blind. Well, Thady's pipes war ould and cracked, and had a squeak in 'em that bate the Millinavat pig hollow; and the gentry war mighty fond of him, and many a time said something about the new pipes they intinded for him; but, somehow, they ever and always remimbered to forget, and the dickons a dacent pair Thady would ever have had, but for the grate O'Donaghue, that gave 'em to him in the ind. And the way of it was this: Thady, like his brother, loved a drop—and a big one—and two drops better nor one. And one night he spint at a wake, and wint off airly, on account of a weddin' he had to be at, the morrow morning, a long way off, among the Reeks. So, to be sure, he was overtaken wid a wakeness, and an imprission about his heart. 'Arrah, what's this?' says he; 'sure it can't be the liquor, and I after dhrinking no more than sixteen tumblers, to keep myself sober!' Wid that he sits down by the road side, and begins to play to himself to keep himself from sleeping; and then, all of a suddent, he hears a troop of horsemen ridin' past him. 'A pretty set of boys ye must be,' says Thady, 'to be out at this time o' night,' says he; 'fitter for ye to be in your dacent beds,' says he, 'than gambo-ling about the country; I'll go bail ye're all drunk,' says he. Well, wid that, up comes one of 'em, and says, 'here's a piper, let's have him wid us.' 'Couldn't ye say—by yer lave?' says Thady. 'Well, then, by yer lave,' says the horseman; 'And that ye won't have, seeing I must be at Tim Mahony's weddin' by daybrake,' says Thady, 'or I'll lose my good seven thirteens.' So, widout a word, they claps him upon a horse's back, and one of 'em lays hould of him by the scruff of his neck, and away they rode like the March wind—ay, or faster. After a while they stopped: 'And where am I at all, at all?' says Thady. 'Open yer eyes, and see,' says a voice. And so he did—the dark man that never saw the sun till that blessed night; and millia murther! if there wasn't troops of fine gintlemen and ladies, wid swoords, and feathers, and spurs of goold, and lashins of mate and drink, upon tables of solid diamonds, and every thing grand that the world con-tained, since the world was a world. 'Ye're welcim,' says the voice, 'to the Castle of the grate O'Donaghue.' 'I often heerd talk of it,' says Thady, nothing danted—and is the Prence to the fore?' 'I'm here,' says the prence, coming for'ards; and a fine, portly man he was, sure enough, wid a cocked hat and a coat of mail. 'And here's yer health, Mr. Connor, and the health of all my descindants, grate and small,' says he—'and when they're tired of the sod, they'll know where to get the best intertainment for man and baste,' says he, 'every one that ever owned the name.' If Thady passed the bottle, yer honours,

'twas the first time and the last. Well, to con-tinue; the dance began, and didn't Thady play for the dear life 'Jig Polthoge,' and 'Planxty Moriarty,' and all the jigs that ever war invinted by man or mortial. And the gintlemen and ladies danced wid their hearts in their toes. 'Twas all very well till the ould ancient harper of the O'Donaghues asked for a thrial agin Thady, to see wouldn't he get louder music out of a handful o' cats-guts; and Thady bate him to smithereens; when the blaguard that was bet comes behind Thady, and, wid an ould knife they called a skeen, cuts the bag of his pipes, and lets out the wind that makes the music. 'I'm done now,' say Thady; but first he hits my fine harper a rap on the head, that sent him reeling along the flure; and all the company set up a loud ullagone that the dancing was over, and Thady might go home. 'And who'll pay me for my pipes?' says Thady, 'that war as good as new,' says he—for he was a cunning boy, and wouldn't be crying down his own lawful property—'that war as good as new,' says he, 'and that arn't worth minding,' says he. 'Fair exchange is no robbery,' says the Prence, 'and here's a pair that'll make yer fortune; so be off as fast as ye can, for the harper is bringing up his faction, and he'll sarve you as he did yer pipes.' Well Thady makes a spring; there was a whizzing in his ears, and the waters rushed into his eyes, blinding him agin; and he hears a voice after him that he thought was the harper's—only it wasn't; but it was his wife Biddy, that was waking him, and he asleep, under the very hedge where the O'Donaghue found him over night. And now, plase yer honours, nobody misbelieved the story he tould the neighbours, because, ye see, the bran new pipes were to the fore; there he had 'em under his arm; and sure, how 'ud he get 'em, if it wasn't from the O'Donaghue himself?"

As a contrast, as well as an associate, to this legend, we may give another. Our guide directed our attention to a scene of surpassing beauty, and exclaimed, "That's the place, and a beautiful place it is—a place that any country may be proud of. I've seen people that would float beneath the shadow of those mountain woods for a whole summer day, and then return again in the twilight, and wait to see the moon rise, and then stay out until she had nearly finished her rounds in the heavens. I don't like it," added Sir Richard, shaking his head, "I don't at all like it; the lakes are mighty lonely, and even along the shores you seldom hear the song of a bird, or any *living* noise, except the belling of the deer. It's a lonesome place without the company of one's own kind—though I'm not saying that's the *best* one might have in it—still, it's mighty lonesome in itself."

"There's a spot somewhere about this mountain of Glenà, is there not, called 'The Lady's Leap?'"

"There is; and some say it is that point, and others say it is this one, just above us, pushing out there through the trees."

"Do you know the legend?"

"Oh, that's no laigend at all—not the sort of thing Sir Richard do be making to amuse the strangers!" said one of the boatmen; "but as thrue as that the heavens are above us. Everybody knows that the lady who made the leap was never seen afterwards upon earth, any way."

The legend we gathered from the various versions of our guide and boatmen is this:—Long, long ago it was, that a beautiful young lady lived out yonder, in an old ancient castle, which, like many a fine place that was among the hills, and in the glens of Ireland, isn't there now. She was more lovely to look upon than all the other fair daughters of Kerry—bright as a sunbeam, gentle as a dove, lightfooted as a white roe; her hair was darker than midnight, and her young heart spotless as snow when falling; her voice was so full of music that the bards used to listen, and echo it upon their harps, then throw them aside in despair and call them tuneless; the poor blessed her as she passed them, for she came of a generous race, and added fresh glory to their names; and the rich honoured her, though she did not honour *them* because of their riches. She was the only child of her father; and when he said, "Oh, my daughter, wilt thou not choose for thyself from amongst the princes of Erin one to be a protector and friend to thee, and a father to my people when I am gone?" she turned the light of her bright blue eyes away from her father's face, and wept. It seemed as, with the power of making all hearts love her, she thought not of love towards man, but closed her heart against all earthly affection. Upon this the holy people, priests and nuns, said, "The fair maiden will be one of us, she has no love for the vanities of the world." But the more experienced among them answered, "Not so; behold the fashioning of her robes, their varied colours, and see the blue of her mantle, the curious embroidery, and needle-work, and the jewels that glitter on her brow and in her hair; those who think of cloisters do not delight in gauds." There was only one amongst her maidens—Una, of the raven locks, that kept silence, and opened not her lips; the others called their mistress a second Bridget, and chattered of how they would not use their lovers so—if they had them; but Una, her chosen follower, her humble friend, made no comment; thinking, doubtless, like all of quiet tongue, so much the more. Now every one knew that wherever her lady went, Una followed: and the two maidens would wander days and nights together along the borders of the lakes. Sometimes Una would carry her lady's harp; and when the

fishermen heard their voices in conversation or music, they would row far from them, respecting them too much to disturb their retirement. Sometimes the lady would sit in her boat, which was lined with purest gold, and Una would row her along the silvery lines traced by the moonbeams on the waters; and the lady would play and sing in that lonely way, until the first rays of morning warned her that the night was past. The month of April drew near its end, and when the last day came, the lady said to her attendant, "Una, sleep on to-night, for I mean to work a spell and discover if it can be given to mortal to converse with him who dwells beneath the glorious waters of the beautiful lake." And Una was sore afraid, and trembled; but she lay down and tried to sleep. But she could not sleep, for she wondered why she should be told to do so; and she followed her mistress secretly and in silence. When Una arrived at the margin of the lake, she concealed herself behind an arbutus; but the lady stood beneath the cliff, and Una could see only the star that glittered on the top of her silver wand as she moved it to and fro.

Una was not long there before she heard a noise as of foaming waters; and then it came nearer and nearer, until she beheld the form of a knight on horseback, his white plumes waving above his helmet, which seemed one huge diamond, his armour laced together with all manner of coloured jewels. The horse was half hidden by the foam of the wave; but Una said it seemed as if the knight bestrode a rainbow. The softest, sweetest music that ever was heard accompanied him to the shore; and when he sprang upon the bank where her lady stood, every tree on Glenà bowed down its branches to do homage to their native Prince. Una was not so overcome with the sight but that she heard the knight praise her lady's beauty, and promise that if she would be faithful to him, and him alone, for seven years, meeting him on that spot every May morning until the seventh morning, that on the seventh he would bear her away to his lake-guarded palace, and make her his bride. This she promised to do; and sorry was Una to hear her, for she thought within herself, how sad it would be for the country to lose so fair a blossom, the poor so good a friend, and her aged father so dutiful a daughter.

For six May mornings, following each other with their flowers, and wreaths of hawthorn, and tender lambs, and singing-birds, and maids as innocent as the one and as blithe as the other—for six May mornings, before the lark sung its carol, or the thrush left its young to seek for food—did the lady meet her royal lover in the same place. The seventh morning was at hand. She changed not, she thought of nō other. Her heart was with the Water-king; and every other suitor was dismissed, to her father's grief and the disappointment of her people.

Una counted the days of April with sorrow; mingling her tears with its showers, and watching her beloved lady with more than usual anxiety. "Surely," she thought, "she will never have the heart to leave her old grey-headed father;" and she thought this the more, when she saw how her lady's eyes filled with tears when the good old man kissed and blessed her—alas! for the last time. This night, also, she permitted Una to receive her saffron robe and jewelled coronet, and, then taking her hand, she told her she had been a faithful servant, and, she knew, had kept her secret; and Una fell at her feet and embraced them, and lifted up her voice and wept bitterly; and she felt her lady tremble, and hot, large tears fall upon her brow; but she said, "Una, I am pledged to my love to be his bride, and I go to keep my word—do thou be a child, unto his death, to my father, and divide my jewels and garments amongst the poor. I shall take nothing with me save this white robe—my bridal robe—and this wreath upon my head;" and the wreath was made of the white water-lilies—their cups more pure than silver, and their threads more bright than gold. This wreath she placed upon her brow with her own hands; and then walked out into the balmy air, while the stars were alive in the sky, and the wood-pigeons dreaming over their nests. Una followed at a distance, and saw that the lake-king was waiting for his bride. For a moment her lady stood upon the bank, and waved her arms towards the home of her youth, then paused, and turned towards her lover, whose noble steed stood as firmly on the liquid waters as if his silver shoes had pressed the earth—the white plumes of his helmet waved and danced in the morning air, he stood in his stirrups to receive her, and the same moment the sweetest music floated all around. The lady sprang from earth for ever; and away—away—away—swifter and brighter than a thousand sunbeams—the Prince and his beautiful Bride flashed across the lake!

"And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers."

Our readers may believe as much or as little as they please of these stories of actual interviews between children of earth and the spirit of the disembodied prince: but that he has been seen, accompanied by "troops of friends," there can be no rational doubt. Among other witnesses to the fact, we summoned one who was very unlikely to be influenced by pre-established superstition—an Englishman, a protestant, and, moreover, a soldier of the 30th regiment, of the name of Thomas Reynolds. We sent for him to our hotel, and found him a plain-spoken native of Devonshire; a sturdy ploughman, who last year won the prize at a ploughing-match; the man had evidently no imagination,

and was as little likely to invent a fiction, or to give it currency, as any one we have ever seen. His story was this: he was ploughing at Innisfallen with another man, an Irishman; they were engaged in ploughing up the ancient church-yard of the island—a labour which Reynolds disliked, and to which his comrade strongly objected; but Lord Kenmare's steward insisted on its being done. The morning following the day on which they commenced their work they were mooring the boat in which they had proceeded to the island, when they saw a procession of about two hundred persons pass from the old church-yard, and walk slowly and solemnly over the lake to the mainland. Reynolds was himself terribly alarmed; but his companion fainted in the boat. The circumstance occurred at daybreak, when it was almost twilight. He affirmed that he saw, repeatedly afterwards, smaller groups of figures; but no crowd so numerous. In answer to our questions, he expressed his perfect readiness to depose to the fact on oath; and asserted that he would declare it if he were on his death-bed. The people, he added, were astonished to find him—an Englishman and a protestant—confirming their story. The man had certainly no object in coining a deceit; we have not heard of his ever having told it to any stranger; it was a mere accident that made us acquainted with it; and he was evidently indisposed to satisfy the enquiries of the curious.

Before the science of optics was well understood, these very curious and very interesting appearances were supposed to be the result of supernatural agency. We now know that all such phenomena are the effects of natural causes, and can even be reproduced artificially. They are caused by refraction or reflection of the rays of light, and sometimes by both combined, and differ from "the airy child of vapour and the sun" (Rainbow) only in being more rare; because they require more unusual atmospheric changes, and uncommon localities, of hill and plain, land and water, to produce them *.

* This tradition therefore is founded upon natural causes, and the spectre of O'Donoghue is a real vision. Many such illusions are on record. The mirage of the sands of the East exhibits distorted images of real objects, so as to deceive all travellers. M. Mongé, who accompanied the French army in Egypt, and Dr. Clarke, witnessed and have described those phenomena—lakes, trees, and houses in the midst of a naked desert; and so great was the optical deception, that they would not believe it such till they passed through the apparently lovely spots, and found nothing but a few miserable Arab huts and stunted shrubs in a waste of arid land. Similar appearances are recorded by Scoresby and others, as occurring in the Arctic seas: shapeless icebergs assume the form of towers and battlements and ships riding in harbours. Some of the ships seemed, as by enchantment, floating in the air; which Scoresby afterwards discovered to have been the reflection of his father's vessel which accompanied him, in the atmosphere, though the real ship was at a distance far beyond that at which objects could be seen by direct vision. From a similar cause arise the "Fata Morgana," in the Straits of Messina, described by Swinburne and others. Beautiful landscapes, with men and cattle in motion, appear on the surface of the seas. These are found to be reflections of objects on the distant opposite coast of Reggio. In certain states of the atmosphere, these spectra are lost as it were on the surface of the sea, and every sheet of water as it passes becomes a distinct mirror reflecting them. But perhaps the most striking of these appearances is the celebrated "Spectre of the Hartz mountains," which kept the district

THE UPPER LAKE will require no very detailed description. Its length is somewhat more than two miles; it is in no place more than a mile in breadth; its circumference being about eight miles. It is narrow and straggling; the islands it contains, though small, are numerous and gracefully wooded; but its chief value is derived from the mountains—the most conspicuous being "the Reeks"—by which, it is, on all sides, surrounded; and which throw their dark shadows upon the water, so as to give to it a character of gloom, in perfect keeping with the loneliness of the scene. One feels as if the sound of a human voice would disturb its solitude; and wishes the oars, that row him over it, were muffled. The more prominent of the islands are "Oak Island or Rossburkie," "Stag Island," "Eagles' Island," "Ronayne's Island," and "Arbutus Island;" and nearly in the centre the fine and beautiful cascade of Derricunnihy sends its abundant tribute to the lake. Its superabundant waters are discharged through the pass which commences at "Coleman's eye"—a promontory that juts into the lake, and limits the passage to a breadth of about thirty feet*.

in terror and alarm from time immemorial, till M. Haue, the French chemist, discovered the cause. He went for the express purpose of witnessing the phenomenon; and for thirty mornings climbed the Brocken Mountain, without being gratified. At length, early one morning, he observed on the opposite side of the hill the gigantic figure of a man turned towards him. The distinctness of the form left no doubt of the reality of the figure; while he contemplated the monster with wonder and awe, a sudden gust of wind nearly blew off his hat, and when he put up his hand to hold it on, he observed the giant do the same. He now found that it was nothing more than a dilated image of himself reflected from the surface of an opposite closed atmosphere. No doubt the legend of O'Donoghue took its rise from some similar optical deception. It is said to be seen at the same hour of the morning, and at the same time of the year, as that of the Brocken Spectre. Some horseman riding along the opposite shore of the lake is reflected by the atmospheric mirror, and seems to continue his course along the surface of the water. Upon this principle it is easy to account for the appearances which from time to time terrify the peasantry—and the scene witnessed by Reynolds, is thus to be explained.

* The Promontory derives its name from a legendary personage, who is said, from some unexplained cause, to have leaped across the stream and left his footmarks imprinted in a solid rock on the other side; the guides, of course, point them out to the curious stranger. Impressions of a similar character, closely resembling the human foot, are found in various parts of Ireland; Mr. Windele considers that "in their origin they are druidic." Spenser mentions that he had seen in Ireland stones on which the ceremony of inaugurating chieftains was performed. On one of them he found "formed and engraven a foot, which they say was the measure of their first captain's foot, whereon he, standing, received an oath to preserve all the auncient former customs of the country inviolable." Boullaye le Gouz, in 1644, notices the print of St. Fin Bar's foot on a stone in the cemetery of the cathedral of Cork—it has long since disappeared. The knees, as well as the feet, have left these impressions on rocks. That of Clough-na-Cuddy, in the demesne of Lord Kenmare at Killarney, is very remarkable. We copy a picture of the famous stone from Mr. Croker's "Legends." At "the Priest's Leap" (according to the story we have elsewhere quoted), his reverence left the marks of his feet and hands, as well as his knees. These singular freaks of nature, or remains of art, are regarded with exceeding veneration by the peasantry, who have legends in connexion with every one of them. But we shall illustrate the subject of capsular stones more fully when treating of the county of Tipperary.

There are three modes of visiting the upper lake—one by water, another by the Kenmare road, crossing the old Weir bridge, and the other by proceeding through the Gap of Dunloe; the latter is to be recommended, as affording the tourist, who is willing to rise early, an opportunity of examining, in one day, the most remarkable points in the scenery, proceeding by land and returning by water through the three lakes.

The Gap of Dunloe is, in itself, one of the greatest, if it be not altogether the greatest, of the Killarney wonders. The entrance to the Gap is between three and four miles from the town of Killarney; the pass is about four miles in extent; and the pedestrian will find a pretty considerable "bit" in addition before he arrives at the lake, where arrangements have been—of course previously—made for the boat to meet him. The journey to the entrance may be in a carriage; but the remainder must be made either on foot or on the back of one of the little sure-footed ponies that know every rock and stone they will have to encounter. A slight deviation from the road will conduct to the ancient and venerable ruins of Aghadoe, consisting of the remnant of a round tower, the walls of a small cathedral church, and the base of a round castle, called sometimes "the Pulpit" and sometimes "the Bishop's Chair." The church is a low oblong building, consisting of two distinct chapels of unequal antiquity. The ornamented doorway, although much injured by time, is still exceedingly graceful and beautiful. The artist has indicated that, as usual, the church is rendered revolting by the relics of mortality that lie scattered in heaps in all directions around it. Many of the sculls have been bleached by the rains and winds of centuries, and are as white as the clearest paper.

A short distance from the entrance to the gap of Dunloe, there is a singular cave, which the tourist should on no account omit to visit. It is situated in a field immediately adjoining the high road; and was discovered in 1838, by some workmen who, in constructing a sunk fence, broke into a subterranean chamber of a circular form, the walls of which were of uncemented stones inclining inwards, with a roof, also, of long transverse stones. In the passage were found several human skulls and bones.

The cave of Dunloe must be regarded as an ancient Irish library lately disinterred, and restored to the light. The books are the large impost stones

labourers in these pursuits—Messrs. Horgan and Abell—to give their proceedings and views in a collected form to the public, when their researches and speculations are more matured. They have now, in fact, broken new ground in Irish archæology, and entitled themselves to very great credit for their efforts. Hitherto they have dealt only with facts; deductions and theories they yet hold in reserve. We have ourselves, in our late visit to Cork, seen Mr. Windele's collection of these inscriptions, traced from the actual monuments*, in such a manner as to remove all chance of inaccuracy; and, positively, in its way, it is without an equal; the inspection, it may be safely affirmed, is all-sufficient to remove any doubt or incredulity which may possibly exist on this subject.

The entrance to the Gap is a sudden introduction to its marvels; the visitor is at once convinced that he is about to visit a scene rarely paralleled for wild grandeur and stern magnificence; the singular character of the deep ravine would seem to confirm the popular tradition that it was produced by a stroke of the sword of one of the giants of old, which divided the mountains and left them apart for ever. Any where, and under any circumstances, this rugged and gloomy pass would be a most striking object; but its interest and importance are, no doubt, considerably enhanced by the position it occupies in the very centre of gentle and delicious beauty. The varied greenery of the pleasant glades that skirt the lakes, or line the banks of their tributary rivers, has hardly faded from the eye, before the bleak and barren rocks, of forms as varied and fantastic as they are numerous, are placed before it; and the ear, in lieu of the mingled harmony of dancing leaves, and rippling waters, and songs of birds, is compelled to listen only to the brawling and angry stream rushing onwards, wasting its strength in foam, but continually changing its form—here a creeping rivulet—here a broad lake—and there a fierce cataract. Along the banks of the river is a narrow and, of course, circuitous, path. On the right, the Reeks, with their grand-master, Carran-tuel—"the inverted sickle"—the highest mountain in Ireland, look down upon the dark glen; while, on the left, Tomies and the Purple mountain rise above it, and with a more gracious countenance; for their sides are not so steep but that the goat finds sure footing and pleasant pasture; and the cow—if it be Kerry born—may also wander and ruminate at leisure. The road, or rather bridle track—the pony

* Mr. Windele discovered a very ingenious mode of copying inscriptions from stone monuments, that cannot fail, from its accuracy and simplicity, to prove exceedingly useful to all scientific or curious travellers. He places over the stone to be copied a sheet of whitey-brown paper—any paper, indeed, will answer the purpose, but the softer the better, if not too soft. He then rubs a tuft of grass or dock-leaves over the surface. The raised work will be, of course, marked in green on the paper, the other portions of the paper being untouched. After Mr. Windele communicated this mode to us, we tried the experiment repeatedly, and with success.

THE CAP OF DUNLOE.

KERRY.

London, Published by Geo. A. Peterson.

that treads it must not be a stranger—often passes along the brinks of precipices, and then descends into absolute pits; the roar of the rushing torrent is heard plainly all the while—now and then in the depths below, and now and then as a talkative and warning guide by the side of the wayfarer. The dark stream is the Loe; and in its limited course through the Gap it expands at several points into lakes of various and unequal magnitude, and again contracts itself to gather force for a new rush through the valley. The rocks along the pass are of forms the most grotesque; and each has received some distinguishing name from the peasantry*. The one here pictured is called "The Turnpike." Although the mountains on either side are for the most part bare, they present occasionally patches of cultivation, "few and far between;" but sufficient to show that even in this savage region the hand of industry may be employed with advantage. From some crevices, too, peep out the gay evergreens—high up, and often so far distant that the eye cannot distinguish the arbutus from the prickly furze. Occasionally, too, the deep gloom of the pass is dispelled by the notes of Spillane's bugle—waking the echoes of the mighty hills; and now and then the eagle soars above the valley. Still it would be impossible for the very lightest-hearted to be otherwise than sad while passing through this dark and deep ravine; it oppresses the spirits with exceeding melancholy. Yet it has its own peculiar sources of pleasure; and, strange as it may seem, nothing at Killarney afforded us so much intense enjoyment †.

* One of them is christened from its singular shape, "O'Donoghue's Heart." Sir Richard was ready as usual with the why and wherefore; but in this instance his interpretation was very Irish—"Gad, sir, we always knew his heart was a big one, but never thought it was so hard."

† The Gap of Dunloe is famous in song as the favoured haunt of "Kate Kearney"—

"O, did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney"

For a century at least, there has always been a "Kate," and no doubt will be to the end of time. A

When the Pass terminates, and the Tourist is, as will be supposed, wearied in heart and foot, he suddenly comes upon a scene of unrivalled beauty. A turning in the narrow pathway, brings him just over the Upper Lake; and hanging above "the black valley"—the Coom Duv. The reader will obtain, from the pencil of Mr. Creswick, a happier notion of the excitement produced by the change, than our language can give him. It was with an uncontrollable burst of enjoyment that we gazed upon the delicious scene. A short time before we had thus indulged in a luxuriant draught of nature, we had examined one of the most singular relics of very ancient art. On the side of a lofty hill is the "Logan Stone"—about twenty-four feet in circumference. The peasants call it the "balance rock," and it is doubtless a druidical remain of remote antiquity. Moore likens it to the Poet's Heart, which

> "The slightest touch alone sets moving,
> But all earth's power could not shake from its base."

Leaving "the Black Valley," with the white cataract that crowns it, the tourist passes through "Lord Brandon's demesne;" and having found his boat waiting in one of the sweet and lonely creeks, of which there are so many, he takes his seat, and prepares for pleasure of a less fatiguing character—the oars rapidly convey him through the Upper Lake.

remarkably old woman, a few years ago, inhabited one of the cabins in the Gap; and when she had numbered five score and six, she received the honourable and not unproductive distinction; this however was not, we presume, the Kate of whom the Poet says

> "There's mischief in every dimple."

The present "Kate Kearney" we unfortunately did not see, for she was "up de mountain wid de goats." We heard much of her; and imagine her to be a fine, stout, healthy lass, a worthy descendant of the Milesian giant. Midway in the Gap, is a sort of hostelrie, that reminded us of the little foreign mountain inns. A long narrow room neatly white-washed, and adorned with a few prints, shelters a very clean deal table, upon which whiskey, goat's-milk, and brown-bread, is placed for the refreshment of travellers who choose to partake thereof. It is a great contrast to the wretched dwelling a little beyond it, where the persons to whom it belongs resided. The woman was making a good linen shirt for her husband; and though the cabin was so dirty, the piggins for milk were exquisitely clean; and the woman told us she had "forty goats through the Glen; but the aigles, bad luck to them, took away every cock and hen she had in the world, *and laughed at her afterwards.*"

COMME DRUV, THE BLACK VALLEY.

KERRY.

London, Published by How & Parsons 132, Fleet Street.

The narrow and tortuous channel, about four miles in length, that leads from the Upper to the Middle, or Torc lake, is full of interest and beauty; the water is clear and rapid; and on either side, it is amply wooded; the "patrician trees" happily mingling with the "plebeian underwood;" through which glimpses of the huge mountains are occasionally caught.

About midway is the far-famed Eagle's Nest, the most perfect, glorious, and exciting of the Killarney echoes. The rock, (for in comparison with the mountains that look down upon it, it is nothing more, although, when at its base, it appears of prodigious height,) derives its name from the fact that, for centuries, it has been the favoured residence of the royal birds, by whose descendants it is still inhabited; their eyrie being secured by nature against all human trespassers*. The rock is of a pyramidical form, about 1700 feet high, thickly clothed with evergreens, but bare towards the summit; where the nest of the bird is pointed out, in a small crevice nearly concealed by stunted shrubs. We put into a little creek on the opposite side of the river;

* The peasants relate several amusing stories of attempts to rob the "Aigle's Nest;" and many feats are detailed of the efforts of daring mountaineers, to make property of the royal progeny. The Boatmen tell an illustrative anecdote, of a "vagabone" soldier, "Who says, says he, 'I'll go bail I'll rob it,' says he. 'Maybe you will, and maybe you won't,' says the aigle; and wid that she purtinded to fly off wid herself. So the sodger when he sees that, lets himself down by a long rope he had wid him; and 'I have ye now by your sharp noses, every mother's son of ye,' says he. When all of a sudden, out comes the ould aigle, from a thunder cloud, and says very civilly, says she, 'Good morrow, sir,' says she; 'and what brings ye to visit my fine family so airly, before they've had their break'ast?' says she. 'Oh, nothing at all,' says the sodger, who ye see was grately frightened, 'only to ax after their health, ma'am,' says he, 'and if e'er a one of 'em has the tooth-ache, for which I've a spacific that I brought wid me in my pocket from furrin parts.' 'Ye brought some blarney in the other pocket then,' says the aigle, 'for don't I know ye came to stale mee childre?' 'Honour bright,' says the sodger, 'do ye think I'd be doing sich a mane thing?' 'I'll lave it to a neighbour o' mine whether ye did or no,' says the aigle. So wid that, she bawls out at the top of her voice, 'Did he come to rob the aigle's nest?' In coorse the echo made answer 'to rob the aigle's nest.'—'Hear to that, ye thieving blacguard!' says the aigle; 'and take that home wid ye,' giving him a sthroke wid her bake betune the two eyes, that sent him rowling into the lake—and I'll go bail none of his progenitors ever went to rob an aigle's nest after that day."

but remained in our boat, having been recommended to do so. Our expectations of the coming treat had been highly raised, and we were in breathless anxiety to enjoy it. The bugle-player, Spillane—to whose skill and attention we gladly add our testimony to that of every traveller who has preceded us —landed, advanced a few steps, and placed the instrument to his lips—the effect was MAGICAL—the word conveys a poor idea of its effect. First he played a single note—it was caught up and repeated, loudly, softly, again loudly, again softly, and then as if by a hundred instruments, each a thousand times more musical than that which gave its rivals birth, twirling and twisting around the mountain, running up from its foot to its summit, then rolling above it, and at length dying away in the distance until it was heard as a mere whisper, barely audible, far away. Then Spillane blew a few notes—ti-ra-la-ti-ra-la: a multitude of voices, seemingly from a multitude of hills, at once sent forth a reply; sometimes pausing for a second, as if waiting for some tardy comrade to join in the marvellous chorus, then mingling together in a strain of sublime grandeur, and delicate sweetness, utterly indescribable. Again Spillane sent forth his summons to the mountains, and blew, for perhaps a minute, a variety of sounds; the effect was indeed that of "enchanting ravishment"—giving

"resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies."

It is impossible for language to convey even a remote idea of the exceeding delight communicated by this development of a most wonderful property of Nature; sure we are that we shall be guilty of no exaggeration if we say, that this single incident, among so many of vast attraction, will be sufficient recompense to the tourist who may visit these beautiful lakes. When Spillane had exhausted his ability to minister to our enjoyment—and the day was declining before we had expressed ourselves content—preparations were made for firing off the cannon. As soon as they were completed, the match was applied. In an instant every mountain for miles around us seemed instinct with angry life, and replied in voices of thunder to the insignificant and miserable sound that had roused them from their slumbers. The imagination was excited to absolute terror; the gnomes of the mountains were about to issue forth and punish the mortals who had dared to rouse them from their solitude; and it was easy for a moment to fancy every creek and crevice peopled with "airy things." The sound was multiplied a thousand-fold, and with infinite variety; at first it was repeated with a terrific growl; then a fearful crash; both were caught up and returned by the surrounding hills; mingling together, now in perfect harmony, now in utter discordance; awhile those that were nearest

became silent, awaiting the on coming of those that were distant; then joining together in one mighty sound, louder and louder; then dropping to a gentle lull, as if the winds only created them; then breaking forth again into a combined roar that would seem to have been heard hundreds of miles away*. It is not only by these louder sounds the echoes of the hills are awakened; the clapping of a hand will call them forth; almost a whisper will be repeated—far off—ceasing—resuming—ceasing again. The most eloquent poet of our age has happily expressed the idea we desire to convey:—

> "A solitary wolf-dog, ranging on,
> Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous chime,
> Of aëry voices lock'd in unison,—
> Faint—far-off—near—deep—solemn and sublime."

About a mile from the Eagle's Nest is the old Weir Bridge, a bridge of two arches, of which only one affords a passage for boats, and through which the water of the upper lake rushes into Torc lake on its way, through the Laune, to the sea. The current is exceedingly rapid, and it is usual for tourists to disembark and walk across the isthmus, meeting the boat on the other side, the passage being considered one of much danger to persons who are either easily alarmed or indisposed to take the advice of the boatmen, "plase to sit quiet." Mr. Roche, who acted as our helms-

* "We gazed at the wood, the rock, and the river, with alternate hope and fear; and we expected, with a pleasing impatience, some very marvellous event. * * * Angels from the sky, or fairies from the mountain, or O'Donoghue from the river, we every moment expected to appear before us."—*Ockenden.* (1760.) "Our single French horn had the harmony of a full concert, and one discharge of our little piece of cannon was multiplied into a thousand reports, with this addition that when the sounds seemed faint, and almost expiring, they revived again, and then gradually subsided. It equals the most tremendous thunder."—*Derrick.* (1760.) "Each explosion awakes a succession of echoes, resembling peals of thunder, varying in number and intensity according to the state of the atmosphere."—*Windele.* "Our imagination endues the mountains with life, and to their attributes of magnitude, and silence, and solitude, we for a moment add the power of listening and a voice."—*Inglis.* "The mountains seem bursting with the crash—now it rolls, peal upon peal, through their craggy hollows, till at length, dying away in the distance, all seems over; hark! it rises again; other mountains mimic the thunder, and now it is lost in a low growl among the distant hills."—*Croker.* "A roaring is heard in the bosom of the opposite mountain, like a peal of thunder, or the discharge of a train of artillery, and this echo is multiplied a number of times until it gradually fades away, like the roaring of distant thunder."—*Curry's Guide Book.* "It is scarcely in the power of language to convey an idea of the extraordinary effect of the echoes under this cliff, whether they repeat the dulcet notes of music, or the loud discordant report of a cannon. Enchantment here appears to have resumed her reign, and those who listen are lost in amazement and delight."—*Weld.*

man, was, however, anxious to try the strength of our nerves, as well as to exhibit one of the Killarney lions in its wrath and power, shaking its mane in angry vigour; he, therefore, gave us no warning until we were actually within the fierce current. We shot through it with frightful rapidity; and it was evident that a very small deviation either to the right or the left would have flung us among the breakers, the result of which must inevitably have been fatal. The men, who had rested on their oars, were watching us with some anxiety, and the moment we were in safety they woke the echoes with a loud shout, and congratulated us on our "bowldness."

We can claim but little merit for our heroism; having been perfectly unconscious of the peril we encountered until it was over. We had forgotten the disasters that Mr. Weld records, and to which Derrick made reference half a century before him. We may, therefore, be excused for our ignorance of the warning conveyed in a poem entitled "The Old Weir Bridge," by one of the poets of the district:—

"Shoot not the old Weir, for the river is deep,
The stream it is rapid, the rocks they are steep,
The sky though unclouded, the landscape though fair,
Trust not to the current—for death may be there."

When the bridge is passed, the tourist is in Torc lake, and immediately facing Dinis Island—the property of Mr. Herbert of Mucross, who has generously built upon it an exceedingly pretty, picturesque, and commodious cottage, for the gratuitous use of visitors. It is furnished with every requisite for their entertainment; and the house-keeper, a most attentive and obliging person, is ready with her friendly greeting and willing service to those who may require her attendance; a turf fire being always prepared for that necessary portion of an Irish feast—the potatoes; and moreover, with arbutus skewers, to aid in producing a luxury that may give a new pleasure to the most refined epicure—the salmon sliced and

roasted within a few minutes after he has been a free denizen of the lake*.

At Dinis Pool the current divides; one branch, turning to the right, enters Torc lake; the other, turning to the left, runs between Dinis Island and Glenà mountain, and joins the Lower Lake at the Bay of Glenà—beautiful Glenà! It is said that Sir Walter Scott, standing somewhere near this junction of the waters of the three lakes, exclaimed in a quotation from Coleridge,—

"Beautiful exceedingly!"

There is, we think, nothing at Killarney, where nature is everywhere charming to absolute fascination, to equal this surpassingly lovely spot. The mountain of Glenà, clothed to luxuriance with the richest evergreens, looks down upon a little vale endowed with the rarest natural gifts, and which the hand of taste has touched, here and there, without impairing its primitive character. Glenà—a name that signifies "the glen of good fortune," is the property of Lord Kenmare, whose accomplished and excellent lady—we heard her virtues very often lauded by the tongue of humble though powerless gratitude—has built a cottage-ornée in this delicious valley; it is in happy keeping with the beautiful and graceful scene; and the walks and gardens that surround it, are so formed and disposed as in no degree to deduct from its simple beauty. Here also, a pretty and convenient cottage has been erected for the accommodation of strangers; it is placed in one of the forest glades, close to the shore; and is spacious enough to afford entertain-

* We were not lucky enough to secure the prize which a "véritable Amphitryon" might covet; for although Mr. Roche took especial care that our dinner should not be without salmon, we suspect it was "fish out of water" many days. On the Shannon, however, we were more fortunate, having caught, landed, and eaten part of our salmon within a quarter of an hour. We cannot say if our enjoyment arose from the principle that "the sweetest bread is that which a man earns;" but certainly we never tasted anything so thoroughly delicious.

ment for several parties*. Glenà—although we have described it here—properly belongs to the Lower Lake.

The Torc, or Middle, or Mucross, Lake †, for it is known by each of these names, is more sheltered, and less crowded with islands than the other lakes. The entrance into it from the upper lake we have described; that from the lower lake is either round by Dinis Island (a course seldom taken) or under Brickeen Bridge, a bridge of a single arch, which connects Brickeen Island with the Peninsula of Mucross. Upon this Peninsula is the far famed Mucross Abbey; and the great tributary to the lake is the beautiful Torc cascade, supplied from the "Devil's Punch-Bowl," in the mountain of Mangerton, conveyed through a narrow channel, called "the Devil's

* The cottage—sacred to the repose and refreshment of the travellers by land and water—has, beyond even its surpassing pictorial loveliness, a moral charm that hallows it in our memory. A friend of ours in Kinsale had told us of the kindness he once experienced from a woman, to whom Lady Kenmare has entrusted the care of her favourite haunt. This gentleman managed to lose his way on the mountain, where he was discovered, faint, weary, and ill, by one of the farm labourers; the worthy care-taker acted as she well knew her lord and lady would have done—received the wanderer with more than hospitality; and but for her timely aid he must have incurred a severe fit of illness. We ran into the little creek, and landed on the lawn, wandered about the fairy scene for some time, and gathered the fragrant boughs of the bog-myrtle, until warned by some large heat drops of a Killarney shower. To avoid this we retreated, not towards Lady Kenmare's cottage, although it is shown to visitors, but into the cheerful cottage of Mrs. Mc Dowel. In the kitchen, a clean, well-furnished room, there were five or six girls of different ages, well-dressed, and well-looking, all actively and pleasantly employed. Two were folding and ironing clothes; clean, "well got up" things, that would do no dishonour to a lady's wardrobe. A little pretty blue-eyed maid was marking a sampler; another, who looked like her twin sister was, with a very sober countenance, achieving the "turning the heel of a stocking," a mystery we confess we could never understand. Another was kneading dough. All was activity and cheerfulness; the father and his sons were abroad at their husbandry, the mother and her maidens busy in their home; the very cat, instead of sleeping lazily by the fire, was washing her kitten's face. We were shown into the little parlour:—good chairs and tables, a brilliant parrot worked in fair smooth tent-stitch, had just been finished to ornament the room; and there were a few rational books carefully placed, that evinced sound judgment in the selection. The mother of this happy family told us that a master came twice a week to instruct her daughters in plain education, as she did not like sending them to school; she could teach them a great deal of woman's work herself, and thought a mother's eye good over her children. We thought so too. Only let our readers imagine how a slovenly, negligent, dirty family, would have marred the fascination of Glenà, and then picture to themselves the harmony that existed between the moral and pictorial beauty of the scene. Improvement is progressing, and it only remains for those engaged in the work to be patient and united, and then such families as this will cease to be noted as extraordinary. The well-ordered and industrious, though humble household, will live in our memories with the exceeding loveliness of the natural scene.

† The lake derives its name from the Irish Torc, "a wild boar;" and Mucross, "the place of wild swine." Dinis is derived from Dine-iske, "the beginning of the water;" and Brickeen from Bric-in, "the place of small trout."

TURK MOUNTIAN, FROM DENIS ISLAND.

WEBBY

London. Published by How & Parsons, 133, Fleet Street

Stream." The cascade is in a chasm between the mountains of Torc and Mangerton: the fall is between sixty and seventy feet. The path that leads to it by the side of the rushing and brawling current, which conducts it to the lake, has been judiciously curved so as to conceal the full view until the visitor is immediately under it; but the opposite hill has been beautifully planted—Art having been summoned to the aid of Nature—and the tall young trees are blended with the evergreen arbutus, the holly, and a vast variety of shrubs. As we advance, the rush of waters gradually breaks upon the ear, and at a sudden turning the cataract is beheld in all its glory. It is exceedingly beautiful. At times the torrent is very great; but not unfrequently the supply is so limited, that it dwindles, by comparison, into a mere mill-stream *.

The abbey of Mucross adjoins the pretty village of Cloghreen, and is in the demesne of Henry Arthur Herbert, Esq., which includes the whole of the peninsula. The site was chosen with the usual judgment and taste of "the monks of old," who invariably selected the pleasantest of all pleasant places. The original name was Irelough—and it appears that long prior to the erection of this, now ruined structure, a church existed in the same spot, which was consumed by fire in 1192. The abbey was built for Franciscan monks, according to Archdall, in 1440; but the annals of the Four Masters give its date a century earlier:

* Some years ago, on the occasion of a Viceroy's visit to the lakes, in order to give his Excellency an unusual treat, the current was dammed up for several hours—the barriers to be removed as soon as he made his appearance. Unhappily for the glory of the place, however, one of the equerries rode on before, and the

both, however, ascribe its foundation to one of the Mac Carthys, princes of Desmond. It was several times repaired, and once subsequently to the Reformation, as we learn from the following inscription, on a stone let into the north wall of the choir:—

"Orate p felici statu fris Thade Holeni qui hunc sacru conbetu de novo reparare curabit Anno Domini millesimo sexcentesimo bigesimo sexto."

The building consists of two principal parts—the convent and the church. The church is about one hundred feet in length and twenty-four in breadth; the steeple, which stands between the nave and the chancel, rests on four high and slender pointed arches*. The principal entrance is by a handsome pointed door-way, luxuriantly overgrown with ivy, through which is seen the great eastern window. The intermediate space, as indeed every part of the ruined edifice, is filled with tombs, the greater number distinguished only by a slight elevation from the mould around them; but some containing inscriptions to direct the stranger where especial honour should be paid. A large modern tomb, in the centre of the choir, covers the vault, in which in ancient times were interred the Mac Carthys Mor†, and

superintendant perceiving the glittering apparel through the trees, imagining that the moment was come, gave the signal, and long before the Viceroy appeared, the assembled waters had mingled with those of the lake.

* Dr. Smith states that the old bell which originally hung in this tower was, a few years before he wrote, found in the lake; and the "Cork Remembrancer," about the same period (1750), records that "of the bell found in Killarney Lough, the circumference is as big as a table that will hold eight people to dine at. The clapper was eaten away by rust, and they are now making it for a steeple at Killarney." We could not ascertain what had become of it.

† The following gracefully-written epitaph has been carved on the tomb, of which the descendants of the Mac Carthy Mor and the O'Donoghue Mor are now co-tenants.

"What more could Homer's most illustrious verse,
Or pompous Tully's stately prose rehearse,
Than what this monumental stone contains
In death's embrace, Mac Carthy More's remains?
Hence, reader, learn the sad and certain fate
That waits on man spares not the good or great;
And while this venerable marble calls
Thy patriot tear, perhaps, that trickling falls;
And bids thy thoughts to other days return,
And with a spark of Erin's glory burn;
While to her fame most grateful tributes flow,
Oh! ere you turn, one warmer drop bestow!
If Erin's chiefs deserve thy generous tear,
Heir of their worth, O'Donoghue lies here."

more recently the O'Donoghue Mor of the Glens, whose descendants were buried here so late as the year 1833. Close to this tomb, but on a level with the earth, is the slab which formerly covered the vault. It is without inscription, but bears the arms of the Earl of Clancare *. The convent as well as the church is in very tolerable preservation; and Mr. Herbert has taken especial care, as far as he can, to baulk the consumer, Time, of the remnants of his glorious feast. He has repaired the foundations in some parts and the parapets in others, and so judiciously that the eye is never annoyed by the intrusion of the new among the old; the ivy furnishing him with a ready means for hiding the unhallowed brick and mortar from the sight. In his "caretaker," too he has a valuable auxiliary; and a watch is set, first to discover tokens of decay, then to prevent their spread, and then to twist and twine the young shoots of the aged trees over and around them.

The dormitories, the kitchen, the refectory, the cellars, the infirmary, and other chambers, are still in a state of comparative preservation; the upper rooms are unroofed; and the coarse grass grows abundantly among them. The great fire-place of the refectory is curious and interesting—affording evidence that the good monks were not forgetful of the duty they owed themselves, or of the bond they had entered into, to act upon the advice

* A tract of country lying along the banks of the Laune is still distinguished as Mac Carthy More's country, and is so marked on the map. Here it is said was the ancient castle of the chieftains of the sept; but their lands probably extended from the lake to the ocean. The Mac Carthy More was the representative of the ancient kings of Munster; and continued for centuries the most powerful prince of Desmond. The castle of "Palice, otherwise Caislean na Cartha," according to Mr. Windele, "stood a naked ruin" so late as 1837, when it was destroyed in the night by an accursed road-jobber, and its materials removed for the repair of the adjoining highway, to the grief and indignation of the whole people of the district. The Mac Carthy More was the elder branch of the Mac Carthys Lords of Muskerry (whom we have already mentioned). In 1565, Donald Mac Carthy More was created, by Queen Elizabeth, Earl of Clancare and Viscount Valentia. His haughty followers, however, despised his new title, and slighted their chieftain, who had condescended to accept it at the hands of the Sassenach; and it was speedily laid aside. The power and influence of the Mac Carthy More may be estimated by the extent of his feudal sovereignty. Besides the payment of tributes and other exactions, at his summons, the O'Donoghue of Ross, the O'Donoghue of Glenflesk, Mac Donough of Duhallow, O'Keiff of Dromlariffe, Mac Awley of Clanawly, O'Callaghan of Clounmeene, O'Sullivan More, O'Sullivan Bere, Mac Gillacuddy, and others, were bound to attend him in the field, and furnish sixty horse and fifteen hundred foot.

of St. Paul, and be "given to hospitality." This recess is pointed out as the bed of John Drake — a pilgrim who about a century ago took up his abode in the Abbey, and continued its inmate during a period of several years. As will be supposed, his singular choice of residence has given rise to abundant stories, and the mention of his name to any of the guides or boatmen will at once produce a volume of the marvellous. We gathered from a score of relators the facts we have here put together. When the man made his dwelling in this lonely and awful place—the companion of the dead, living among the frightful and half-decayed relics of mortality—it is said, his hands were small and delicate, his air and manner tranquil and dignified, and his "tongue" was not of the south. He appeared to be under forty years of age, and made no effort to gain a reputation for sanctity. The belief among the peasantry is, that he had committed some crime which, in accordance with their creed, demanded desperate atonement, and that his penance was to be made within the holy yet haunted walls of Mucross Abbey —it is certain that he braved the weather-changes of either seven or eleven years—without any shelter, but what the chimney afforded—without any covering, but his ordinary clothes, and a single blanket, bestowed by the charity of some gentle-hearted dweller in the village: he never asked alms, nor would receive more at a time than a single penny; he never ate in any dwelling but his own, if so it might be called; and yet he had enough to pay for his potatoes and fish at all times, and to bestow a halfpenny and his prayers on those who seemed more miserable than himself. He was seldom, if ever, seen at chapel, though he prayed daily at particular spots in the abbey-yard, devoting the remainder of his day to the cultivation of his garden. We gathered a bough from a currant-bush, still fresh and vigorous, that had been planted by the poor penitent, "who came," as the guide said, "as suddenly amongst them as a flash of lightning." It was reported and believed

that this lonely man had frequent and personal contests with the author of all evil, that he was doomed to wrestle with him in the flesh, and that it was only by prayer and fasting he was able to overcome. We never met with one of the inhabitants who had courage enough to venture within the holy precincts of Mucross after nightfall; but some hardy fellows had been near the walls, and reported that they heard bitter groans, loud and angry words, and sounds as if of men engaged in mortal combat. If John Drake was missed from the village for any length of time, some of the peasants would ascend to his bed—the old chimney, which, when we saw it, was garnished by an enormous tree of ivy, that clasps the wall in its gigantic arms,—and there they would find him, worn, and sad, and weary. This, however, occurred but seldom—he was always gentle and patient, and frequently cheerful—kind to children, who curtsied when he passed. Once a woman of the village, inheriting her sex's curiosity, asked him if he had ever seen "any thing" in the ruins. "Nothing," he replied; "nothing *worse than myself.*" Whatever the cause of his seclusion—whatever he endured, he kept to himself: he neither found fault with others, nor interfered with them in any way. Once an old man on the verge of the grave demanded his prayers: "God help you, my poor man," he said; "and God will help you: but as for me, all the prayers I can say from sunrise to sunset are not sufficient for myself." It is almost needless to add, that he partook of no pastime; observing, that "those who were harmless had a right to be happy," and those who were not would try to be so in vain. He excited so strong a sympathy in the minds of his kind-hearted neighbours, that it was no uncommon thing when the young girls said their usual prayers for the repose of their parents' souls beside their graves, to tell over an extra rosary for "the sins of poor John Drake." John never talked of the past or the future, and the peasantry imagined he would leave his bones amongst them. Such, however, was not the case. One day (it was in spring) he was nowhere seen; another, and another passed; and at last they sought him in his usual place. He was gone; the straw of his bed was damp, his staff and wallet had vanished; the wren, the sparrow, and the robin peered from the nests he had protected, and twittered their anxiety for his return; the humble fruit-trees he had cared for were full of blossom, and the roses venturing forth their tender buds earlier than usual—but John Drake was gone. In a retired neighbourhood small events produce great sensations: the reports as to his sudden disappearance where he had resided so long were numerous; some declared "he had been spirited away;" others, that "he drownded himself in the lake;" again, that "he had been seen crossing the Flesk-bridge." In short, the reports were as varied as numerous, until the summer, with its influx of visitors, created new themes, and John Drake's

name might have been forgotten, but that it added a new feature of interest to the beautiful abbey of Mucross. Whether the continuation of the mystery be romance or not, we cannot say; but they tell how, about ten years after John Drake's disappearance, a lady, "a furriner, by her tongue," arrived at Killarney, where she remained for many weeks; how she inquired about the pilgrim; how, day by day, she used to ascend to the solitary garden, and weep floods of tears over his couch; then pray where he had prayed, and distribute abundant alms to all who had been kind to him. She would answer no questions; and the two servants who attended upon her could not speak English. After much prayer and penance, she departed as she came, a lonely, unknown lady; and John Drake was heard of—no more.

The cloister, which consists of twenty-two arches, ten of them semicircular and twelve pointed, is the best preserved portion of the abbey. In the centre grows a magnificent yew-tree, which covers, as a roof, the whole area; its circumference is thirteen feet, and its height in proportion. It is more than probable that the tree is coeval with the abbey; that it was planted by the hands of the monks who built the sacred edifice centuries ago. The yew, it is known, lives to a prodigious age; and in England, there are many of a date considerably earlier than that which may be safely assigned to this*.

Although for a very long period the monks must have lived and died in the abbey of Mucross, posterity has been puzzled to find out the places where they are interred. Time has mingled their remains with those of the tens of thousands of nameless men who have here found their homes; but the peasantry still point out an ancient, singular, and rudely-constructed vault on the outside of the church, and immediately under the east window, where the bones of the holy fathers have become dust. Until within the last three or four years, the abbey of Mucross and the adjacent churchyard were kept in a very revolting state. It is the custom of the Irish to inter the dead within a few feet, sometimes within a few inches, of the

* It is believed that any person daring to pluck a branch, or in any way attempting to injure this tree, will not be alive on that day twelvemonth. To such an extent has this conviction taken root in the neighbourhood, that we thought our attendant would have fainted on seeing one of us pluck a small twig from the yew.

surface; and as the ground becomes crowded, it is often necessary to remove the remains of one inmate before room can be found for another. The consequence is, that all the old abbeys and churches are filled with decayed coffin planks, and sculls and bones, scattered without the remotest care to decency, and absolutely disgusting to the spectator*. This reproach has been entirely removed from Mucross by the care of Mr. Herbert, and now there is no disagreeable object to intrude upon the sight.

A visit to Mucross Abbey may naturally suggest some account of the funeral ceremonies of the Irish, which are peculiar, remarkable, and interesting.

The most anxious thoughts of the Irish peasant through life revert to his death; and he will endure the extreme of poverty in order that he may scrape together the means of obtaining "a fine wake" and a "decent funeral." He will, indeed, hoard for this purpose, though he will economize for no other; and it is by no means rare to find among a family clothed with rags, and living in entire wretchedness, a few untouched garments laid aside for the day of burial†. It is not for himself only that he cares; his continual and engrossing desire is, that his friends may enjoy "full and plenty" at his wake; and however miserable his circumstances, "the neighbours" are sure to have a merry meeting and an abundant treat after he is dead‡. His first care is, as his end approaches, to obtain the consolations of his religion; his next, to arrange the order of the coming feast. To "die without the priest" is regarded as an awful calamity. We have more than once heard a dying man exclaim in piteous accents, mingled with moans—"Oh, for the Lord's sake, keep the life in

* Sir Richard Colt Hoare and Sir John Carr (whose travels in Ireland were published about the years 1816 or 1817) both complain of this evil in the strongest terms. The latter says, "So loaded with contagion is the air in this spot, that every principle of humanity imperiously calls upon the indulgent owner to exercise his right of closing it up as a place of sepulture in future. I warn every one who visits Killarney, as he values his life, not to enter this abbey. Contrast renders doubly horrible the ghastly contemplation of human dissolution, tainting the surrounding air with pestilence, in a spot which nature has enriched with a profusion of romantic beauty." Mr. Herbert, however, knew the Irish better than did the knight. To have "closed the abbey as a place of sepulture," would have been impossible. Their attachment to a place of family burial is notorious; to "lay their bones among their own people," being the hope that clings to them most firmly through life. It is a singular contradiction that they manifest, notwithstanding, such utter indifference to the decencies of the grave-yard. Mr. Herbert adopted the wiser course of digging a large pit, and conveying into it the relics of mortality that were formerly scattered about the church. Mr. Roche, who assisted at the removal, informed us that the process occupied four men during five weeks; between seven and eight hundred cart-loads having been taken away.

† Only a month ago, we gave a poor woman, an inmate of our parish workhouse, a few shillings. On asking her soon afterwards what she had done with her money, she said she had purchased with it a fine calico under-garment, to be kept for her shroud, that she might be buried decently.

‡ The wake-feast of the present day, however, is confined to the use of tobacco and snuff. In some cases, indeed, punch is distributed; more rarely still tea and coffee. The practice, first perhaps prompted by hospitality, was carried to injurious, and often ruinous, excess.

me till the priest comes!" In every serious case of illness the priest is called in without delay, and it is a duty which he never omits; the most urgent business, the most seductive pleasure, the severest weather, the most painful illness, will fail in tempting him to neglect the most solemn and imperative of all his obligations—the preparing a member of his flock to meet his Creator. When the Roman Catholic sacrament of extreme unction has been administered, death has lost its terrors—the sufferer usually dies with calmness, and even cheerfulness. He has still, however, some of the anxieties of earth; and, unhappily, they are less given to the future destinies of his family, than to the ceremonies and preparations for his approaching wake.

The formalities commence almost immediately after life has ceased *. The corpse is at once laid out, and the wake begins: the priest having been first summoned to say mass for the repose of the departed soul, which he generally does in the apartment in which the body reposes! It is regarded by the friends of the deceased as a sacred duty to watch by the corpse until laid in the grave; and only less sacred is the duty of attending it thither.

The ceremonies differ somewhat in various districts, but only in a few minor and unimportant particulars. The body, decently laid out on a table or bed, is covered with white linen, and, not unfrequently, adorned with black ribbons, if an adult; white, if the party be unmarried; and flowers, if a child †. Close by it, or upon it, are plates of tobacco and snuff; around it are lighted candles. Usually a quantity of salt is laid upon it also.‡ The women of the household range themselves at either side, and the keen (caoine §) at once

* Indeed, sometimes, that event is anticipated by the assembling of friends and neighbours. Mr. Wakefield mentions the following circumstance, which occurred to him at a cottage where he called to inquire after a poor man who was ill of consumption, but who, having a good constitution, seemed likely to live for some time. 'I found," says he, "the kitchen full of men and women, all dressed in their Sunday clothes; I, therefore, asked one of them what are they going to do, and the answer was, 'We are waiting for the wake.' I inquired who was dead. 'No one; but the man within is all but dead, and we are chatting a bit that we may help the widow to lift him when the breath goes out of his body.'"

† There is among the peasantry a religious order called "The Order of the Virgin," the members of which, male and female, are always buried in a brown habit. The duties of this order are to say daily certain stated prayers. The garment is always prepared long before death.

‡ Salt has been considered by all nations as an emblem of friendship; and it was anciently offered to guests at an entertainment as a pledge of welcome. In Egypt, and the neighbouring idolatrous countries, salt, when strewed about, was emblematic of calamity and desolation. Hence the popular superstition respecting "spilling the salt." The Persian Berhani Kattea, cited by Wait, explains the phrase, "to have salt upon the liver," as a metaphor expressive of enduring calamity upon calamity, and torment upon torment.

§ The Irish words "Caoin" and "Cointhe" cannot easily be pronounced according to any mode of writing them in English. The best idea that can be given of the pronunciation, is to say that the word has a sound between that of the English words "Keen" and "Queen." The word was anciently written Cine (Cine), and was similar to the Hebrew קנה, i. e. Lamentation,—lamentatio planctus, ploratus. Vide 2 Sam. i. 17. To enter, with any degree of minuteness, into the antiquity of the Keen, and the arguments in support of its Eastern origin and character, would be impossible within reasonable limits. "The custom," observes the Rev. G. N. Wright, "of pouring forth a loud strain of lamentation at the funerals of their friends and

commences. They rise with one accord, and, moving their bodies with a slow motion to and fro, their arms apart, they continue to keep up a heart-rending cry. This cry is interrupted for a while to give the *ban caointhe* (the leading keener), an opportunity of commencing. At the close of every

stanza of the dirge, the cry is repeated, to fill up, as it were, the pause, and then dropped; the woman then again proceeds with the dirge, and so on to the close.

relatives, though now probably peculiar to Ireland, is of very ancient date, and can be traced back to heathen origin with tolerable certainty. As far as the analogy of languages will prove, there is very singular testimony to this point; the Hebrew is *Huluul;* the Greek, *Ololuzō;* the Latin, *Ululo;* and the Irish *Hulluloo.* If it be then of heathenish origin, it may be supposed to arise from despair, but if otherwise, from hope. That it is not a fortuitous coincidence of terms, but also a similarity of customs to which these mixed modes are applicable, may easily be proved. We find in the sacred Scriptures many passages proving the existence of this practice among those who used the Hebrew tongue—'Call for the mourners,' &c. 'Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets,' &c. Its existence amongst persons speaking the Greek tongue is proved from the last book of Homer, where females are introduced mourning over Hector's dead body. It is not alleged that the Greeks introduced the name or the custom, but that the Greeks were in Ireland might perhaps be proved from the Greek church at Trim, in the county of Meath, and also from the life of St. Virgilius, Bishop of Saltzburg, where mention is made of Bishop Dobda, a Grecian, who followed St. Virgilius out of Ireland. Amongst the Romans there were women called *Præficæ*, who uttered *conclamatio*, and Virgil speaking of Dido's funeral says, '*Fœmineo ululatu* tecta fremunt.' "The analogy between the Roman and Irish funeral ceremony before the government of the Decemviri, was amazingly striking. The Keenaghers or Keeners (for so the *Præficæ mulieres* are called by the Irish) are in the habit of beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and wringing their hands. Now we find the following law relative to Roman funerals, among those of the twelve tables—'Mulier ne faciem carpito'—"Mulieres genas ne radunto.' The antiquity of this custom is thus established beyond doubt, and secures for the Irish peasantry the sanction of ages for a practice which a stranger might otherwise contemplate with horror."

The only interruption which this manner of conducting a wake suffers, is from the entrance of some relative of the deceased, who, living remote, or from some other cause, may not have been in at the commencement. In this case, the *ban caointhe* ceases, all the women rise and begin the cry, which is continued until the new-comer has cried enough. During the pauses of the women's wailing, the men, seated in groups by the fire, or in the corners of the room, are indulging in jokes, exchanging repartees, and bantering each other, some about their sweethearts, and some about their wives, or talking over the affairs of the day—prices and politics, priests and parsons, the all-engrossing subjects of Irish conversation.

A very accurate idea of an Irish wake may be gathered from a verse of a rude song, with the singular title of "O'Reilly's Frolics," beginning—"When Death at the bowlster approaches to summon me." We purchased it from a ballad-vendor in Limerick, who was bawling it through the streets in the voice of a stentor:—

"When my corpse will be laid on a table along the room,
With a white sheet on me down to my toes,
My lawful wife by me, and she crying most bitterly,
And my dear loving children making their moans!
The night of my wake long steamers of tobacco,
Cut on a plate, on my navel for fashion's sake,
Mould candles in rows, like torches, watching me,
And I cold in my coffin by the dawn of day."

It is needless to observe that the merriment is in ill keeping with the solemnity of the death chamber, and that very disgraceful scenes are, or rather were, of frequent occurrence; the whiskey being always abundant, and the men and women nothing loath to partake of it to intoxication.*

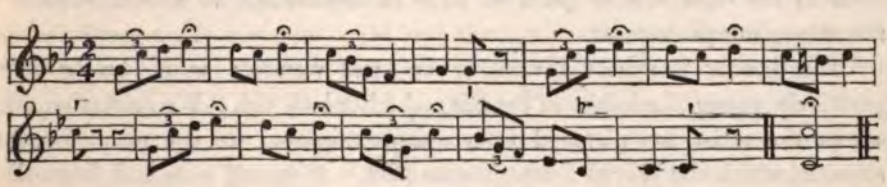
* Two English gentlemen, one an officer, visiting Killarney a few years ago, were exceedingly anxious to be present at a wake; and as their stay was to be very brief, they had some fear that their curiosity was not likely to be gratified. The carmen who drove them, overhearing their conversation, at once removed all dread on the subject, by information that "a dacent boy, a cousin of his, died suddenly that very morning; and sure he was to be waked that night; only as his people lived far up the mountain, it would be troublesome to bring him into the town." To oblige their honours, however, the thing was to be done. Of course the news was followed by a liberal donation; and a promise of whiskey enough to make the party merry. Evening came; and with it the two gentlemen. The body of "my poor cousin" was laid out in proper style; the empty bottles were filled by contributions from the strangers; and an ample supply of pipes and tobacco was also procured. The evening commenced; one visitor after another dropt in; some expressing their astonishment and horror at finding "laid out" the hearty young man they walked and talked with yesterday. The affair was proceeding capitally; the Englishmen asking questions, and passing comments upon the novel and singular scene; until after some remark more than ordinarily ludicrous, the mouth of the corpse was observed to have a sudden twinge. One of the strangers noted the fact, and, starting up, exclaimed, "By Jove, the rascal is alive!" and at the same moment thrust a lighted cigar against his cheek. The dead man instantly started up, grave-clothes and all, made a rush to the door, fortunately plunged through it, and ran along the road, pursued by the exasperated officer. The dead outran the living—or there might have been a wake in earnest. It is needless to add that the carman and his friends speedily vanished.

The keener is usually paid for her services—the charge varying from a crown to a pound, according to the circumstances of the employer. They—

> "live upon the dead,
> By letting out their persons by the hour
> To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad."

It often happens, however, that the family has some friend or relation, rich in the gift of poetry; and who will for love of her kin give the unbought eulogy to the memory of the deceased. The Irish language, bold, forcible, and comprehensive, full of the most striking epithets and idiomatic beauties, is peculiarly adapted for either praise or satire—its blessings are singularly touching and expressive, and its curses wonderfully strong, bitter, and biting. The rapidity and ease with which both are uttered, and the epigrammatic force of each concluding stanza of the keen, generally bring tears to the eyes of the most indifferent spectator, or produce a state of terrible excitement. The dramatic effect of the scene is very powerful: the darkness of the death-chamber, illumined only by candles that glare upon the corpse, the manner of repetition or acknowledgement that runs round when the keener gives out a sentence, the deep, yet suppressed sobs of the nearer relatives, and the stormy, uncontrollable cry of the widow or bereaved husband when allusion is made to the domestic virtues of the deceased—all heighten the effect of the keen; but in the open air, winding round some mountain pass, when a priest, or person greatly beloved and respected, is carried to the grave, and the keen, swelled by a thousand voices, is borne upon the mountain echoes—it is then absolutely magnificent. *

The following affords an idea of the air to which it is usually chaunted.



This keen is very ancient, and there is a tradition that its origin is super-

* Mr. Beauford, in a communication to the Royal Irish Academy, remarks, that "the modes of lamentation, and the expressions of grief by sounds, gestures, and ceremonies, admit of an almost infinite variety. So far as these are common to most people, they have very little to attract attention; but where they constitute a part of national character, they then become objects of no incurious speculation. The Irish," continues that gentleman, "have been always remarkable for their funeral lamentations, and this peculiarity has been noticed by almost every traveller who visited them;" and he adds, "It has been affirmed of the Irish, that to cry was more natural to them than to any other nation; and at length the Irish cry became proverbial."

natural, as it is said to have been first sung by a chorus of invisible spirits in the air over the grave of one of the early kings of Ireland. The keener having finished a stanza of the keen, sets up the wail (indicated in the music by the *semibreve* at the conclusion) in which all the mourners join. Then a momentary silence ensues, when the keener commences again, and so on—each stanza ending in the wail. The keen usually consists in an address to the corpse, asking him "Why did he die? &c., or a description of his person, qualifications, riches, &c.," it is altogether extemporaneous; and it is sometimes astonishing to observe with what facility the keener will put the verses together, and shape her poetical images to the case of the person before her *. This, of course, can only appear strongly to a person acquainted with the language, as any merit which these compositions possess is much obscured in a translation.

The lamentation is not always confined to the keener; any one present who has "the gift" of poetry may put in his or her verse: and this sometimes occurs. Thus the night wears away in alternations of lamentation and silence, the arrival of each new friend or relative of the deceased being, as already observed, the signal for renewing the keen. But we have witnessed the arrivals of persons who, instead of going over and sitting down by the corpse (which indicated an intention to join in the keen), fell on their knees immediately on entering, and offered up a silent prayer for the repose of the departed soul. The intervals in the keen are not, however, always silent—they are often filled up by "small plays" on the part of the young, and on the part of the aged, or more serious, by tales of fairie and phantasie; nor is it uncommon to have the conversation varied by an argument on religion, for even in the most remote parts so large an assemblage is seldom without a few straggling protestants.

The keener is almost invariably an aged woman; or if she be comparatively young, the habits of her life make her look old. We remember one, whom the artist has pictured from our description; we can never forget a scene in which she played a conspicuous part. A young man had been shot by the police as he was resisting a warrant for his arrest. He was of "decent people," and had a "fine wake." The woman, when we entered the apartment, was sitting on a low stool by the side of the corpse. Her long black uncombed locks were hanging about her shoulders; her eyes were the deep set greys peculiar to the country, and which are capable of every expression, from the

* The facility of producing rhymes in Irish arises from this, that *vocal* rhymes are sufficient for poetry. Provided the closing vowels be the same, like consonants are unnecessary—contrary to the laws of rhyme in other tongues.

bitterest hatred and the direst revenge to the softest and warmest affection. Her large blue cloak was confined at her throat; but not so closely as to conceal the outline of her figure, thin and gaunt, but exceedingly lithesome.—When she arose, as if by sudden inspiration, first holding out her hands over the body, and then tossing them wildly above her head, she continued her chaunt in a low monotonous tone, occasionally breaking into a style earnest and animated; and using every variety of attitude to give emphasis to her words, and enforce her description of the virtues and good qualities of the deceased. "Swift and sure was his foot," she said, "on hill and valley. His shadow struck terror to his foes; he could look the sun in the face like an eagle; the whirl of his weapon through the air was fast and terrible as the lightning. There had been full and plenty in his father's house, and the traveller never left it empty; but the tyrants had taken all except his heart's blood—and that they took at last. The girls of the mountain may cry by the running streams, and weep for the flower of the country—but he would return no more. He was the last of his father's house; but his people were many both on hill and valley; and they would revenge his death!" Then, kneeling, she clenched her hands together, and cursed bitter curses against whoever had aimed the fatal bullet—curses which illustrate but too forcibly the fervour of Irish hatred. "May the light fade from your eyes, so that you may never see what you love! May the grass grow at your door! May you fade into nothing like snow in summer! May your own blood rise against ye, and the sweetest drink ye take

be the bittherest cup of sorrow! May ye die without benefit of priest or clergy!" To each of her curses there was a deep "Amen," which the ban caointhe paused to hear, and then resumed her maledictions. Akin to this is another keen, of which we have been favoured with a translation:—A keen, by a poor widow on her two sons, executed for treason on the testimony of a perjured informer, whose name it appears was Hugh: translated as literally as the idiom of the English language will permit.

"My beloved, my faithful boys,
When yesterday your case was called,
Soon started up Hugh,
How many falsehoods did he not swear,
That would hang men a hundred and one.
Then shook the court to its foundations,
The earth shook, and the skies,
The bolt of heaven fell.
It blasted the bloom of the trees,
It stopped the song of the birds.
Alas! Alas! a thousand times,
That the bolt fell not on Hugh.

"Evil befal the grand jury, and the judge;
Evil befal the twelve who tried you.

That did not look upon your brows,
To see the bloom of youth there,
And give arms to each upon his shoulders,
And send you beyond the waters far away;
For even then your mother would hope for you.
O, that she was not your judge or your jury!
She would spend days twenty and one
Without or food, or drink,
That she might save her boys."

The following is brief, but contains a volume of Irish history. A female member of the Mc Carthy More family dying in indigence, was carried to the grave on the shoulders of peasants; her coffin supported by poles. An old woman named Mary Riordan, celebrated in the south for her caoines, seeing her thus borne to her last home, pronounced the following lamentation:

"O mo cara thu as mo runcri,
A gaoil na prunci,
As na Carhach coolmui,
A mead na diag a nun div,
As nar vaag a thruliv,
Don clan do rug cunthis,
D'iaria Muiscri,
Ad vreh er da stumpin,
Thri do duhiv."

"O my love, my heart's love,
Thou kin of princes,
The yellow-haired Mc Carthys—
Of those who went not into exile,
Or were not drowned in the waves,
The children whom a countess bore
To the Earl of Muskerry,
Carried on two poor sticks
Throughout thine own territory."

Another coine of this woman's has been preserved; she was known by the name of Maura Vaan—"White Mary"—this being a distinctive title of her kindred, perhaps from the colour of their hair. An indigent stranger, an itinerant vender of small wares, died at a farmstead. The neighbours attended his poor wake; and among them was this woman. In the course of the night some one said, "It is a pity to let him lie there like a cow or a horse; get up, Mary, and say something over him." "What can I say?" she answered; "I know nothing about him." She was prevailed upon; and thus began:—

"Approach me, women:
If you grieve not for him who lies here,
You have yourselves lost many friends."

In this manner she continued to appeal to their private feelings and sorrows —reminding one of the loss of a husband, another of a lover, another of a father; and worked upon their feelings to such a degree, that every woman present was soon in tears, and all of them rose with one accord, and over the corpse of the unknown indulged each her own private grief.

Besides *caoines*, extempore compositions over the dead, *thirrios*, or written elegies, deserve mention. They are composed almost exclusively by men, as the *caoines* are by women. Many of them are of no mean pretensions as efforts of genius. Specimens are to be found in manuscript in the house of every peasant who cultivates the language of his country. They differ from the keens in little more than that they are written with more regard to metre. The measure, in English called *heroic*, is the most common, and suits them best.

We might greatly extend this portion of our enquiries; but, however interesting to some, we should do so at the risk of being tedious in the opinion of a large portion of our readers. The following, however, we must be permitted to transcribe; it is a translation from the original Irish by Mr. Callanan, the poet, whose lines on Gougane Barra we have already quoted. It is said to be the composition of "a fosterer" of Morty Oge O'Sullivan, the chieftain of Berehaven, who was shot in attempting to resist the service of a warrant for his arrest under a charge of murdering a gentleman, his near neighbour. His body was conveyed to Cork lashed to the stern of a king's cutter, and towed through the ocean. His head was subsequently exposed on the gaol of that city. He was, it is said, betrayed by one of his own followers.

"The sun on Ivera no longer shines brightly;
The voice of her music no longer is sprightly;
No more to her maidens the light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling, O'Sullivan Bear.

"Scully, thou false one ! you basely betrayed him
In his strong hour of need, when thy right hand should aid him ;
He fed thee, he clad thee, you had all could delight thee,
You left him, you sold him : may Heaven requite thee !

"Scully, may all kinds of evil attend thee !
On thy dark road of life, may no kind one befriend thee !
May fevers long burn thee, and agues long freeze thee !
May the strong hand of God in his red anger seize thee !

"Had he died calmly, I would not deplore him,
Or if the wild strife of the sea-war closed o'er him ;
But with ropes round his white limbs, through ocean to trail him,
Like a fish after slaughter,—'tis therefore I wail him.

"Long may the curse of his people pursue them :
Scully, that sold him, and soldier that slew him !
One glimpse of Heaven's light, may they see never !
May the hearth-stone of hell be their best bed for ever !

"In the hole which the vile hands of soldiers had made thee,
Unhonoured, unshrouded, and headless they laid thee ;
No sigh to regret thee, no eye to rain o'er thee :
No dirge to lament thee, no friend to deplore thee.

"Dear head of my darling ! how gory and pale
These aged eyes see thee, high spiked on their gaol !
Thy cheek in the summer sun ne'er shall grow warm ;
Nor that eye e'er catch light, but the flash of the storm.

"A curse, blessed ocean, is on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork to Ivera of slaughter !
Since thy billows were dyed with the red wounds of fear,
Of Muiertach Oge, our O'Sullivan Bear."

The wake usually lasts two days; sometimes it is extended to three, and occasionally to four. Where the survivors are "poor and proud," however, the body is consigned to earth within twenty-four hours after death; for it is obvious that the expenditure is too great to allow of its continuance longer than is absolutely necessary. When the corpse is about to be taken out, the wail becomes most violent; but as then *nature* is most predominant, it is less *musical*. Before the coffin is nailed down, each of the relatives and friends kisses the corpse, then the coffin is brought out and placed on chairs before the door; and in some districts, the candles (which from the first were kept constantly lighted) are brought out also, and placed on other chairs in the same relative position they occupied within, and they are not taken away until the coffin is settled in the hearse, and the procession beginning to move.

The funerals are invariably attended by a numerous concourse; some from affection to the deceased; others, as a tribute of respect to a neighbour; and

a large proportion, because time is of small value, and a day unemployed is not looked upon in the light of money lost. No invitations are ever issued. Among the upper classes, females seldom accompany the mourners to the grave ; but among the peasantry the women always assemble largely.

The procession, unless the churchyard is very near, (which is seldom the case) consists mostly of equestrians—the women being mounted behind the men on pillions; but there are also a number of cars, of every variety. The wail rises and dies away, at intervals, like the fitful breeze. On coming to a cross road it is customary, in some places, for the followers to stop and offer up a prayer for the departed soul; and in passing through a town or village, they always make a circuit round the site of an ancient cross *. In former times the scene at a wake was re-enacted with infinitely less decorum in the churchyard; and country funerals were often disgraced by riot and confusion. Itinerant vendors of whiskey always mingled among the crowd, and found ready markets for their inflammatory merchandize. Party fights were consequently very common; persons were frequently set to guard the ground where it was expected an obnoxious individual was about to be interred; and it often happened that, after such conflicts, the vanquished party have returned to the grave, disinterred the body, and left it exposed on the highway †. The horror against suicide is so great in Ireland, that it is by no means rare to find the body of a wretched man, who has been guilty of the crime, remaining for weeks without interment—parties having been set to watch every neighbouring churchyard to prevent its being deposited in that which they consider belongs peculiarly to them.

It is well known that if two funerals meet at the same churchyard, a contest immediately takes place to know which will enter first; and happily if descrying each other at a distance, it is only a contest of speed; for it is often a contest of strength, terminating in bloodshed and sometimes in death. This arises from a belief that the last person buried in a churchyard is employed in bringing water to his fellow-tenants of the "narrow house," until he is relieved in turn by the arrival of a new sojourner in the dreary regions of mortality.

* Thus a corpse, passing through Fethard, in the county of Tipperary, is always carried round the pump, because the old cross stood there in former times; and there is a certain gate of the same town (for a considerable part of the fortifications remain), through which a corpse is never carried, though in their direct course, because it was through that gate that Cromwell entered the town.

† In August, 1839, our informant saw lying amongst the nettles in the burial-ground at Mucross, a coffin, the lid of which had been removed, and in it there lay exposed to the unhallowed gaze of curiosity, a body in an awful state of decomposition, which had been left there by its relations, because they were not strong enough to possess themselves of some particular nook in the abbey, which was defended by the friends of a body already in possession; which this party would have exhumed, but failing to do so, threw the coffin into the nettles, and suffered it to remain unburied.

The lower classes of the Irish have always held in exceeding abhorrence the practice of disinterring the dead for the purpose of assisting science; and the men who, in former times, were employed by surgeons to procure "subjects," always held their lives by very slight tenures*. Indeed, the surgeons themselves were generally objects of suspicion, and not unfrequently of dislike. In order to prevent the possibility of disinterment, we have known parties watch the grave night after night—always in large groups, and, in those days, never without an abundant supply of whiskey. To many of the country churchyards—(the church having vanished ages ago)—a rude hovel is attached, where the parties may sit at night; and where some man is paid to watch, by the friends of the deceased persons.

The most touching and sad, though interesting funeral, we ever attended, was at Mucross, during our recent visit. It was a damp and somewhat gloomy morning, and the waiter, who entered fully into our desire, told us, with evident pleasure, that "we were in great luck, for two widows' sons were to be buried that day:"—adding, "I'm sorry for their trouble, but sure it was before them; and as they could not get over it, and as you had the curosity to see it, I'm glad they're to come to-day."

* A distinguished lecturer on anatomy in Cork, Dr. Woodroffe, whose name is familiar to men of science in every quarter of the globe, related to us some sterling anecdotes in illustration of the strength of this feeling among the humbler Irish. He was once summoned hastily to visit a family of considerable respectability, the head of which had died of apoplexy. He was the only son of his mother—and she was a widow. Dr. Woodroffe described the scene with a degree of eloquence in which we should vainly attempt to follow him. The "neighbours," poor as well as rich, had gradually strolled into the room in which the corpse lay; and the narrow chamber was crowded. The departed had been loved and respected by all; and there was everywhere signs of earnest sympathy in his fate. The agony of the bereaved household was absolutely appalling. The doctor tried several experiments with a view to restore life—or rather to satisfy the eager demands of the survivors; for he well knew that all human efforts were vain. Every minute, the mother murmured, "Doctor, doctor, give me back my good son!" At length, he prepared to depart, when the half-frantic woman seized him by the arm, exclaiming, in a very angry voice, "I say, you shall give me back my brave son!" The doctor placed his hand on her shoulder, and said, in a deep and impressive tone, while the whole room was hushed, "Woman, apply to God—*can I raise the dead?*" Instantly, the solemnity of the scene was broken by a voice screaming out from a far corner of the apartment, "Raise the dead! raise the dead! that ye can, ye thieving villain—didn't ye take my poor mother out of her quiet grave, in Douglas churchyard, bare three weeks ago?" On another occasion, the doctor driving in one of the hired cars from Passage to Cork, observed that a pretty young country girl was his fellow-traveller; and on returning at night found she was again in his company. The circumstance led to a conversation; and the girl told him she had been to Kilcrea to see her grandmother buried, for the robber-doctor had sworn he would have the old woman's body; and she (the grand-daughter) had sworn to baulk him. Our readers will easily imagine that a curious and amusing scene ensued; the unsuspecting girl frankly explaining the mode she had adopted to keep her oath; which consisted principally in her having interred the body in a remote corner of the old abbey, and covered it with large stones. The dialogue was terminated only by the doctor's saying, "Well, if Doctor Woodroffe said he would have her, you may be sure he will keep his word—for I am Dr. Woodroffe." The astonished and terrified girl screamed to the driver to stop the car; sprung off—ran back to Cork—instantly proceeded to Kilcrea, a distance of several miles; and having explained her case, had no difficulty in procuring assistance to remove her old grandmother from the place she had, in her simplicity, pointed out to the very person from whom she most desired to conceal it.

We walked about a quarter of a mile away, as it were, from the Cloghreen entrance to Mucross, to arrive at the gate appropriated for the passage of the dead to their last homes. Long before we could see any portion of the crowd we heard the keen swelling on the ear, now loud and tremulous, anon low and dying, dying away. Keening has fallen into disuse in this district; but the Kerry keen was more like what we imagine the wild wail of the Banshee to be, than the demonstration of human sorrow. The body had been placed in a plain coffin, what, in England, would be called a shell; and this was put upon a very common hearse, not unlike a four-post bed, drawn by an active but miserable-looking horse. The widowed mother, shrouded in her blue cloak, sat beside the coffin; and when the keeners cried the loudest, she rocked her body to and fro, and clasped her hands, as if to mark the beatings of her stricken heart. Those who followed were evidently the poorer class of artisans from the town of Killarney, and peasants of the neighbourhood; yet they were orderly and well-behaved—no drunken man disturbed the mournful ceremony. The humble grave was dug, not by any appointed sexton, but by a "neighbour," and before it was half-finished, the other funeral we had been told of had filled another corner of the churchyard. This one had no hired keeners, yet there was no lack of tears, and sighs, and bitter wailings. To us it was a wild and singular scene. While the narrow and shallow graves were preparing, the mothers were crouching at the head of each coffin. The deep blue hoods completely concealed each countenance; and so alike in attitude was one to the other, that they could not have been distinguished apart. Groups of men and boys were scattered throughout the churchyard. In the distance, a young girl was kneeling beside a grave: sometimes she wept, and then threw herself upon the green sward with every demonstration of agony. Not heeding the crowd, who waited patiently for the lowering of the coffins, two aged women were seated, midway between the two funeral parties, on a broad flat stone, intent upon observing both: like the crones in the Bride of Lammermoor, they discoursed of the departed.

"And which of the two widdy women do you pity most, Ally?"

"Och and troth, by dis and by dat, I can't tell. Sure I saw Mary O'Sullivan's boy alive and well yesterday mornin', an' he said—it was mighty quare —'Mother,' says he to her, an' he going out at the door— "

"Did he turn back to say it, alana?" interrupted the first speaker.

"He did."

"Inugh! Inugh! see that now. I wonder he hadn't better sinse than to turn back of a Saturday mornin'."

"'Mother,' says he, 'what a handful you'll have of white silver to-night, and I in work all the week!'"

"'God bless you, my darlint, Amin!' she answered, and then he came about and kissed her. Oh, wasn't she turned intirely from life when, in less than an hour after, he was brought in a corpse, and he her only comfort and help! I remember her a fine brave-looking woman, and see what she is now. Well, God look down upon us all!"

"Yarra! amen—there's Betsey Doolan out there, showing her bran new shawl at a funeral! Well, the consate of some people! Do you know where the up funeral is from?"

"T'other side of Mangerton, they say—an only son too!"

"Oh Peggy, you aint in airnest, are ye?"

"Fait, it's as thrue as gospel, Ally; or may I never light another pipe—two lone women's only sons: aint it a sorrowful sight? But her boy was going off in a consumption this many a day; and sure that was some comfort to her, to have him left in the sight of her eyes, and left to do what she could for him till the last; that *was* some comfort. Holy Mary! did ye hear that cry from Widdy O'Sullivan? What ails her? I—"

"Yah! they've got down on her husband's coffin, and she can't abide his bones being disturbed, and small blame to her; he was a dacent man. Yah! yah! hear to that sereech, it bates the head-keener of them all—the strength of the trouble of the widdy's heart was in it; poor craythur! the Lord above look down and comfort ye."

"I wonder will any of the quality in Killarney look to her? It's a pity my Lady Kenmare's not in it; sure she looks to every poor craythur that wants. Oh, thin, sure the power of the blessings she resaves from the poor will carry her soul to heaven! Its a comfortable blanket I had from her last frost. May she have all her heart's delight to the end of her days."

"Some people have grate luck," said the other woman, with a sneer; "but by dis and by dat, I never made a poor mouth to the quality."

"And the dickons thank ye for yer perliteness, and the man that owns ye in constant work; not like a poor craythur such as me, who has no head, God help us, these ten years to think for the childhre—only our own two hands to gather for them and ourselves the scrapings of the earth *."

At last we saw the coffin lowered, but a little way beneath the turf, and the humble grave was quickly filled. There was no priest of any description

* In Ireland, as we have said, they keep their relatives but a short time from the grave, after death. We expressed much pain at this hurrying mortality to decay. "Yah!" said an old Kerry man, "sure they could not affoord to keep it longer, even the richest of us." "How do you mean 'afford,' my good friend? the dead require no entertainment." "Avick! no—but the living do. Sure no one would lave corpse widout company, and company must have welcome; and how could they afford the entertainment for more than three days at most? Sure they never turn the neighbours out while the corpse is in; that's the custom of the country my lady, you see."

present, nor do the Catholic priests in general attend the humble funerals. This we think exceedingly improper ; it is distinctly and positively his duty—a duty he owes to the poor as well as the rich ; and yet the victim of sudden death had prayers, many and sincere, offered up over his grave! When the coffin was completely covered, and the friendly grave-digger threw down his spade, every person in the churchyard knelt down; the men uncovered their heads, the females clasped their hands; the very children crowded to the spot, and knelt silently and reverently under the canopy of heaven; there was no word spoken—no sentence uttered; the desolate widow even suppressed the sobbings of her broken heart ; and thus the people remained prostrate, perhaps, for several minutes. When they arose, the funeral howl broke forth afresh, in all its powerful and painful modulations.

The other funeral was soon over; and the people from beyond the mountain exchanged greetings with those who dwelt in the town. After a little time, their immediate friends—for the poor are the friends of the poor—persuaded the widows to rise from the earth, and their tottering limbs were supported with the most tender care, while every epithet to soften and cheer was used towards them. Much that was said was in the native Irish, and of that we understood little : but it was impossible to mistake the eager looks and sympathising tears of many who were present.

It so happened that the two widows met when leaving the place where their last earthly blessings were consigned to the earth. " I'm sorry for your trouble, my poor woman," said the mountain widow to the townswoman.

" Thank ye, and kindly too ; the Lord's hand is heavy on us both;" she replied, looking earnestly, and yet with an almost meaningless gaze on the widow who addressed her, and who was a much younger woman. " Two only sons!" she added—" they tell me, two only boys, yours and mine, and we to be left! but not for long. Tell me, avourneen "—and she laid her hand on her arm, and peered into her face—" *did your boy die hard?** "

" God be praised! he did not; he wasted away without any pain or

* This means—" Did he suffer severely at the last ?"

trouble. Long summer days and winter nights I watched and prayed for him —my gra boy! but the Lord took him for the best, if I could only think so." She paused to weep, while the people round her—some in Irish, some in English—exclaimed, "God comfort her!"—"the Lord look down on her!"—"Holy Mary pity her!"—"Well, she has grate strength intirely." "The breath left him," she added, "as easy as the down of the wild rush leaves its stem."

"Then thank God, always," said the old woman—"thank God that he did not die hard! the neighbours will tell ye how I lost mine. He was alive yesterday; ay, he was as full of strength as the finest deer on Glenà, and what is he now? Oh! but death was hard on him; I didn't know his face when I looked in it! think of that, my poor woman, think of that; the mother that bore him didn't know his face! Oh! it's a fine thing to have an easy death, and time to make our souls. Holy Mary!" and she commenced repeating the litany to the Virgin with inconceivable rapidity, while her face wore the cadaverous hue of death, and her eyes gleamed like lamps in a sepulchre.

"She's turnin' light-headed," said a man in the crowd. "Get her home, Peggy, the throuble is too strong for her intirely, and no wonder."

THE LOWER LAKE is, as we have said, much larger than either Torc Lake or the Upper Lake; and tourists generally prefer it to either of its sister rivals. It is more cheerful; and in parts more beautiful, but, as we have intimated, less graceful than the one, and far less grand than the other.

There are islands, small and large, in the Lower Lake, to the number of about five-and-thirty; including those of all sizes and proportions, that are not merely bare rocks; and nearly the whole of them are luxuriantly clothed in the richest verdure and foliage. The principal in extent and the most distinguished for beauty are, Ross, Innisfallen, and Rabbit Island; but among the lesser "stars of earth," there are several that surpass their comparatively giant neighbours in natural loveliness and grace;—such for example is Mouse-island, the tiny speck that lies between Ross and Innisfallen. It will be unnecessary for us to do more than point attention to them on the map; the two greater islands, however, call for some descriptive details.

The usual place of embarkation for strangers, who design to visit the various objects of attraction that must be seen by water, is at a quay on Ross Island, immediately under the walls of Ross Castle, to which there is a carriage road, crossing a small bridge, from the town of Killarney. The guests at the

LOWER LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

KERRY

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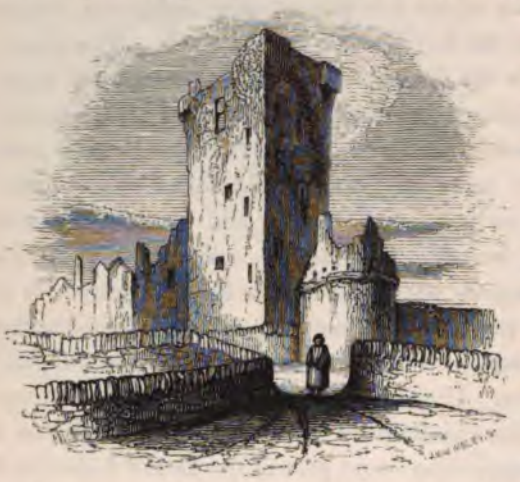
two hotels, "Roche's" and "the Victoria," have their own miniature piers; the former at a little creek under the banks of Mucross. Ross is more properly a peninsula than an island, being separated from the main land only by a narrow cut through a morass, which it is more than probable was a work of art, with a view to strengthen the fortifications of the castle. The island, for so it must now be termed, is the largest of the lakes, containing about eighty plantation acres. It is richly and luxuriantly cultivated; a portion of it is converted into a graceful and carefully kept flower-garden, where seats are placed so as to command the more striking and picturesque views; and in every part Nature has been so judiciously trained and guided, that the whole scene is one of exceeding beauty. The castle is a fine remain; much less injured by time than the majority of its co-mates in Kerry county. It is a tall square embattled building, based upon a lime-stone rock, sustained at the land side by a plain massive buttress; from the north-east and north-west angles, project two machicolated defences. It contains a spiral stair-case of cut stone. It was erected by one of the earlier chieftains of the Donoghues.* It forms a conspicuous feature in the landscape from every part of the Lower Lake; and as the modern additions to the ancient structure are rapidly becoming ruins

* Of course the several legends connected with the name of the O'Donoghue have their source in this, his Castle of Ross. The peasantry will point out the window from which he leaped into the lake when he exchanged his sovereignty on earth for that of the waters under it. He was endowed, they say, with the gift of transforming himself into any shape, and his wife requested him to exhibit some of his transformations before her. He warned her, that if he did so, and she displayed any symptoms of fear, they would be separated for ever. She still persisted in the spirit of female curiosity, and in perfect confidence that she could look on unmoved. On his assuming, however, some very terrible shape, she shrieked with terror. He immediately sprang from the window into the lake below, and remains there an enchanted spirit; his enchantment to continue until, by his brief annual ride, the silver shoes are worn out by the attrition of the surface of the water. Lady Chatterton observes that "the tale respecting O'Donoghue's subaqueous immortality, was first printed in a French romance, entitled 'Hypolite, Comte de Douglas,' which is known to have been the production of the Comtesse d'Aunoy, who died in 1705."—And from the curious chain of argument which Lady Chatterton skilfully forges, we use the word metaphorically, it would appear that the immortal chieftain can be no other person than the identical O'Donoghue who surrendered Ross Castle to the Parliamentary General Ludlow. Of the race of the O'Donoghues, "the Annals of Innisfallen" have furnished various particulars, which give a pretty clear insight into the character of gone-by times when "might made right," and illustrate the utter insecurity of life and property, that kept the "petty kings" always armed lest the stronger should come and strip them. From the year 1024 to 1238, of the "Kings of Locha Lein," nineteen out of twenty were "slain;" some in open fight, some by treachery, and some having been previously driven out of their territories. The last item in the dismal account stands thus:—"Jeoffrey O'Donoghue, and Saova, daughter of Douchad Cairbreach O'Brien, his wife, as also his brother and his three sons, burned in his house at the garden of the Greenford, by Fineen M'Donnell Gud, being betrayed by his own huntsman." Among the "fierce leaders of battles," nevertheless, there were a few distinguished as "gentle at arms;" and some "who never forsook the muse." The list, however, which gives so dark a picture of the age, refers to the O'Donoghue of the glens, and not to the ancestors of the spirit chieftain. Yet the milder branch has altogether withered and vanished; while of the "turbulent," the "ruthless," the "proud and stern in battle," the representative still exists.

also, they will ere long increase rather than lessen its interest—more certainly if Lord Kenmare will take some trouble to cover them with ivy. During the war, the out-buildings were used as a barrack. The castle is famous in Irish history, as being the last in Munster to hold out against the Parliamentary army; in 1652, Ludlow, the successor of Ireton, assisted by Sir Hardress Waller, laid siege to it. It was defended by Lord Muskerry, with a sufficiency of troops, and an ample supply of provisions: yet the castle, so well prepared for defence, surrendered upon articles, without striking a vigorous blow; the circumstance is attributable



to the terror that seized upon the garrison, when they beheld war-ships floating on the lake, in fulfilment of an ancient prophecy, which foretold that the castle could be taken only when an event occurred—almost as improbable as that "Birnam forest" should come "to Dunsinane." Although it is very unlikely that Ludlow had heard of this tradition, or would have heeded it if he had, it is certain that, having considered it wisest to attack the castle by water, he had constructed boats for the purpose; "and," as he says, "when we had received our boats, each of which was capable of containing one hundred and twenty men, I ordered one of them to be rowed about, in order to find out the most convenient place for landing upon the enemy, which they perceiving, thought fit, by a timely submission, to prevent the danger that threatened them." General Ludlow does not explain how the boats were conveyed into the lakes; and so great must have been the difficulty of transporting them from any distant part, covered as this district of Ireland then was with bog and forests, that the boat has been generally considered to have been nothing more than a raft. An accident enabled us to remove all doubts on the subject.

In the wall of the ancient church of St. Multose, at Kinsale, we discovered an old tomb, partly concealed by rubbish; and learned that this division of the structure had, until very lately, been blocked up by heaps of stone and mortar. The inscription on a wooden pannel, almost rotted away, and fixed immediately over the grave, was in Latin; the word "Kerria" excited our

curiosity; and, on clearing the stone, we were amply rewarded for our labour. We read as follows:—

" Spem reponant alii sanctis et angelis
JESUS,
En nomen venerandum quod liberavit nos.

Cum genitore jacet Thomas cognomine Chudleigh,
Regibus Anglorum struxit uterque rates,
Ars genitoris erat præstans, heu! heu! brevis ætas,
Causavit terris velificasse ratem,
Velificare ratem terris bene Kerria novit,
Rossensis turris capta labore probat;
Pergito musa precor, natum cantare studeto,
Ingeniosus erat, præditus arte pari,
Ille ratem regi cui dat Kinsalia nomen,
Condidit ast alii laus data magna fuit,
Condidit hanc inquam lector tulit alter honores,
Sic alii sibi non, dulcia vitis habet,
Sic alii sibi non, grandia portat equus,
Sic alii sibi non, cursitat arva canis,
Sic alii sibi non, navigat ipsa rates.*"

As we have observed, from all parts of the lake, and from every one of the adjacent mountains, the castle of Ross is a most interesting and attractive point in the scenery; and it amply repays the honour it receives by enabling the visitor to obtain, from the summit of its tower, a commanding view of every important object by which it is surrounded. An hour passed in walking round the island will be an hour pleasantly and profitably spent; and curiosity may be gratified by inspecting the surface of the famous copper mine, the debris of

* " Some repose their hopes on saints and angels;
JESUS,
Revered is that venerated name, which has saved us.

Here, with his father, lies Thomas, by surname Chudleigh,
For the kings of the English both built ships.

The

which is scattered in profusion upon the western shore; among them are several huge portions of a steam-engine—the first, we believe, ever introduced into Ireland. Of these mines we have already given some notice. When opened by Colonel Hall in 1804, he obtained unequivocal proof that they had been worked previously; but at a period very remote, and when mining, as an art, was utterly unknown. Several rude stone hammers were discovered; of which the accompanying cut will give a sufficiently accurate idea. We

procured two of them during our recent visit to Killarney, but they are now, of course, becoming scarce. A groove had evidently been cut, or rather rubbed, round it, so as to attach to it a handle by a strap perhaps of leather; and the larger end, against which the blows were struck, is obviously worn by use. They are popularly called "Danes' Hammers;" and it is not unlikely that the Danes may have been the miners who left them there; but they certainly received their shape from nature, for one of those we obtained had no mark of the groove. Another circumstance, we remember to have heard from Colonel Hall, corroborative of the assertion that the mine was worked ages ago; the miners found the remains of fires all along the vein; these fires must have been lit in order to consume the limestone in which the ore was bedded; so as to form a natural smelting-house in the quarry. Of course the mine had been loosely worked; and very little of its wealth had been removed *.

The father's skill was uncommon, alas! alas! *his* life was short;
He caused a ship to sail on the land,
That the ship did sail on the land Kerry well knows,
The tower of Ross taken with difficulty proves.
Proceed Muse, I implore; study to sing the *praises* of the son.
He was very ingenious, skilled in the same art,
He built a ship for the King to which Kinsale gives a name:
He built, but to another great praise was given;
He built this, I say, reader, though another bore away the honours.
Thus for another, not for itself, the vine affords sweet grapes;
Thus for another, not for himself, the horse bears heavy burdens;
Thus for another, not for himself, the dog courses over the plains;
Thus for another, not for herself, the ship herself sails the seas."

The descendants of the ship-builder are still living, and the name of the ship of war, "the Kinsale," appears in the old Navy Lists. The dockyards of Kinsale were famous for a very long period.

* "To the antiquary the discovery of these early works at Ross is of some value, as imparting a distinctness and certainty to a somewhat, otherwise, nebulous portion of Irish history on which doubts had fallen, and thus verifying those much disputed statements of the early working of mines in Ireland, which some would have treated as figments."—*Windele.*

Ross Island is nearly in the centre of the Lower Lake; the next in importance is Innisfallen—sweet Innisfallen! It receives from all tourists the distinction of being the most beautiful, as it is certainly the most interesting, of the lake islands. Its peculiar beauty is derived from the alternating hill and dale within its small circle; the elegance of its miniature creeks and harbours; and the extraordinary size as well as luxuriance of its evergreens; and it far surpasses in interest any one of its graceful neighbours, inasmuch as here, —twelve centuries ago, was founded an Abbey, of which the ruins still exist, from which afterwards issued "the Annals of Innisfallen"—among the earliest and the most authentic of the ancient Irish histories*. On approaching it, we seem to be drawing near a thick forest; for the foliage is remarkably close, and extends literally into the water, many of the finest trees having their roots under the lake. On landing, however, we find that the lofty elm and magnificent ash, mingled with hollies of gigantic growth, and other evergreens of prodigious height and girth, only encircle a green-sward, of so pure and delicious a colour as to demand for Innisfallen,

* The original work, written, and for several centuries preserved, in the abbey of Innisfallen, is now in the Bodleian library. It is on parchment in medium quarto, and contains fifty-seven leaves. The earlier portion consists of extracts from the Old Testament, and a history of the ancient world down to the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland, in 432. From this period it treats exclusively of the affairs of Ireland—terminating with A.D. 1319. It appears to have been the production of two monks; one of whom carried it to the year 1216, and the other continued it to the year 1320. There are several copies of it extant; one of which is in the collection of His Grace the Duke of Buckingham, at Stowe; part of this was translated and printed in 1825 by Dr. O'Conor. The facts are narrated in the smallest compass, and present a dry but sad "succession of crimes, wars, and rebellions." Sir James Ware selected and published several passages, to which he refers as authorities; a single quotation may satisfy the curiosity of our readers.—"Anno 1180; this abbey of Innisfallen being ever esteemed a paradise and a secure sanctuary, the treasure and the most valuable effects of the whole country were deposited in the hands of the clergy; notwithstanding which, we find the abbey was plundered in this year by Maolduin, son of Daniel O'Donoghue. Many of the clergy were slain, and even in their cemetery, by the Macarthys. But God soon punished this act of impiety and sacrilege by bringing many of its authors to an untimely end."

beyond every other part of Ireland, the character of being pre-eminently "the Emerald Isle." Vistas have been skilfully formed through the trees, presenting on one side a view of the huge mountains, and on the other of the wooded shores of Ross. Of the abbey a few broken walls alone remain; it is said to have been built in the seventh century by Saint Finian Lobhar (the Leper), the descendant of one of the most renowned of the Munster kings; and it was subsequently appropriated to the use of the regular canons of St. Augustin. A far more ancient structure, the small Oratory or Chapel, represented in the print, is an object of considerable interest; its situation is picturesque; and its appearance,

"Being all with ivy overspread,"

is in happy keeping with the ancient character of the island. For upwards of a century it has been desecrated to the purposes of "a banqueting house" for visitors, who are seldom content with "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies;" but within the last few months, the good taste of Lord Kenmare has caused it to be unroofed and converted into what it had been since the ejection of the monks—a ruin.

Our guide, Sir Richard, having first conducted us up and down the tiny hillocks, and through the miniature vales, of this delicious isle—

"A chosen plott of fertile land
Amongst wide waves sett, like a little nest;
As if it had by Nature's cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best,"—

and having listened with evident pride and pleasure to our expressions of exceeding delight, proceeded to introduce us to the two island-wonders—"the Needle," and "the Bed of Honour." Through the former he led, or rather pushed, us; it is a crab-tree with a kind of double trunk, forming an aperture, the forcing through which is said to have a powerful influence on the after-destiny of "the gentler sex;" and to the latter the gallant knight ushered us with all due state and ceremony. The "Bed of Honour" is a seat formed by the matted branches of a yew-tree; but the traditions that account for its name are confused and contradictory; and to its miraculous effects we cannot proffer ourselves as witnesses. Sir Richard, however, and Spillane, who also accompanied us, took advantage of our disposition "to sit awhile and rest," for the day was very fair, and the sun was sinking

"With a pure light and a mellow,"

to enlighten, and interest, and amuse us, by relating some of the legends of the lakes. Although we have no design to detain our readers for so long a period

as these capital raconteurs kept us, under the shadow of the venerable tree, we design to incur the hazard of wearying them by compressing some of the tales —premising that they may be, and we hope will be, told at greater length and with far greater effect, by the two worthies themselves, in the midst of scenery unsurpassed by any country of the globe, to many persons who will here peruse them "shorn of their beams."

They told us———How St. Patrick never came into Kerry; but only looked into it, holding his hands out to it, and saying "I bless all beyond the Reeks."———How Fin Mac Cool kept his tubs of goold in the lake under Mucross, and set his dog Bran to watch them; this was ages ago, long before the flood. An Englishman—a grate diver intirely—came over to try wouldn't he get the goold; and when he went down, the dog woke from his slumbers and seized him; and I'll go bail he never tried th' experimint agin.———How, when O'Donoghue leaped out of the windy of Ross Castle, his enchanted books flew after him—and there they are—O'Donoghue's library, to be seen this day; only turned into stone, and like the Killarney guide-books—rather heavy.———How, right under the Crebough there was a huge carbuncle, that, of a dark night, lit up the rocks under the lake, and showed the palaces and towers of the ould ancient city that the waters covered.———How Darby got his "garden"—a group of barren rocks in the Lower Lake. He asked ould Lord Kinmare to let him cut wattles out o' the trees of Innisfallen. "I will," says my lord, "as many as ye plase between an hour before and an hour after midnight." So Darby took him at his word, and went to work. But no sooner did he touch the bark of one of the blessed trees, than he was whisked away in a whirlwind, and flung with a skinful of broken bones upon the bit of bare rock, that we call Darby's garden, to this day.———How a holy hermit fell into sin, and did a hard penance for seven long years, just where the trees under Mucross dip into the water. He walked straight into the lake, and stuck his holly-stick into the gravel at the bottom, and made a vow never to leave the spot until the kippen threw out branches and leaves. And for seven years he stood there, without sleep or food; till at last the stick blossomed, and in one night became a grate tree, and then the holy Hermit knew he was pardoned; and 'twas he that did the wonderful cures from that day out, till all the county was running after "the Hermit of the holly tree."———How the first O'Donoghue was a tall slip of a boy; and he was sitting in his ould nurse's cottage, when she set up a screech that the O'Sullivans were staling the cattle. So up he gets, pulls an ould sword out of the thatch, and kills every mother's son of the thieving blaguards. When the fight was over, up comes his gilly, and "didn't we do

that nately" says he; and "were you helping me," says O'Donoghue? "I was," says the gilly. So with that, O'Donoghue goes out and sticks one of the dead men agin the wall, with his eyes staring open, and his spear in his fist; and he calls out the gilly, "kill me that big fellow," says he; and the gilly was frightened, and tried to sculk off. "I knew ye were a coward," says O'Donoghue; and hanged him on the next tree.———How the Englishman inquired of a Kerry peasant, by what means Ireland happened to have so many mountains—to which the Kerry boy made answer thus, "Ye see, Ireland being the finest and the best country in the world, in coorse was the last country that Nature made; and when Ireland was finished, Nature had a dale o' stuff to spare; so she left it there—and that makes the mountains*."
———How the giant Eel, that lives in a goulden palace in Lough Kittane,

* One amusing anecdote of quizzing an Englishman was related to us in the Gap of Dunloe. We met a donkey, with a coating of hair so long as to resemble that of the llama. John, our Cork driver, turned out of his way to look at it; and so suggested to one of our guides to have some fun with the "Corkeen." "Have you any *bastes* of that kind in Cork?" was the question. "Is it asses you mane?" was John's question in return. "Oh no!—bedad we know they're plenty enough in Cork; they needn't import them any how. But sure that's not an ass." "Not an ass!" "Yarra, man alive! when did ye see an ass with such a coat as that on its back?" John looked doubtingly at the mass of shaggy hair that was standing listlessly in the middle of the road; and its coat was so long that only the tips of its ears were visible above the shag. "Bedad it *is* a quare baste sure enough," said John at last; "but now before ye'll have time to invint any fresh lie about him, and sure you Kerry boys are quick at that—I'll tell ye that's the same baste the taylor in Patrick Street got to make the dandy coats from, the gentlemen are so mighty fond of wearing now." This little jest raised John immediately in the estimation of his companions, and led to a recital of the following story. "There were two young gintlemen here last summer, mighty dandy chaps intirely, and we couldn't make out what country they belonged to, purtending they couldn't understand us. And sure enough we could return the compliment, for their words war fine drawn, finer than flax, twenty cuts to the dozen—they bothered the life out of us with questions, and kept putting down everything they saw or heard in their bits of note books. One of 'em was from Americy, I beleeve; and his comarade called him "Willey." Well, they war just the sort—for we're used to them, and can see asy enough whether they have a good heart to the country or not; they war just the sort to misrepresent everything, not out of badness, but from being strangers to our ways; and so we thought we'd give them some fine big lies to carry home; and we met that baste in the Gap, and 'that's the original Irish ass, ye'r honors,' said I, 'the true breed;'—well, that went down in the book wid a sketch. 'That's the discendant, and the only one living in the counthry, yer honors, of the *rale* one, that O'Donoghue was riding for divarshin the evening the waters broke in upon him, 'Are you *sure* of that,' said one. 'Its as thrue, sir,' I made answer, 'as that it's the rale animal;'—well, *that* went down, and then they *coshered* together, and said 'that was a *singular* fact;' and so I thought I'd give them another to make it *plural*. 'There's an ould ancient woman in the Gap, makes beautiful stockings out of its hair' I says, 'and if yer honors would like a pair, just as a curosity, I think I could get them maybe as a favour; and then no one could misdoubt, when you had them to shew;'—well, they took wonderful to the stockings, and got some: fine, grey, *coorse* stockings they war, made out of the wool of the Kerry sheep; and the ould woman caught the *wind of the word* cute enough, and was up to the thing at once;—well, they paid her for them more than what she ax'd, and yet her conscience wasn't altogether *tinder* about the price; and, och! o, yea, just to hear how they talked to each other in a furrin tounge that sounded mighty like *bog Latin*, and put the stockings by so careful." "What a shame," we exclaimed. "Oh! it was only a bit of a spree! —an innocent joke for divarshin. Yarra! sure the strangers get many a laugh out of poor Paddy, and it would ill become us *not to return the compliment*."

walked one midsummer night into the Lower Lake, kicking up a bobbery in the halls of the O'Donoghue; for which impudence the Eel is chained for ten thousand years to the rock we call O'Donoghue's prison; and many's the man that's heard its moans, and seen the water rise and fall above it, as it twirled and twisted, trying to squeeze itself out of its hand-cuffs.———How Fin Mac Cool fought at Ventry Harbour, the battle that continued without interruption three hundred and sixty-six days. And Dalav Dura, the champion of the Monarch of the world, slain six hundred of Fin's best troops in six days, all in single combat; so Fin successively killed Fion M'Cuskeen Loumbunig, Finaughlaugh Trackluskeen, and the champion Dulav Dura; and fought so long and so lustily, that his limbs would have fallen asunder if they hadn't been kept together by his armour; till, in the end, Fin totally destroyed his enemies, and took possession of the field with trumpets sounding, drums beating, and colours flying, having been fighting for it one whole year and a day. ———How Macgillicuddy of the Reeks was a boy or gilly to the Mac Carthy Mor; and he went into Connaught to seek his fortune; and he fell in love with a young lady and she with him; and he boasted to her father that he had more ricks than the father's land could grow hay enough to cover with hay-bands; so the father sent a messenger into Kerry to know the truth of his riches, and whether the young stranger had the grate fortune he spoke about. And, to be sure, the daughter gave the messenger a hint; so he thravelled to Kerry, and saw young Macgillicuddy's father ating his dinner on his knees, with heaps of rats all about the cabin he lived in; so he goes back and tells the fair maid's father, that the Macgillicuddy had more live cattle about him than he could count, and was ating off a table he wouldn't part with for half Connaught. So, in coorse, the boy got the girl.———How Ossian used to see white horses riding through his fields. So says he, by Jakers, the next time they come, I'll mount one of 'em, says he. And he did. And they took him to the Thierna na oge—that's the land of eternal youth; and a mighty pleasant place he found it, wid beautiful ladies, fresh and fair as a May morning. Only after awhile, "I'll go home," says he, "just to ax how my friends are." "Och, they're dead," says the king; "dead these fifteen hundred years," says he. "Pooh," says Ossian; "sure I haven't been here more than a year." "Well, go and see," says the king; "mount one o' my white horses; but mind if ye get off of his back, ye'll be ould, shrivelled, and withered," says he; "and not the fine bould gorsoon ye are now." So Ossian went; and he wondered grately to see such a many ould castles in ruins—for ye see, yer honours, 'twas after Cromwell went through the country like a blast; bad luck to his seed, breed, and generation; Amin! Well,

Ossian meets an ould clargy, going home to holy Aghadoe, and he trying to lift a sack o' corn on his back; and "help," says he, "for the sake o' the Virgin." "Faiks, I will, honest man," says Ossian; "for the sake of virgin or married woman, or widdy," says he; for ye see Ossian was a hathen, and didn't know what the holy father meant by "the Virgin." So he leaped off his horse, and in a moment he was an ould shrivelled withered man, oulder looking a dale than the Priest he was going to help wid the sack o' corn. So the blessed monk of Aghadoe knew that the spell of the enchantment was broke; and he convarted Ossian; made a Christian of him on the spot—and by the same token, it was to a dale finer and better country than the Thierna na oge, that Ossian was carried that same night.———How the blessed abbot of Innisfallen walked for two hundred years about the little island that wasn't a mile round. And the way of it was this:—He was praying one morning early, before the sun was up; and he heard a little bird singing so sweetly out of a holly tree, that he rose from his knees and followed it, listening to the music it was making; and the little bird flew from bush to bush, singing all the while, and the holy father following; for so sweet and happy was the song of the little bird, that he thought he could listen to it for ever; so where it flew he went; and when it changed its place, he was again after it; the little bird singing all the while and the holy father listening with his ears and his heart. At length the Abbot thought it was nearing vesper time; and he blessed the little bird, and left it. When he stepped back to his convent, what should he see and hear but strange faces and strange voices; the tongue of the Sassenach in lieu of the wholesome Irish. And the Monks asked him what right had he to wear the habit of the holy Augustines? And so he told them his name, that he was their abbot, and that he had been since daybreak following the music of the little bird that was singing sweetly among the branches of the holly tree. And they made answer, that two hundred years ago the holy abbot had left the convent, and was never heard of afterwards—and that now the heretic and the stranger was ould Ireland's king. So the holy father said, "Give me absolution some of ye, for my time is come;" and they gave him absolution: and just as the breath was laving him, they heard at the lattice-window the sweetest song that ever bird sung; and they looked out and saw it, with the sun shining on its wings that were white as snow; and while they were watching it, there came another bird; and they sung together for awhile out of the holly-tree, and then both flew up into the sky; and they turned to the holy father—and he was dead.

We must refer to our guide, Sir Richard, for a longer catalogue of Lake

Legends; his store will hardly be exhausted between sunrise and sunset of a whole summer day. But his hearers may form their own conclusions as to whether the gallant knight "hath the rare faculty of inventing" as well as of reporting. If, to some, his stories are as good as new, to others, probably, they will be as good as old; at all events we may safely promise that Sir Richard will talk as long as he finds listeners; and that to the last he will neither exhibit signs of weariness, or tokens that the book of his memory is about to close.

It is needless for us to tarry any longer upon the Lower Lake; we can do no more than apply to every island that graces it; to every little bay into which it runs; to the shores, wooded with rich evergreens, by which it is surrounded; to the streams of the mountain or the valley by which it is supplied; to the cataracts that force their way into it, over huge rocks and through thick forest glades,—the epithets "sublime and beautiful," upon which we have been compelled to ring the changes again and again.

We cannot quit the subject, however, without requiring the reader to make with us the ascent to the summit of Mangerton; or, if he be in rude health and strength, and time be not of much value, he may encounter Carran Tuel—the highest mountain of Ireland—from the top of which he will see, still more gloriously pictured, the magnificent panorama of the lakes at the foot;—the Atlantic Ocean in the distance—and, between them both, a tract of country unparalleled for rude grandeur and gentle beauty.

The village of Cloghreen is a very short distance from the base of Mangerton. The tourist, however, should diverge somewhat from the direct route, to examine the little church of Killaghie—we believe the smallest church in the kingdom. In its construction it is very simple; and is obviously, with the exception of its tower, of remote antiquity. Wild flowers, of various hues, grow from the walls and adorn its roof of stone.

The journey to the summit of Mangerton is not to be thought of lightly, although the labour may excite a smile in those who have climbed the "Monarch of Mountains." For a very long period, until within the present century indeed, Mangerton had usurped the honour of ranking as the highest of the Irish mountains: so Dr. Smith describes it, although he admits that the Reeks "look more lofty." Since the inquiries of Mr. Nimmo, and the improvements in surveying, Mangerton has, however, been compelled to resign its throne, and "hide its diminished head*." Still, to dwellers in the valley, and more especially those of the city, its height is sufficient to afford a pretty correct idea of what a veritable mountain actually is. We commenced our excursion on a morning that gave promise of a fine day; mounted on the sure-footed ponies whom "practice had made perfect," and who are never known to stumble. Indeed, a trip would not unfrequently prove fatal to the rider. A road leads from Cloghreen to the base of the mountain. As this portion of his service seemed to be that upon which Sir Richard chiefly prided himself, he had assumed an additional degree of importance; and issued orders "in good set terms" to his subordinates. A crowd soon gathered about us, men, women, girls and boys, with vial-bottles of potheen and cans of goat-milk; each with a greeting—"yer honour's welcome to Mangerton." About a score of them were in attendance as we reached a group of wretched hovels at the foot of the mountain; and the crowd grew like a snow-ball as it moved onwards. Take a portrait of one of them—a fine hale and healthy mountain maid; as buoyant as the breeze, and as hardy as the heath that blossoms on its summit. The sure feet of our horses were soon tried; the little rough-coated animals had to make their way over rocks, bogs, and huge stones, through rushing and

* It is now ascertained that the height of Mangerton is 2,550 feet; while that of Carran Tuel is 3410.

brawling streams, and along the brinks of precipices—places where it would be very difficult for persons unaccustomed to mountain travelling to move along on foot. At length we reached "the Devil's Punch Bowl," a small lake in the midst of rocks almost perpendicular. Our rude sketch may convey some idea of its singular character. The water is intensely cold; yet in the severest winter it never freezes. The peasants, of course, attribute this peculiarity to the influence of his Satanic majesty; but from its position it is never calm, being in a state of agitation on the mildest summer day*. As it is chiefly supplied by springs that pass over the surrounding peat-beds, the water is of a very dark colour, and its depth is said to be unfathomable. A foot-path marks the way to the summit of the mountain. It is a perfect level of considerable extent, and covered with a deep stratum of peat moss; into which the foot sinks some inches even in the driest weather.

The view from the mountain-top defies any attempt at description; it was the most magnificent sight we had ever witnessed—and one that greatly surpassed even the dreams of our imagination. In the far away distance is the broad Atlantic, with the river of Kenmare, the Bay of Dingle, and the storm-beaten coast of Iveragh. Midway are the mountains—of all forms and altitudes, with their lakes and cataracts, and streams of white foam. At our feet lie the three Killarney lakes, with Glena, and Torc, and even Tomies, looking like protecting walls girdling them round about. The islands in the upper and lower lake have, some of them, dwindled into mere specks, while the larger seem fitted only for the occupation of fairies. The rapid river Laune winds prettily along the valley; and the Flesk-bridge, with its dozen arches,

* It is said that Charles James Fox is the only person who ever ventured to swim across the lake. During his residence at Killarney, the christian name of the barber who attended him was Nicholas; and it was a frequent boast of the "Ultimus Romanorum," as Fox is styled by the great poet-biographer of the age, that he was "shaved by old Nick in the morning; swam across the Devil's punch bowl at noon; and got as drunk as the Devil at night."

resembles a child's toy. We were peculiarly fortunate as regards the weather; for against the intense cold that prevails at all seasons on the heights, we had been duly warned and prepared; and our guide was loaded with matters we might have sadly missed if they had been withheld till our return*. We had

* The "boys" and girls of Mangerton followed us through the whole of our day's journey—a very fatiguing one it must have been to those who derived little or no enjoyment from the novelty and beauty of the scene. Their hope was that we might become fatigued enough to require either the whiskey or the milk, or both, of which each carried a small quantity. The "jugs" are of wood, of various forms, and by no means ungraceful. The four we subjoin, we copied from "the dresser" of a cottage somewhat above the ordinary class; but they are the common drinking vessels of the Kerry peasantry. The crowd of half-guides, half-beggars, by whom we were attended, we made content by taking a few drops of their beverage from the can of each; bestowing, in return, a recompense, small enough, but evidently larger than they usually received. When they saw us in safety at the foot of the mountain, they parted from us with a joint and cheerful hurra, and a mingled wish for "good luck" wherever we might go. We had passed some distance on our way homeward, when we overtook a young girl, whose avocations were obviously the very opposite of the idlers we had left. She carried on her back a large and heavy hamper of potatoes, and was walking barefoot, of course, and with pain. We gave her a single halfpenny.

Small as was the coin, it was repaid by a torrent of eloquence. "Heaven bless yer honor! it's few gives a halfpenny to a poor orphin like me—though it's little the mother that bore me, or the father that nursed me on his knees, thought I'd come to be *a slave* to Mike Sullivan! Sure no sarvint ever stops with him but he murders,—a'most! and I'd not ha' been wid him so long, only he's *on his keepin* on account of a blow he struck a man, who's *down* ever *since*, and the '*poliesh*' afther Mike."—"And has Mike a wife?"—"He has, sure—and he's not bad to her, though he's such a devil, and she's the same, *on the tongue*, though a kind heart warms her busum—God bless her!"—"How long are your parents dead?" Here the poor girl wept again. "The Lord took my mother and some more of us, *as good* as eight years agone; and my father struggled wid the poverty of the world until four years come Martinmas—then, then, he died, he died! and left me on the stony bed of a cowld, cowld world. Ough hone! it's little I knew the bitter blast of the wind, or the chill of the frost, whin he was in it to *warm me with his sweet smile*, or kind words! Oh, my father! my father! who is in heaven! *I wish I was worthy* to be with you!" This *was* eloquence; the child could not have been fourteen—she was small, and finely formed—and the tears coursed each other down her cheeks. "What do you get as wages?"—"One an' sixpence."—"A week?"—"A yarra, no!—a quarter, and two meals a day: but, glory be to God! I'm growing bigger and stronger, and though I can't be more willing, I'll be more able to work; and sure that'll be some comfort." We gave her sixpence. The magnitude of the gift amazed her; down she dropped on her knees. "O father in heaven, look down and bless thim who looked to yer poor orphin! May the holy saints guide ye, and purtect ye, and make yer bed in heaven!" She was up in an instant; for the horse was ascending one of the perpendicular sort of hills

scarcely reached the top, when the clouds came suddenly round us—around above and below; we could not see our companions although they were but a few yards from us, and the rough play of the wind prevented us from hearing their voices. At length Sir Richard crept to our side, and, as if infected by the solemn expression of our countenances, he abstained for awhile from breaking the reverie in which we indulged. After a time, however, he murmured some words of alarm lest the clouds should continue and prevent our seeing the glorious prospect he had promised us. The dark light, for it is scarcely paradoxical to say so, continued about us for many minutes. It was a bright white mist in which we were enveloped; and, as we attempted to peer through it, we could compare it to nothing but lying on the ground and looking upwards when the sky is unbroken by a single cloud. After a time, however, the clouds gradually drifted off; and the whole of the magnificent panorama was displayed beneath us. The effect was exciting to a degree; the beautiful fore-ground, the magnificent midway, and the sublime distance, were all taken in by the eye at once. While we gazed, however, the clouds again passed over the landscape, and all was once more a blank; after a few minutes they departed, and gave to full view the whole of the grand and beautiful scene; and in this manner above an hour was occupied, with alternate changes of darkness and light. On our way down the mountain, we deviated from the accustomed track to visit Coom-na-goppol—"the Glen of the Horse";—so called, according to Mr. Weld, "from the excellence of its pastures;" but, according to Mr. Windele, "from the circumstance of one of these poor animals having been accidentally precipitated over a craig into a dark lough at its base." The glen may be likened to a gigantic pit; surrounded on all sides by perpendicular mountain-rocks, in which the eagle builds his nest without the fear of man, it is inaccessible except from one particular spot, where its superabundant waters have forced a passage into a still lower valley. To reach it from the heights above would be almost impossible. Following the course of the stream we are conducted through rich pasture ground to the

which an English horse (unless born and brought up to steeple-chasing) would condemn as *impracticable;* and then, all smiles, as a moment before she had been all tears, the girl exclaimed, "I'll buy myself a new handketcher when I go to Killarney: I won't tell Mike Sullivan, for fear he'd take it from me—but I'll buy the handketcher. Oh, the Lord purtect ye! I wish I knew how *to pray strong for ye!* but the Lord sees us all, and knows our hearts. That's my way now (pointing over a bog); and sure it's hard for an orphin to turn her back on the friends the Lord sent her on the high-road." And after clasping her hands in blessing, the mountain-child sprang over a rocky fence, and took a footpath that led round the mountain: she was accompanied by a lean dog, that seemed to attend without companioning the lonely girl; there was no sympathy between them, she did not call to him, but he followed her rather as a matter of necessity than choice; long after we had parted, we could trace them as they ascended, stage by stage, the mountain-side. What a number of blessings can be purchased in Ireland for sixpence!

borders of a spacious lake—Lough Kittane; in extent it nearly equals Torc Lake, but nature has left it without adornment—surrounded by rude and barren hills. On the same side of Mangerton there are many other lakes, each of which sends its tribute to those of "Killarney"—and a visit to any one of which will amply recompense the traveller.

It is time that we leave the Killarney Lakes; for our design is not to produce "a guide-book*." Our readers need scarcely be told that we have rendered very insufficient justice to their exceeding beauty; or that we have passed over, altogether without notice, numerous objects of great interest and value, from which the tourist will not fail to derive amusement, instruction, and enjoyment. It is, indeed, difficult, if it be not actually impossible, to convey a notion of their numerous and wonderful attractions. The pen of the writer and the pencil of the artist will equally fail to picture them, for they are undergoing perpetual changes that cannot be described; and it will not be easy to recognise at noon, or at evening, the scenes that may have been closely examined, and even copied, in the morning; so infinitely varied are the effects produced by the peculiar fluctuations of light and shade that occur over the whole district—the islands, the shores, the water, and the mountains†.

* The visitor must procure his "guide-books," if he desire them, before he leaves Cork, for he will not obtain them in Killarney. These books are, of course, numerous; but, as a mere key to the lakes, the old work of Mr. Weld continues without a rival. It is now, however, very scarce. The volumes of "Legends of the Lakes," by T. C. Croker, are capital in their way, but contain far more to excite a laugh than to convey knowledge. Curry's "Guide Book" is useful as a cheap directory, and it is exceedingly correct as well as, considering its size, comprehensive. The book, however, that no one should be without is that by Mr. Windele, entitled "Historical and Descriptive Notices of the City of Cork and its Vicinity, Gougaun Barra, Glengariff, and Killarney."—Published by Bolster, Cork. It is full of information upon a variety of topics, and will prove at once a most efficient guide and a most agreeable companion.

† Among the inducements to visit the lakes, there is one we cannot omit to notice. For a description of it we must draw upon a friend, as we were not ourselves fortunate enough to witness it; we allude to one of Killarney's far-famed stag-hunts.—It is not, perhaps, generally known that its mountains abound with red deer. Torc alone contains many hundreds, and in the summer evenings they may be heard belling on all sides of its lake. The hounds are now kept by Mr. Herbert; a famous pack, well suited to the wildness of these glens. The place of meeting on this occasion was Derricunnihy, the beautiful cascade on the Upper Lake. The morning was fine, and we procured one of the many fine boats which are to be hired at Killarney. They were all in requisition; nothing could surpass the beauty of the scene as we threaded along the various windings between the Upper and Lower Lake; boats, lustily manned, filled with ladies, whose gay attire and cheerful faces caused even the mountains to sing with pleasure, for the merry laugh from each boat as it passed the far-famed Eagle's Nest was returned ten-fold by its echoes, which kept up a constant reply to the view-halloo of the boatmen, the bugle of the helmsman, and the fainter cadence of the female voice. At length we reached the Upper Lake, and were surprised at the number, beauty, and appointments of the various boats;—Lord Headley's with his crew, Mr. O'Connell's, O'Sullivan's, &c., &c., the flags bearing their respective mottoes, all eagerly awaiting the moment of action. At length Mr. Herbert arrived in a splendid cutter, manned by some old college friends, himself pulling stroke—his blue banner bearing the title of his bark, the 'Colleen Dhas' (the beautiful maid). The hounds were now laid on, and soon made the echoes ring with their music. We pulled along shore parallel with their cry; at length we turned into a bay at the bottom of the lake, and then

On reviewing what we have written concerning the Lakes—although conscious that we have failed in giving the reader even a limited idea of their grandeur and beauty—we trust we have succeeded in detailing their advantages so far as to induce many persons to visit them who have, hitherto, been accustomed to pay their annual visits to the Continent. Those who require relaxation from labour, or may be advised to seek health under the influence of a mild climate, or search for sources of novel and rational amusement, or draw from change of scene a stimulus to wholesome excitement, or covet acquaintance with the charms of Nature, or wish to study a people full of original character—cannot, we feel assured, project an excursion to any part of Europe that will afford so ample a recompense.

Ireland will, unquestionably, supply every means of enjoyment that may be obtained in any of the continental kingdoms, and without calling for the sacrifices of money and comfort that will be inevitably exacted by the leeches of Germany, France, and Italy. Irish civility and hospitality to strangers have been proverbial for ages—existing even to a fault; strangers will find, wherever they go, a ready zeal and anxiety, among all classes, to produce a favourable impression on behalf of the country; and in lieu of roguish couriers, insolent douaniers, dirty inns, and people courteous only that they may rob with greater certainty and impunity, they will encounter a people naturally kind and intelligent, in whom it is impossible not to feel interested; and even where discomfort is to be endured, it will be deprived of its character of annoyance by the certainty that every effort has been, or will be, exerted to remove it. We shall indeed rejoice, if our statements be the means of inducing English travellers to direct their course westward—knowing well that, for every new visitor, Ireland will obtain a new friend *.

lay to by the advice of our boatmen. We had scarcely reached the spot when the helmsman raised his hand in silence, and pointed towards the glens; we saw a majestic stag bounding towards us. Within a few yards of our boat he dashed into the lake, and was quickly followed by the hounds, tracking him with fatal accuracy. They soon reached the opposite shore, and climbed the mountain side; at length the bugle sounded, and a hundred voices proclaimed that the monarch of Torc had fallen. The novelty of the scene, the excitement of the peasantry, the beauty of the rowing—all contributed to render interesting this novel pastime.

* Of the hundreds of books of "Travels in Ireland," there is scarcely one that does not bear testimony to its abundant sources of interest and enjoyment; and of late the only ground of complaint—habits of intemperance,—which frequently produced discord and danger, has been entirely removed. To the security with which persons may journey we have already made reference—in no country is a stranger so completely secured from injury and insult; and nowhere is the property of a traveller in greater safety. We might fill a dozen pages with extracts from the works of travellers, which recommend, in stronger terms than those we have used, a visit to Ireland as a means of obtaining pleasure and information. We shall content ourselves with one, selecting a passage from the interesting and valuable volumes of Lady Chatterton; who is not only an English lady, but one who has travelled through every state of Europe: to her experience we are indebted for this evidence in support of our opinion:—"After having travelled so much over the dusty and beaten track infested by the usual summer tourists abroad, I find infinite pleasure in exploring the grass-grown and

Not only will opinions that have hitherto operated prejudicially towards Ireland be removed by personal intimacy with its people—effects infinitely more important will arise out of it: the greater the intercourse between the two countries, the more will the Irish be convinced how utterly unfounded are assertions that describe the English as regarding them with "unrelenting hate and bigoted detestation;"—assertions that tend to produce incalculable evil, by persuading Ireland, on the one hand, that the spirit from which proceeded centuries of oppression and misrule is the spirit that now prevails over and influences not only the British government, but the English people; and, on the other hand, create suspicion and dislike on the part of the English towards the Irish, by assuring England that it has a dangerous enemy in its neighbour and natural ally. It is equally untrue and unwise to say that the English hate the Irish: the reverse has been proved whenever proof was called for. In old times, indeed, there may have been hatred; but it was, at least, mutual: to revive the memory of, and dilate upon, ancient animosities, can have no other result than to renew and strengthen them.

The tourist in Kerry will be most agreeably disappointed if he imagine that his sources of information and pleasure, in visiting it, are limited to the far-famed lakes. Kerry abounds in natural wonders; and the beauty and grandeur of the scenes to which we have more especially referred, may certainly be equalled, if not surpassed, in other, although less celebrated, districts of the county; above all, by the wild sublimity of its sea-coast. It will be in our power to do little more than direct the attention of the reader to the map, in order to convey an idea of the numerous bays and harbours by which it is indented from the Shannon to Bantry Bay. Our description of their advantages and attractions can be little more than a mere list of names of places, upon which Nature has abundantly lavished her rarest gifts.

interesting nooks of deserted Ireland; in arriving at inns where they do not know by rote the whole list of one's wants; where the landlady's face expresses a refreshing mixture of surprise, awe, and pleasure, in which cannot be detected that cold, confident, sum-total-of-a-bill sort of look, which is visible on the blazé'd countenances of foreign innkeepers. My ill-health makes me often peevish and impatient at the sight of a bad bed when travelling; and the poor chambermaid has much trouble to content me in the arrangement of it, which I generally superintend myself. In the midst of my fretfulness I have often been amused with the impatient and contemptuous toss of the head with which the French fille-de-chambre unwillingly assists my innovations on the established rules of bed-making—so unreasonable in her eyes. I have smiled at the muttered "Che seccatura, che donna capriziosa!" of a dark-eyed Italian; and have observed the imperturbable air and plodding obedience of German mädchens; and the half-provoked, half-dull stare of the English chambermaid. But 'tis only in Ireland that my peculiarities have met with compassionate sympathy from the eager and kindly sensitive, ragged maid-of-all-work, of a little unfrequented inn. This is the more strange, as the girl has, perhaps, never slept on anything better than a 'lock of straw' herself, and therefore the most uncomfortable bed would appear in her eyes luxurious in the extreme."

The town of Killarney may be dismissed in a sentence; the tourist will be satisfied with a drive through it; a short time ago, he was compelled to make it his head-quarters, but the inns established on the borders of the lake have ruined those of the streets, although there still exist many neat and convenient lodging-houses for the accommodation of visitors who object either to the cost or bustle of an hotel. In the year 1830, the number of houses exceeded 1000; and the population was about 8000; both, however, have since largely increased. It has little or no trade; and the only approach to manufactures, are the toys made of Arbutus wood, which are purchased by strangers as souvenirs of the place: the best are made by a widow and her daughters, who have a shop in the High-street, immediately opposite the Kenmare Arms.

Before we direct the attention of the reader to the sea-coast of Kerry, we shall require him to visit another of the inland lakes, although from its proximity to the sea it appertains almost as much to the ocean as the land—having, to a considerable extent, the advantages and attractions of both. The vicinity of Lough Carah has long been a terra incognita—partly owing to the fact that its beauties were unknown to, and consequently undescribed by, tourists—having been penetrated only by the sportsman, for whom it had, and has, temptations irresistible—and partly in consequence of the bad roads that led to it, and the ill accommodation provided for strangers when there. These obstructions to its fame are now in a great degree removed. There is a small and well-conducted inn, kept by an Englishman, at Glenbay, on the coast of Castlemaine—on the high road to Iveragh and Cahirceveen—a tolerable centre for the sportsman and the tourist; and it is more than likely that the Magillicuddy to whom the property belongs, will within a very short period build "a house of entertainment" immediately adjoining the lake.

Carah Lake lies about fifteen miles west of Killarney, and is approached by the high road to Killarglin, a miserable village, about four miles from the lake, where is also a small inn. The approach on this side, with the exception of the view of the Reeks, is uninteresting. It may be reached also by a new road, branching off from the former about ten miles from Killarney, and leading through a ravine in the Reeks called Glouncetane, by the very beautiful lake of Coos, and through the valley of Glencar to the upper end of the lake. This road is on the eve of completion, and well deserves to be explored, as there are few parts of Ireland which exceed the valley of Glencar in wild and solitary beauty. The lake of Carah, taking its origin in this valley, runs in a northerly direction to the sea, to which it is connected by the Carah river, about five miles in length, celebrated for its winter salmon-fishing. The length of the lake is about seven miles, and its breadth varies from two

to four. It is divided into upper and lower. The lower, which is widest and least picturesque, is however a very fine sheet of water, and contains many objects of interest. From this point is obtained one of the best views of the Reeks. The mountains on the eastern side terminate in that of Gortnagloron; it is almost perpendicular and luxuriantly wooded. One of the chain contains a singular cave—the retreat of a band of Rapparees in the olden time. The upper lake may be classed among the grandest and most beautiful of the lakes of Kerry, being little, if at all, inferior to its more celebrated namesake of Killarney. The mountains here open, surrounding Glencar like an immense amphitheatre, at the distance of five or six miles, rising one above the other in endless varieties, with the Reeks—and Carran-Tuel towering high above the rest. The lake terminates in a long river or bay, navigable for about two miles, running up into the glen between scenery of surpassing beauty*.

Postponing, for a while, our descriptive details of the wildest, but perhaps most picturesque of the Irish counties, we shall take some note of the games in favour with the peasants of the county, and then introduce the reader to a scene and a character peculiar to Kerry—the "Hedge School," and the "Poor Scholar."

In some parts they have a singular and primitive mode of playing at backgammon in the fields. The turf is cut out, so as to make "a board" of large size; flat stones are used for the men; and to perform the business of dice, a person sits with his back to the players, and calls out whatever cast he pleases; upon this principle the play is conducted. But the great game in Kerry, and indeed throughout the South, is the game of "Hurley"—a game rather rare, although not unknown, in England†.

* This river ceases to be navigable at a place called Blackstones, where the river from the mountains rushes into it, through large masses of black rock, from whence its name. At this spot, one of the prettiest on the lake, Petty, the ancestor of the Lansdowne family, established, about the end of the seventeenth century, a little colony of Englishmen, who selected the site for a foundry for smelting iron, both for the convenience of water carriage, and the neighbourhood of the large forests that then covered the country. Of this little settlement there still exist very interesting remains, their furnace is almost perfect, surrounded with large heaps of clinkers, the residue of the iron stove, and the ruined gables of their habitations, amongst which can be discovered that of their clergyman and their chapel. A very peculiar interest attaches to those remains of by-gone industry. The destruction of the Irish woods must have been a very profitable speculation, which could have induced them to encounter the many difficulties of their situation, where they were obliged to form their little gardens on the bare rocks with earth brought a distance of many miles, and where their only communication for provisions and the export of their iron was by the lake. Large masses of iron have been found in turning up the ground; and the hops they planted for their ale are now growing wild in the woods. They remained some years in the county; until, indeed, they had consumed nearly all the timber.

† In "Hone's Every-Day Book," hurling is described as a game "peculiar to Cornwall." According to the account there given, it differs materially from the Irish game. "It is played with a wooden ball about three inches in diameter, covered with a plate of silver, which is sometimes gilt, and has commonly a motto—'Fair play is good play.' The success depended on catching the ball dexterously when thrown up, or dealt,

It is a fine, manly exercise, with sufficient of danger to produce excitement; and is, indeed, par excellence, *the* game of the peasantry of Ireland. To be an expert hurler, a man must possess athletic powers of no ordinary character; he must have a quick eye, a ready hand, and a strong arm; he must be a good runner, a skilful wrestler, and withal patient as well as resolute. In some respects, it resembles cricket; but the rules, and the form of the bats, are altogether different; the bat of the cricketer being straight and that of the hurler crooked, as shown in the accompanying print.

The forms of the game are these:—the players, sometimes to the number of fifty or sixty, being chosen for each side, they are arranged (usually barefoot) in two opposing ranks, with their hurlies crossed, to await the tossing up of the ball, the wickets or goals being previously fixed at the extremities of the hurling-green, which, from the nature of the play, is required to be a level extensive plain. Then, there are two picked men chosen to keep the goal on each side, over whom the opposing party places equally tried men as a counterpoise; the duty of these goal-keepers being to arrest the ball in case of its near approach to that station, and return it back towards that of the opposite party, while those placed over them exert all their energies to drive it through the wicket. All preliminaries being adjusted, the leaders take their places in the centre. A person is chosen to throw up the ball, which is done as straight as possible, when the whole party, withdrawing their hurleys, stand with them elevated, to receive and strike it in its descent; now comes the crash of mimic war, hurleys rattle against hurleys—the ball is struck and re-struck, often for several minutes, without advancing much nearer to

and carrying it off expeditiously, in spite of all opposition from the adverse party; or, if that be impossible, throwing it into the hands of a partner who, in his turn, exerts his efforts to convey it to his own goal, which is often three or four miles distant."

either goal; and when some one is lucky enough to get a clear "puck" at it, it is sent flying over the field. It is now followed by the entire party at their utmost speed; the men grapple, wrestle, and toss each other with amazing agility, neither victor nor vanquished waiting to take breath, but following the course of the rolling and flying prize; the best runners watch each other, and keep almost shoulder to shoulder through the play, and the best wrestlers keep as close on them as possible, to arrest or impede their progress. The ball must not be taken from the ground by the hand; and the tact and skill shown in taking it on the point of the hurley, and running with it half the length of the field, and when too closely pressed, striking it towards the goal, is a matter of astonishment to those who are but slightly acquainted with the play. At the goal, is the chief brunt of the battle. The goal-keepers receive the prize, and are opposed by those set over them; the struggle is tremendous,—every power of strength and skill is exerted; while the parties from opposite sides of the field run at full speed to support their men engaged in the conflict; then the tossing and straining is at its height; the men often lying in dozens side by side on the grass, while the ball is returned by some strong arm again, flying above their heads, towards the other goal. Thus, for hours has the contention been carried on, and frequently the darkness of night arrests the game without giving victory to either side. It is often attended with dangerous, and sometimes with fatal, results *.

Kerry, as we have intimated, possesses, pre-eminently, one distinction for which it has long been famous—the ardour with which its natives acquire and communicate knowledge. It is by no means rare to find among the humblest of the peasantry, who have no prospect but that of existing by daily labour, men who can converse fluently in Latin, and have a good knowledge of Greek. A century ago, Smith wrote that "classical reading extends itself, even to a fault, among the lower and poorer kind in this country; many

* Matches are made, sometimes, between different town-lands or parishes, sometimes by barony against barony, and not unfrequently county against county; when the "crack men" from the most distant parts are selected, and the interest excited is proportionably great. About half a century ago, there was a great match played in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, between the Munster men and the men of Leinster. It was got up by the then Lord Lieutenant and other sporting noblemen, and was attended by all the nobility and gentry belonging to the Vice-Regal Court, and the beauty and fashion of the Irish capital and its vicinity. The victory was contended for, a long time, with varied success; and at last it was decided in favour of the Munster men, by one of that party running with the ball on the point of his hurley, and striking it through the open windows of the Vice-Regal carriage, and by that manœuvre baffling the vigilance of the Leinster goals-men, and driving it in triumph through the goal. This man is still living; his name is Mat. Healy, and he has been many years a resident in London. Between twenty-five and thirty years ago, there were several good matches played on Kennington Common, between the men of St. Giles's and those of the eastern parts of the metropolis; the affair being got up by the then notorious Lord Barrymore, and other noblemen who led the sporting circles of the time.

of whom, to the taking them off more useful works, have greater knowledge in this way than some of the better sort in other places;" and he adds, that "in his survey he had met with some good Latin scholars who did not understand the English tongue." A more general spread of information, and increased facilities for acquiring it, have deprived Kerry of the honour of being exclusively the seat of peasant-learning in Ireland; but its inhabitants are still remarkable for the study of the dead languages, acquaintance with which has been formed by the greater proportion of them literally under a hedge.

The genuine "Hedge Schools" of Kerry are rapidly disappearing; and, necessarily with them the old picturesque schoolmasters—in some respects a meritorious, in others a pernicious, class: for wherever there was disaffection, the village schoolmaster was either the originator or the sustainer of it; was generally the secretary of illegal associations, the writer of threatening notices, and too frequently the planner and leader in terrible outrages. The national system of education has destroyed their power, by substituting in their places men who are, at all events, responsible to employers interested in their good characters and good conduct. The ancient Domines, however, had their merit; they kept the shrivelled seed of knowledge from utterly perishing, when learning, instead of being considered

"better than house and land,"

was looked upon, as an acquirement for the humbler classes, in the light of a razor in the hands of a baboon—a thing that was dangerous, and might be fatal, but which could do no possible good either to the possessor or to society. The Irish schoolmaster is now paid by the State, and not by "sods of turf," "a kish of praties," "a dozen of eggs," or at Christmas and Easter "a roll of fresh butter;" for, very commonly, there was no other way of liquidating his quarterly accounts; yet this mode of payment was adopted eagerly on the one side, and received thankfully on the other, in order that "the gorsoon might have his bit of learning, to keep him up in the world." The English of the lower classes covet knowledge, but only as a source of wealth; an Irishman longs for it as a means of acquiring moral power and dignity. "Rise up yer head, here's the master; he's a fine man with grate larnin;" "Whisht! don't be putting in your word, sure he that's spaking has fine larning;" "Sure, he had the world at his foot from the strength of the larning;" "A grate man entirely, with a power of larning;" "No good could ever come of him, for he never took to his larning;" "What could you expect from him? since he was the size of a midge he never looked in a book;"—such are the phrases continually in the mouths of the Irish peasantry: utter

worthlessness is invariably supposed to accompany a distaste for information; while he who has obtained even a limited portion of instruction is always considered superior to his fellows who are without it, and precedence on all occasions is readily accorded to him. Those who would teach the Irish have, therefore, a fine and rich soil upon which to work.*

"The Hedge Schools" are, as we have intimated, almost gone from the country. During our recent visit, we saw but two or three of them; some twenty years ago we should have encountered one, at least, in every parish. They received their peculiar designation from the fact that in fine weather the school-room was always removed out of doors; the Domine sate usually beside his threshold; and the young urchins, his pupils, were scattered in all directions about the landscape, poring over the "Gough," or "Voster," (the standard arithmeticians of Ireland, long ago,) scrawling figures on the fragments of a slate, courting acquaintance with the favoured historian, Corn*a*lius N*a*pos, or occupied upon the more abstruse mysteries of the mathematics; the more laborious and persevering of the learners generally taking their places, "book in hand," upon, or at the base of, the turf-rick, that was always within the master's ken. In addition to the pupils who paid to the teacher as much as they could, and in the coin most at their command, there were generally in such establishments some who paid nothing, and were not expected to pay anything—"poor scholars," as they were termed, who received education "graatis;" and who were not unfrequently intended, or rather intended themselves, for the priesthood. They were, in most instances, unprotected

* The passion for knowledge received not many years ago a singular and striking illustration. The people who inhabited a rude district of the Commera mountains felt the necessity of a teacher for their children. They were a half-savage race who had "squatted" among the rocks and bogs, parts of which they had reclaimed so as to afford them something beyond the means of existence. They could, however, offer very little inducement to a schoolmaster to settle among them; every temptation was tried without effect; at length they resolved upon a daring expedient to remove the evil of which they complained. They took forcible possession of a Domine, and conveyed him by night from a distance of several miles to the vicinity of their rude mountain-huts. He was freely and bountifully given everything to make him comfortable; a cabin was built for him; his "garden" was dug and planted; a "slip of a pig" was added to his household goods; and he was told that he had only to order to have aught that the "neighbours" could procure him. But he was closely watched, and given clearly to understand that until he had educated one of his new pupils, and fitted him to supply his place, he was not permitted to wander a mile from his domicile. This imprisonment actually continued for five years; and it will, perhaps, surprise no one to learn that when the Domine obtained permission to visit his old friends, and communicate to them the fact of his being still in existence, he positively refused to stir, and died among the people to whom he had become attached, and whose children's children he lived to educate. We believe such occurrences are not uncommon; circumstances brought this one under our especial notice. The feeling is by no means confined to the peasantry; there is a mania for giving youths a classical education, which in the middle class is decidedly inimical to the commercial interests of the country. A young man may have a liberal and polished education without entering a University; doing so, frequently unfits him for the ordinary routine of business; he is but too apt to imbibe a taste for display, at variance with the sober and honest duties of middle life.

orphans; but they had no occasion to beg, for the farm-house as well as the cottage was open for their reception, and the "poor scholar" was sure of a "God save you kindly," and "Kindly welcome," wherever he appeared. In this way, with scant clothing, a strap of books over his shoulder, his ink-horn suspended from his button-hole, and two or three ill-cut inky pens stuck in the twist or twine that encircled his hat, the aspirant for knowledge set forth on his mission, sometimes aided by a subscription commenced and forwarded by his parish-priest, who found many of his congregation willing to bestow their halfpence and pence, together with their cordial blessings, on "the boy that had his mind turned for good." Now and then a "good-for-nothing" would take upon himself the habit and name of a "poor scholar," and impose upon the good-natured inhabitants of a district; but in a little time he was sure to be discovered, and was never again trusted. Such fellows used to be seen lounging about the corners of the streets in country-towns, pretending they "war goin' to Kerry for larnin, God help 'em, when they got a thrifle to pay their expinces." They were invariably great thieves, and fetchers and carriers of strife and sedition, and generally terminated their career as professed beggars. Very different from such, was a lad we knew in our youth, and whose simple history we delay our readers to hear; it will illustrate the "scholastic system" we are describing, and at the same time exhibit the self-sacrificing generosity of the Irish peasant.

It was towards the middle of September, or, as they, in Ireland, usually style the period, "the latter end of harvest," several years ago, that we were sedulously gathering a nosegay of blue corn-flowers and scarlet poppies, in the field of a dear relative, whose labourers were busily employed in reaping. A group of Irish harvesters are generally noisy, full of jest, and song and laughter; but we observed that although not more diligent than usual, these were unusually silent—yet the day was fine, the food abundant, and no "sickness" afflicted the neighbourhood. Our ramble was accompanied by a fine Newfoundland dog—Neptune, a fellow worthy of his name. After walking along at our accustomed pace, (for he disdained idle gambols,) Nep came to a dead stand. There was a remarkable old tree in the hedge, so old that it was hollow almost to the top, where a few green boughs and leaves sprouted forth, as remembrancers of past days; the open part of the trunk was on the other side, so that a stranger standing where we stood could have no idea how much it was decayed;—at this old tree Nep made a point, as if setting a bird; he would neither advance nor retreat, but stood with fixed eyes and erect ears in a watchful position. It occurred to us that the reapers had whiskey or some smuggled goods concealed there, and we resolved to

fathom the mystery; in accordance with this resolution, we commenced first a descent into what is called the 'gripe' of the ditch, and then seizing upon the bough of a sturdy little hawthorn, were about ascending, when two rosy-cheeked harvest-girls interposed—

"Ah, thin, don't, iv you plase—(bad luck to you, Nep, for a tale-tellin ould baste of a dog!—couldn't ye let the young lady have her walk?)—don't, iv you plase, Miss, machree, go up there. Faix, it's the truth we're tellin' ye, 'tisn't safe. Oh, ye may laugh, but by all the blessed books that ever war shut or opened, it's true; 'tis *not* safe, and maybe its yer death ye'd get if ye go."

This, of course, only whetted our curiosity. "The men have concealed whiskey there."

"Oh! bad cess.to the dhrop—sure they don't want it, when they get their glass at the heel of the evenin' without so much as axing for it; we'll tell, if ye won't tell ov us to the masther and misthress—though we couldn't help it, for it's God's will. Sure the boys there never raised their voice in a song, nor even the *kink* of a laugh ever passed their lips, just out of regard to the quietness—the craythur! and sure the dhrop of new milk, and it just to look at a grain of tea, is all we give on a two-pronged fork or the ould shovel. And the weather's mighty fine, as it always does be when the likes of them's in throuble; sure, the dew falls light on the spring chicken!" We pressed still more strongly for an explanation. "Well, it was the loneliest place in the parish," answered Anty, a blue eyed girl of sixteen, the very picture of good-nature and mischief, though her features were tutored into an expression of sobriety and even sympathy.—"And what else could I do, barrin I was a baste?" she continued. "And see even that poor dumb dog looks like a Christian at the tree—Nep, asy now, and don't frighten—"

"What, Anty?"

"Whisht! an I'll tell, but you musn't *let on*,* for maybe I'd lose the work.—It's—*only a little boy we hid in the tree!*"

"A boy!"

"Ay, faix! he *was* a boy, the craythur; but he's an *atomy* now, wid whatever it is—maasles, or small-pox, or feaver, myself doesn't know—but it's bad enough. He's a poor scholar! the jewel, thravellin to make a man of himself, which, if the Lord doesn't raise him out of the sickness, he'll never be; thravelin the world and ould Ireland for larnin, and was *struck*† as he came here; and he thinking he'd have six months, or maybe a year, with Mr. Devereux, who has grate Haythen as well as Christian knowledge; and sure no one would let him into their place for dread of the sickness that

* Pretend to know. † Taken ill.

brought lamentation into all our houses last year; and I found him," continued the girl, bursting into tears, "I found him shivering under an elder bush, that's unlucky in itself, and pantin' the little breath in his body out; and I'd ha' thought there would ha' been little use in all I could do: only what should I see, whin I took my eyes off him, but a cow licking herself *the wrong way*, and that gave me heart, and I spoke to him, and all he axed for was a drink of wather, and that I'd take him to his mother, the poor lamb! and she hundreds of miles away, at the back of God-speed, maybe; and sure that kilt me intirely, for I thought of my own mother that the Lord took from me before I had sense to ax her blessin. And ye'd think the life would lave the craythur every minute—so, first of all, myself and this little girl made a fine asy bed for him inside the ould tree, dry and comfortable, with the new straw, and then we stole granny's *plaiheen** out of the bit of a box, and a blanket, and laid him a top of it; and when we settled him snug, we axed my uncle if we might do it, and he said *he'd murder us*† if we had any call to him; and we said we wouldn't, becase we had done it already; but, in the end, my uncle himself was as willing to do a hand's turn to the poor scholar as if he was a *soggarth*‡, which he will be, plase God; only the *sickness* is heavy on him still, and the people so *mortial* affeard of it."

"The poor boy," added the other girl, "had bitter usage where he was before, from a cowld-hearted *nagur* of a schoolmaster, who loved money better than larning—which proved he had no call to it, at all, at all. We heard the rights of it, from one that knew—may the Lord break hard fortune before every poor honest woman's child!—and took his bit of goold from him, and gave him nothing but *dirty English for it, and he wanting Latin and the Humanities* — what he hadn't himself, only coming over the people with blarney and big words—the Omadawn!—to think of his taking in a poor soft boy like that, who was away from his mother, trusting only to the Lord, and the charity of poor Christians that often had nothing but their prayers to send along the road with him! Sure it must be a black bitther heart entirely that would not warm to a boy that quit the home where his heart grew in the love and strength of his mother's eyes, to wander for larning."

In a little time we discovered that the poor scholar, who rejoiced in the thoroughly Irish name of Patrick O'Brien, had been most tenderly cared for, not only by those kind-hearted girls, but by each of the harvesters: two young men in particular took it turn about to sit up with the lone child the greater part of the night, listening to the feeble ravings he uttered about his mother and his home, and moistening his lips with milk and water—the fatigue of the day's

* A square of flannel, or shawl. † A figure of speech. ‡ Soggarth, young priest.

labour under a scorching sun, with no more strengthening food than potatoes and milk, did not prevent their performing this deed of love and charity. When we discovered him, the fever—to use Anty's words—*had turned on him for good*, and he was perfectly rational, though feeble almost beyond belief, and only opening his lips to invoke blessings upon his preservers. We found that he had suffered from measles, rendered much worse than they generally are by fatigue, want, and ill-usage. A few evenings after, when the golden grain was gathered into shocks, and the field clear of its labourers, we set forth, accompanied by Patrick's first benefactress, to pay him a visit. The weather was clear and balmy, and so still that we could hear the grasshopper rustle in the tufts of grass that grew by the path. The corncreak ran poking and creaking across the stubble, and, one by one, before the sun had set,

"The wee stars were dreaming their path through the sky."

It was a silent but not a solitary evening, for every blade of grass was instinct with life, peopled by insect wonders, teeming with existence—creating and fostering thought. Even Anty felt the subduing influence of the scene, and walked without uttering a word. As we drew near the old tree, we heard a faint, low, feeble voice—the voice of a young boy singing, or rather murmuring, snatches of one of those beautiful Latin hymns which form a part of the Roman Catholic service. We knew that it proceeded from poor Patrick; and Anty crossed herself devoutly more than once while we listened. He ceased; and then, by a circuitous path, we got to the hollow side of the tree.

The poor lad was worn down by sickness, and his eyes, naturally large, seemed of enormous size, looking out as they did from amid his long tangled hair. His head was pillowed on his books; and it would seem as though the "plaikeens" of half the old women in the parish had been gathered together to do him service. His quivering lips only opened to express gratitude, and his thin hands were clasped in silent prayer when we left him. His tale had nothing remarkable in it—it was but one among many. He was the only son of a widow, who having wed too early, was reduced from comfort to the depths of privation; her young husband closed his sorrows in an early grave, and she devoted her energies to the task of providing for her two children; the girl was blind from her birth, and the boy, whose feelings and manners would have led to the belief so prevalent in Ireland of the invariable refinement of "dacent blood," resolved to seek by the way-sides and hedges the information he had no means of obtaining in statelier seminaries. Those who know how strongly the ties of kindred are intertwined round an Irish heart—

only those can understand how more than hard it is for the parent to part with the child. Notwithstanding, Patrick was blessed and sent forth by his mother—an Ishmael, without the protecting care of a Hagar—amid the wilderness of the world. More than once he returned to weep upon her bosom, and to repeat the assurance, that when they met again he would be a credit to his name. He had, as Anty said, suffered wrong from an ignorant schoolmaster, who plundered him of the small collection the priest of his parish had made for his benefit, and then ill-used him.

His illness we have told of; his recovery was hailed with hearty joy by " the neighbours," who began to consider him as a property of their own —a creature they had all some interest in. He was duly received at the school, the master of which deserved the reputation he had achieved—for, despite his oddity, and a strong brogue of the true Munster character, he was a good classic of the old régime, and a most kind-hearted man. Although no Domine ever entertained a more exalted opinion of his own learning, or held ignor*aa*muses (as he pronounced the word) in greater contempt than Mr. Devereux, still, when he found a pupil to his mind, who would work hard and constantly, he treated him with such consideration, that the youth was seldom permitted to speak except in the *dead* languages. He wore a rough scratch wig, originally of a light drab colour; and not only did he, like Miss Edgeworth's old steward in "Castle Rackrent," dust his own or a favoured visitor's seat therewith, but he used no other pen-wiper, and the hair bore testimony of having made acquaintance with both red and black ink. He prided himself not only on his Latin and mathematical attainments, but on his " manners;" and even deigned to instruct his pupils in the mysteries of a bow, and the necessity for holding the head in a perfectly erect position. Sometimes he would condescend to bestow a word of advice to one of the gentler sex, such as " Jinny, that's a good girl; I knew yer mother before you were born, and a fine, straight, upright *Girtha* she was—straight in mind an' body; be a good girl, Jinny, and hould up yer head, and never sit back on your chair—only so—like a poplar, and keep yer heels together and yer toes out—that's *rale* manners, Jinny." Often did he exclaim to Patrick, " Lave off discoorsing in the vulgar tongue, I tell you, and will you take up your Cor-*n*alius N*a*pos, to say nothing of Virgil, if you plase, Masther Pathrick, and never heed helping Mickey-the-goose, with his numbers. Hasn't he Gough and Voster, or part of them any way? for the pig ate simple addition and compound fractions out of both the one and the other. And, Ned Lacey, I saw you copying I know what, upon your thumb-nail off Pathrick's slate. I'll thumb nail-ye, you mane puppy! to be picking the poor boy's brains that

way; but the time will be yet, when you'll be glad to *come to his knee*, for it is he that will have the vestments, and not the first nor the last, plase God, that got them through my instructions. Pathrick, sir, next Sunday, when you go up to the big house as you always do, mind me, sir, never open yer lips to the misthress or the young ladies but in Latin—Greek's too much for them you understand me, unless they should ask you to give them a touch of it out of feminine curiosity, knowing you have the advantage of being my pupil; but no vulgar tongue out of *your* head, mind that; and when you go into the drawing-room, make yer bow with yer hand on yer heart in the first position, like an Irishman."

Under all his pomposity of manner there was much sterling good—the old schoolmaster never would accept of any remuneration from a "fatherless child," and consequently had an abundant supply of widows' children in his seminary. "What does it cost me," he would say, "*but my breath?* and that's small loss—*death will have the less to take when my time comes*—and sure it will penetrate to many a heart, and give them the knowledge that I can't take out of the world with me, no more than *my other garments.*" In less than a year, Patrick had become his teacher's right hand; he was not only his "first Latin," but in a fair way to become his first Grecian; and the only thing that tormented the worthy schoolmaster was, that Patrick was "no hand" at "mathematicks." He wrote frequently to his mother, and sometimes heard from her; but at last came the mournful intelligence that he could see her no more. She had perished of fever—one of those dreadful fevers that finish the work commenced by starvation, had taken her away from present care, and denied her all participation in the honours she anticipated for her son. The news crushed the heart of the poor scholar; and with it was mingled not only sorrow for the departed, but a deep anxiety on account of his little blind sister. "The neighbours," he said, "will, I know, keep her among them—a bit here, a sup there—and give her clothes enough for summer; but my dread is that she'll turn to begging, and that would be cruel to think of—my poor little blind Nelly*!"

"Where are you going this evening, Patrick?" inquired the old schoolmaster, as his favourite pupil was leaving, having bade him his usual respectful good-day.

"I promised Mrs. Nowlan, Sir, I'd go up there and read a bit with the boys to help them with you."

* A poor scholar never considers himself a beggar, nor is he ever so considered—*he travels for learning*; and this bare fact entitles him to respect and assistance—it is regarded in the light of a pilgrimage, but not beggary.

"Well," observed Mr. O'Leary, "never mind that now; I want to *discoorse* you this evening."

"Thank you, sir," he replied with a heavy sigh, hanging his hat on the same peg that supported the Domine's great-coat—"but the throuble has moidered my head—I'm afraid I'm not equal to much to-night, sir."

"Ah!" said the old man, "learning 's a fine thing, but there are things that ruin it intirely—in vulgar phrase, that bother it. Sit down, Patrick, and we'll see if for once the master and his pupil—the old man's and the young one's thoughts, go the same way."

Patrick did as "the master" desired. "Tell me," inquired the Domine, resting his elbows on his knees,—"tell me, did the news you got, poor fellow, determine you on doing anything particular?"

"It did, master, it did, God help me, and look down upon and bless you, and every one that has been kind and good to me!"

"What have you determined? or have you brought your resolution to a point?"

"I have, sir. It's hard parting—but the little girl, sir—my poor blind sister—the lone darling that never wanted sight while she had her mother's eyes—the tender child, sir; the neighbours are all kind, all good, but they can't be expected to take for a continuance the bit out of their own mouths to put it into hers—that can't be expected—nor it shan't be; I mean to set out for home on Monday, sir, plase God, and be to that poor blind child mother and father, and brother. She is all of my own blood in the world now, and I can't make *her* heart as dark as her eyes. Thanks be to the Almighty, I have health and strength now, which I had not when I left home—health, strength, and knowledge: though," he added in a tone of intense sorrow, "that knowledge will never lead me to what I once hoped it would."

"What do you mean?" inquired the old schoolmaster: "expound."

"My heart, sir, was set, as you know, on making my way to the altar; but His will be done! I was too ambitious; I must work to keep Nelly—she must not starve or beg while I live upon good men's hearts: we are alone in the wide world: instead of learning, I must labour, that's all; and I'm sure, sir, I hope you won't consider the pains you have taken with me thrown away: you have sown the good seed; if the rock is barren, it is no fault of yours; but it is *not* barren—why should I deny the feelings that stir within me?" He could not proceed for tears; and the old man pushed his spectacles so violently up his forehead as to disturb his wig.

"What's to ail the little girl," said Mr. Devereux at last, "to live, as many have done before her—*in forma pauperis*? Sure—that is, of

I mean, *you* found nothing painful in stopping a week at Mrs. Rooney's, and a month with the Driscols, and so on, and every one glad to have you."

"God reward them! Yes, sir, that's thrue; and of late, I've given the children, wherever I was stopping, *a lift of the learning*; but poor Nelly has no right to burden any one while my bones are strong enough to work for her —and she SHALL NOT!"

"And how *dare* you say that to *my* face, Patrick O'Brien?" screamed the schoolmaster, flinging his wig right on the nose of a respectable pig, who was poking it over the half-door *intended* to keep in the *little* children, and to keep *out* the pigs. "How dare you—in your pupilage—say 'she shall not?' I say *she shall!* She shall burthen me.—I say you shall go for her, and bring her here, and my old woman will be to her as she is to her own granchildren, not a hair in the differ. All belonging to me, glory be to God! are well to do in the world; and a blind child may be a bright blessing. Go, boy, go, and lead the blind girl here. I won't give up the honour and glory of my seminary becase of an afflicted *colleen*. When you go to Maynooth, we'll take care of her; my granchildren are grown too wise, and I'll be glad to have a blind child to tache poems and things that way to, of the long winter evenings, when I'm lonely for want of the lessons; so now no more about it. She'll be all as one as the babby of my old age, and you'll be Father Pat, and maybe I'd have the last blessed sacrement from yer hands yet." And so he had; for this is no romance. The blind child was led by her brother to the old schoolmaster's dwelling. Many of the neighbouring poor said, "God reward you, Misther Devereux, ye'r a fine man;" but the generous act excited no astonishment; generosity of character is so common amongst the peasantry, that it does not produce comment—they are in the constant habit of doing things and making sacrifices which if done long ago, would have been recorded as deeds of heroic virtue; but there are no village annals for village virtues; and at the time the schoolmaster's generosity made little impression on ourselves, simply because it was not rare, for near him lived a poor widow who, in addition to her own three children, fostered one whom the wild waves threw up upon the shore from a wreck; and another, who took three of her brother's orphans to her one-roomed house; and another, who nourished the infant of a beggar who died in her husband's barn, at the breast with her own baby.

The old schoolmaster is dead; but before he died, he had, as we have said, the desire of his heart. A blind sister lives with "the soggarth" to this day, and he is respected as all deserve to be who build their own fortunes bravely and boldly, and having laid a good foundation, are not ashamed of the labour that wins the highest distinction a free-born man can achieve.

The only established route by which the traveller will be enabled to form any idea of the character of the coast scenery of Kerry is that which conducts him to Killarney through Limerick and Tralee. But a journey so made will supply him with but a very limited notion of its grandeur and beauty. It will be necessary for him to make frequent excursions, in order to visit the several attractions of the county—beginning with Tarbert, on the banks of the Shannon, and ending with "the Skelligs," a group of small island-rocks in the Atlantic; or, if his starting-point be "the Lakes," he will examine, first, the southern parts, beginning with the huge promontory that lies between the Bays of Dingle and Kenmare.

Lough Carah, which we have briefly described, is almost in the direct line to the wild and picturesque district of Cahirciveen, the southern coast of Dingle Bay, and the interesting harbour and island of Valentia—with the exception of "the Blasquets," the point of land in Ireland, nearest to America. In the vicinity of Cahirciveen is "Derrynane," the seat and the birth-place of D. O'Connell, Esq. M.P. It was originally a farm-house; and has been added to from time to time, according to the increase of the property, or family, of its possessor. To determine the order of architecture to which it belongs would be, consequently, difficult. It is beautifully situated; and in its immediate neighbourhood are the picturesque ruins of an abbey, founded in the seventh century by the monks of St. Finbar. The island of Valentia belongs to "the Knight of Kerry," who resides there. Although very fertile, and still maintaining the distinction which Smith bestows upon it, of being "esteemed the granary of the county," its only peculiar produce is that from its slate quarries—the slabs from which are of great strength and size, and find a ready market in London. The Spaniards occupied the island and harbour until expelled by Cromwell; whose lieutenant erected forts at both the entrances, in order to put a stop to the privateering purposes to which it was applied. A harbour light-house of great utility has been opened during the present year. About twelve miles south of the harbour are "the Skelligs," a group of rocks which class among the greatest curiosities of the Atlantic. They were formerly celebrated as the resort of pilgrims; and many a weary penance has been performed upon their naked and inhospitable crags. The Great Skellig consists of two peaks, which rise from the ocean so perpendicularly as closely to approximate to the shape of a sugar-loaf: the larger rising in thirty-four fathoms of the ocean to 710 feet above its level; the occasional projections being clothed with grass of "a delicious verdure and remarkable sweetness." The island is, at all times, nearly covered with sea-fowl; a circumstance for which Dr. Keating, the fanciful "historian" of Ireland, thus accounts:—"There is a

certain attractive virtue in the soil which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock;" a notion of which the poet has thus availed himself:—

> "Islets so freshly fair
> That never hath bird come nigh them,
> But, from his course through air,
> Hath been won downward by them."

The peasantry have numerous tales to tell in connexion with these singular rocks; and a whimsical tradition exists, that every madman, if left to his own guidance, would make his way towards them. They have, however, of late years, lost much of their sacred character, and are now-a-days visited by very few penitents *. A few years ago two light-houses were erected on the great

* Dr. Smith gives a striking account of the perils through which the penitents passed. To the top of the Great Skellig there is but one path, and that so difficult that few people are hardy enough to attempt it. Upon the flat part of the island are several cells, said to have been chapels—for "here stood anciently an abbey of canons regular of St. Austin." "They are built in the ancient Roman manner, of stone curiously closed and jointed, without either mortar or cement, and are impervious to the air and wind, being circular stone arches at the top." Upon this subject we shall have some remarks to offer hereafter. Dr. Smith's description of the superstitious ceremonies performed here by the peasantry is interesting; the more so as, if even in his time "the zeal of devotees" was cooling, in ours it is more than likely to vanish altogether. "Here," he says, "are several stone crosses erected, at which the pilgrims perform certain stationary prayers, and have peculiar orisons to perform at each station. When they have visited the cells and chapels, they ascend the top of the rock, part of which is performed by squeezing through a hollow part resembling the funnel or shaft of a chimney, which they term '*The Needle's Eye.*' This ascent (although there are holes and steps cut into the rock to climb by), is far from being gained without trouble; but when this obstacle is surmounted, the pilgrim arrives at a small flat place, about a yard broad, which slopes away down both sides of the rock to the ocean; on the further side of this flat, which from its narrowness on the top, is a kind of isthmus, the ascent is gained by climbing up a smooth sloping rock, that only leans out a very little, and this they call *the Stone of Pain*, from the difficulty of its ascent; there are a few shallow holes cut into it, where they fix their hands and feet, and by which they scramble up. This kind of sloping wall is about twelve feet high, and the danger of mounting it seems terrible, for if a person should slip, he might tumble on either side of the isthmus down a precipice headlong many fathoms into the sea: when this difficult passage is surmounted, the remaining part of the way up to the highest summit of the rock is much less difficult. On the top are two stations to visit, where there are also some stone croses; the first is called *the Eagle's Nest*, probably from its extreme height; for here, a person seems to have got into the superior region of the air, and it is ascended by the help of some steps cut into the rock without much difficulty. If the reader can conceive a person, poised as it were, or rather perched on the summit of this pinnacle, beholding the vast expanse of the ocean all around him, except towards the east, where the lofty mountains on the shore appear like so many low houses, overlooked from the lofty dome of some cathedral; he may be able to form some idea of the tremendousness and awfulness of such a prospect. The second station which the devotees have to visit on this height, and which is attended with the utmost horror and peril, is, by some, called the *Spindle*, and others, the *Spit*; which is a long narrow fragment of the rock, projecting from the summit of this frightful place over a raging sea; and this is walked to by a narrow path of only two feet in breadth and several feet in length. Here the devotees, women as well as men, get astride on this rock and so edge forward, until they arrive at a stone cross, which some bold adventurer cut formerly on its extreme end, and here, having repeated a *pater-noster*, returning from thence concludes the penance. To get back down the *Stone of Pain* is attended with some address, in order to land safe on the rock, which I called an isthmus. Many persons, about twenty years ago, came from the remotest parts of Ireland to perform these penances, but the zeal of such adventurous devotees hath been very much cooled of late."

Skellig, by the Trinity House. The effect has been almost to put an end to wrecks on the coast.

To visit the wild peninsula, north of Dingle Bay—which runs out into the Atlantic, and which contains, on the south, Ventry harbour, Dingle harbour, Mount Eagle, and Castlemaine, and on the north, Smerwick, Mount Brandon, and Tralee Bay,—the tourist should fix his head quarters at Tralee, the principal town of the county. Tralee contains nearly 10,000 inhabitants; the remains of several ruins are in its immediate vicinity; and, among others, that of an abbey, in which, for several centuries, the Desmonds were buried, the first occupants of its tombs being Thomas Fitzgerald, surnamed "the Great," and his son Maurice, who were both slain at Callan, in a fight with the Mac Carthy Mor. The most interesting monastic remains in Kerry are, however, those of the abbey of Ardfert—about six miles north-west of Tralee. Ardfert is a bishop's see, held *in commendam* with the bishopric of Limerick. The ruins of the cathedral are still in good preservation, and bear marks of high antiquity. In the western front are four round arches, and in the eastern front three elegant, narrow-pointed windows. On the right of the altar are some niches with Saxon mouldings. A round tower 120 feet high, and built chiefly of a dark marble, which formerly stood near the west front, suddenly fell down in 1771:—

"Where my high steeples whilom used to stand,
On which the lordly falcon wont to towre,
There now is but an heap of lime and sand
For the screech owl to build her baleful bowre."

The cathedral is dedicated to St. Brandan, and contains the cemeteries of many of the old families of Kerry. The tomb of one of them is pictured in the

accompanying sketch. In the immediate neighbourhood are the ruins of other churches, of which tradition states that Ardfert formerly had seven. The remains of four may still be traced within the cathedral enclosures. Of the strong castle, the seat of the Lords of Kerry, which formerly protected the churches of Ardfert, there are now standing but a few broken walls; it was, according to Smith, "demolished in the wars of 1641, by one Lawler, an Irish captain, who set it on fire." But the building then destroyed was a recent structure, erected on the site of the ancient castle "built by Nicholas, the third Lord Kerry, in 1311, and re-edified by Thomas, the eighteenth Lord, in 1590."* In the village of

* The Pacata Hibernia notices the siege and taking of Ardfert Castle by Sir Charles Wilmot; and the same page relates an incident frightfully illustrative of the period. "Ardart for some nine days made good defence, and had burned with fireworks such boards and timber as Sir Charles had placed against the wall of the castle for his men's safety as they undermined. But at the last, Sir Charles sent for a saker out of an Englishman's ship (which one Hill, the master, lent him), with a purpose only to break open the door of the castle, for the walls were too strong for so small a piece to offend. The rebels at the sight of the saker yielded; Sir Charles hanged the constable; the rest of the ward, which was but eight, with the women and children, were spared. Towards the latter of August, Maurice Stack, the brave undertaker before spoke of, was by Honore ny' Brien, wife to the Lord of Lixnaw, invited to dine with her, in her husband's castle of Beaulieu, in Kerry; at which time Donnell Obrien, brother both to her and the Earl of Thomond, was then with his sister. Dinner being ended, the young lady desired to speak with the said Stack privately in her chamber, where, after a little time spent, and disagreeing about the matter then in speech, the lady cried out unto Dermond Kewghe Mac Corman, William Odonichan, and Edmond Oheher (being at the chamber door), 'Do you not hear him misuse me in words?' Whereupon with their skenes they instantly murdered him in the place: as soon as he was slain, she sent unto her husband, and willed the murtherers to repair unto him. Of this barbarous and inhuman act, some say that this lady was the principal agent, though some of her friends have since sought to excuse her. The Earl of Thomond upon the knowledge of it was so infinitely grieved, and for the same held his sister in such detestation, as from that day forwards (to the day of her death), which was not many months after (as I think), he never did see her, nor could not abide the memory of her name. But, howsoever, this worthy subject (more worthy than whom there was no one of Ireland birth of his quality) was thus shamefully butchered as you have heard. The Lord of Lixnaw, not satiated with his blood (traitrously and shamefully shed), the next day after he hanged Thomas Encally Stack, the brother of the said Maurice Stack, whom he had held prisoner a long time before."

O'Dorney are the ruins of another abbey, a shapeless pile, but the deformity of which is hidden by the ivy that covers the whole of it.

The peninsula to which we have referred, that stretches out into the Atlantic, is full of interesting historical associations, as well as abundant in natural beauties. We must touch upon them very briefly. The Spaniards had settlements in this district; and remains of the fortifications still exist.* The ruins of old castles are numerous all along the coast. One of the most conspicuous of them is that called Ferriter's Castle, the ancient stronghold of the Ferriters, the last of whom, Pierce Ferriter, took part in the troubles of 1641, and, having surrendered under promise of pardon, was betrayed, and, with all his followers, put to the sword. The ruin is situated in a wild spot, almost on the verge of the Atlantic—a single tower is all that endures.

* A fort called the Fort Del Ore, was built by the Spaniards close to Smerwick; they received—in 1580—a considerable reinforcement, and assumed so formidable a position, that the Earl of Ormond "marched towards them." Being, however, unprovided with artillery and provisions, he retired without attacking the foreigners; but on his way back he encountered Sir Walter Raleigh with some other captains, and together they advanced towards the enemy. "Captain Rawlegh," says the historian, "having been well acquainted with the custom of the Irish, remained in ambush, and waited until several of Desmond's Kerns came into the forsaken camp, to pick up whatever the English might have left, when he immediately fell upon them with his men and cut many of them to pieces." The Spaniards and the Irish being close pressed by land and sea, and after many vain sallies, surrendered "at discretion;" the usual system was adopted. The Spaniards were all, except their commander, put to the sword, and the Irish were hanged to a man. The cruelty however, it would appear, "displeased the Queen;" the English, according to the admission of the historian, "having no excuse for it, but the smallness of their army (being only equal in number to the enemy), the scarcity of provisions, and the near approach of the Irish rebels." The butchery is, and ever will be, a foul stain upon the memory of Raleigh; it was a gratuitous and merciless act of slaughter, utterly indefensible; and was so considered in England, where Sir Walter had some difficulty in clearing himself of the charge that arose out of it. It was, however, but in keeping with the whole of the system pursued by the English in these parts; they gave their Irish foes no quarter, and seem to have considered their courage and endurance only as additional reasons for their extermination. The "Pacata Hibernia" describes such atrocities without the smallest approach to sympathy with the sufferers. The details of the sieges of several castles in this vicinity, although full of horrors, are highly interesting. Glin Castle, in the county of Limerick, but on the borders of Kerry, was gallantly defended by the Knight of the Valley. The knight's son, a child of six years old, was in the President's hands, "ready at his will to be executed." To terrify the warders, "he caused the child to be set upon the top of one of the gabions," sending word to the garrison, "that they should have a faire marke to bestow their small shott upon." The knight made answer that fear for the boy's life should not make his

The whole of the peninsula is indented with bays and harbours; from which the mountains ascend, giving a character of rude grandeur to the scenery. Take, for example, a sketch in Dingle Bay. The mail-coach road from Tralee to Limerick passes through the town of Listowel, and that of Tarbert*; the former being inland, the latter on the south bank of the Shannon. The far-famed caves of Ballybunian are about an equal distance from both, but on the coast. Listowel is a poor town, with, of course, the ruins of a castle. In the year 1600 this castle, which held out for Lord Kerry against the Lord President, was besieged by Sir Charles Wilmot†. Listowel is watered by the Feal, a river which the Irish poet has immortalised in one of the sweetest of his songs; founded on a tradition, that the young heir of the princely Desmonds, having been benighted while hunting, took

followers forbear to direct their volleys against their enemies, for the mother who bore him still lived, and might have more sons. The President, however, changed his mind; and the "poor child was removed." The knight was slain in a sally. The "rebels" retired to the battlements of the castle "to sell their lives as deare as they could." "In conclusion, some were slaine in the place, and others leapt from the top of the castle into the water underneath it, where our guards killed them."

* Tarbert is on the confines of the county of Limerick, and was the seat of Sir Edward Leslie, Bart.; from whence Lord Macartney embarked for his government of Madras in 1781.

† The account of the siege, as published in the "Pacata Hibernia," is exceedingly interesting. As a chamber was preparing to place the powder in a mine to blow up the castle, a spring of water gushed out in such abundance, that Sir Charles was obliged to begin a new work, which he carried under ground to the midst of a vault in the castle. The work being perceived by the garrison, they called out for mercy; but he would hear of no other terms but their surrendering at discretion. The ward, being eighteen men, submitted on their knees, but the women and children were suffered to depart. Nine of the English having been shot during the siege, he presently caused the same number of prisoners to be hanged; and by the President's order, the residue were soon after executed, as they had all of them been under protection; except an Irish priest, named Sir Dermot Mac Brodie, who was pardoned for the following reason:—It happened that upon surrendering the castle, the Lord Kerry's eldest son, then but five years old, was carried away by an old woman, almost naked, and besmeared with dirt. Wilmot detached a party in search of him, who returned without finding the child; but the priest proposed, if Sir Charles would spare his life and that of the child, to discover where he was: which being granted, he went with a captain's guard to a thick wood, six miles from the castle, which was almost impassable, where, in a hollow cave ("not much unlike by description to Cacus his denne, or the mouth of Avernus"), they found the old woman and the child, whom they brought to Sir Charles, who sent both the priest and the child to the Lord President.

shelter in the house of one of his dependants, named Mac Cormac; with whose fair daughter he became suddenly enamoured. "He married her; and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family." The story rests on the authority of Leland; the poet makes the lord thus address his rebellious clan:—

"You who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you 've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?"

The caves of Ballybunian are not often visited; yet they may be classed among the most remarkable of the natural wonders of Ireland. The old historian alludes to them very briefly:—"The whole shore here hath a variety of romantic caves and caverns, formed by the dashing of the waves; in some places are high open arches, and in others impending rocks, ready to tumble down upon the first storm;" a small volume descriptive of them was, however, published in 1834, by William Ainsworth, Esq.; to which we must refer the reader. They are distinguished by names, each name bearing reference to some particular circumstance, as "the Hunter's Path," from a tradition that a rider once rode his horse over it; "Smugglers' Bay," for centuries famous as a safe shelter for "free traders;" the "Seal Cave," &c. &c.*

The county of Kerry is bounded on the north by the estuary of the Shannon, which separates it from the county of Clare, on the east by the counties of Limerick and Cork, and on the south and west by the Atlantic ocean. Large districts of Kerry are, however, promontories; a circumstance to which Camden refers, when he describes the county as "shooting forth like a little tongue into the sea, roaring on both sides of it." A mine of wealth is therefore at hand, which activity and industry, aided by a moderate capital, might easily render available; yet the fisheries are few, and we have heard of none so extensive as to be in proportion to the great supply that Providence has placed within the reach of those who would turn it to account.

* "The cliffs of Ballybunian are even less remarkable for their dimensions, than they are for the singular form of rocks, which seem as if carved by the hand of man; and, independently of the lofty mural precipices, whose angular proportions present every variety of arrangement, as in Smugglers' Bay, where they oftentimes are semicircularly arranged, like the grain-work of an arch, or the tablets or small strings running round a window, or are piled above one another in regular succession, presenting a geological phenomenon of great grandeur and magnificence; they have also other distinct beauties, which originate frequently in similar causes."—*Ainsworth.*

We may again be permitted to express a hope, that the recent movement in favour of "Irish manufactures" will affect the natural sources from whence the prospects of Ireland may be, most surely, derived, and that, above all, the fisheries—the deep sea and the river fisheries—will receive the consideration to which they are undoubtedly entitled. In the various rivers in the south the fishermen have a peculiar mode of taking fish, which they call pusha-pike fishing; it is performed by a single man, who, at low water, moors his boat to a pole fixed in the water, and spreading a net loosely over two poles, placed at an angle, lowers it into the narrow channel of the river; when this net is touched by a fish, his hand, which holds the upper part, feels the touch, and he instantly raises the net, as shown in the annexed print, and secures the prize. Salmon are often taken in this manner. The great export trade of Kerry is in butter; a large proportion of which finds its way to England through the market of Cork. The Kerry cow is proverbially small, but of remarkably beautiful shape, and especially valuable for the quantity and quality of its milk.

The fishing-boats, generally, have a curious anchor, of very primitive character. A large flat stone is embraced by wood, as in the accompanying cut; the bow being of iron.

Kerry in extent ranks as the fourth of the Irish counties. In 1754, according to the estimate of Dr. Smith, the county contained no more than 10,228 houses, and a population not exceeding 51,140: in 1821, however, it had more than quadrupled that amount; and by the last census it had approached 250,000. The county is divided into eight baronies—Iraghticonner, Clanmaurice, Corkaguiny, Truchanackmy, Magunihy, Iveragh, Dunkerron and Glanerough; its only towns of note are Tralee, Killarney, Listowel, and Kenmare.

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WATERFORD.

WATERFORD is, perhaps, the least interesting, and certainly the least picturesque, of the counties of Ireland; it is, for the most part, barren of trees; and the soil, naturally poor, has had little advantage from cultivation. Its coast, moreover, is inhospitable; its bays and harbours being few; and, with the one great exception, neither safe nor commodious. It resembles Cornwall, not only in its rugged character, and the comparative poverty of its surface—it is likely to rival in mineral wealth the great mining county of England.

The mail-coach road from the borders of the county of Cork to Waterford city is through a barren tract of country, which presents few objects worthy of notice; the tourist will, by taking this route, however, visit Dungarvan, the town that ranks next in importance to the capital of the shire. It is a sea-port, but with little trade; and belongs chiefly to the Duke of Devonshire, who has expended a large sum in its improvement*. Persons who are not compelled to pursue the beaten track, and may choose their own route, either in proceeding to or from the South, will no doubt prefer passing through the county of Tipperary, although the journey be somewhat circuitous. The direct course, in either case, is through Youghal and Lismore; the road between these two towns running along the banks of the Blackwater—one of the most beautiful of all the Irish rivers. At Youghal, a long narrow bridge connects the counties of Cork and Waterford; and over this bridge we passed for the purpose of examining the singular round tower and ruins at Ardmore†.

* Although Dungarvan occupies but a very minor position in history, one very interesting circumstance is connected with it. In 1649, it was besieged and taken by Cromwell, who, having ordered the inhabitants to be put to the sword, rode into the town at the head of his "ironsides." It is stated that, at the precise moment upon which the fate of many hundreds depended, a woman, named Nagle, forced her way through the ranks, with a flaggon of beer in her hand, and drank the General's health, calling upon him to pledge her. It is added that Cromwell not only very gallantly accepted the challenge, but was so pleased with the woman's courage and courtesy, that he retracted his order for carnage and pillage, and permitted his soldiers to partake of the liquor which they, heated and thirsty, found very refreshing, and which the servants of the woman abundantly supplied. Smith, who relates the anecdote, gives no authority for it.

† The bridge was commenced in the year 1829, and finished in the year 1832, at a cost of somewhat less than £18,000. The architect was Mr. Nimmo; the resident engineer during the erection of it was J. E. Jones, Esq., who is now successfully pursuing his profession in London. Until the bridge was built, a dangerous ferry of nearly half a mile was the only means of communication at this point between the

Ardmore is about six miles from Youghal; but the foot passenger by crossing a ferry and a steep hill, may very materially shorten the distance, so as to bring it within an hour's walk. It is one of the places which, for many reasons, no one should neglect to visit. Though now a miserable village, containing no house, but that of the rector, above the rank of a cabin, time was when Ardmore classed among the high places of Ireland. It was anciently an Episcopal see, erected by St. Declan, in the infancy of the Irish Church, and before the arrival of St. Patrick. St. Declan was, it is said, a native of Ireland, who travelled to Rome, and returned to teach his countrymen, in the year 402. The ruins of two churches, from their architecture nearly coeval with the saint's era, are in the immediate neighbourhood; and one of them, part of the chancel of which had been until lately repaired, and used for service *, is close to the famous Round Tower. It will be our duty to touch this tender subject on some future occasion—but we shall hazard no theory of our own; contenting ourselves with detailing, as succinctly as possible, the various opinions that have been put forth from time to time as to the age, origin, and purpose of these singular, peculiar, and it would seem, unmeaning and useless, structures, which appear to have been constructed for no earthly object except to set antiquaries by the ears, and puzzle posterity †. The Round Tower at Ardmore differs from all the others that are still standing in Ireland;

two counties, except by going a distance of sixteen Irish miles by the bridge of Lismore. Youghal bridge is one of the most remarkable in the kingdom; it is 1542 feet in length; and is composed of forty-seven bays of thirty feet span. Its breadth is twenty-two feet; and height above high water ten feet.

* On the west-end of this ruined church are several carvings in basso-rilievo, which, although much injured by time, are evidently illustrations of sacred history; one of them represents "Adam and Eve with the Tree of Knowledge between them," and another the "Judgment of Solomon."

† Dr. Smith in his History of Waterford, settles the matter at once, by affirming that this at Ardmore was used for a belfry or steeple, there being towards the top not only four windows to let out the sound, but also three pieces of oak still remaining, on which the bell was hung. "There are also," he adds, "two channels cut in the sill of the door, where the rope came out, the ringer standing below the door withoutside." We shall see, however, that the learned Doctor has been very unsuccessful in carrying conviction to the Irish

inasmuch as it is divided by four beltings into as many stories, with a window to each. It is built of elaborately cut stone, is between ninety and one hundred feet high; the entrance is about thirteen feet from the ground; and the circumference of the base is about forty-five feet. In the upper story there are four opposite windows. The conical cap, which has vanished from most of the Irish round towers, still graces that of Ardmore; and in Smith's time this was surmounted by a rude cross "like a crutch," which, it is said, some sacrilegious soldiers destroyed by making it a mark for musket-shots.

Ardmore has, for a very considerable period, supplied the most striking, painful, and revolting illustration of the superstitious character of the Irish peasantry. Happily, customs that are equally opposed to reason and religion are rapidly removing before the advancing spirit of improvement—and its gigantic ally, Education—and as the Roman Catholic clergy are, at length, convinced that it is their own true interest to discourage or suppress them, they will, no doubt, be noted, ere long, only among histories of gone-by evils and absurdities—to which Ireland has been, of late years, so extensive a contributor. Although unwilling to describe matters discreditable to the country, and the majority of its people—and which are gradually disappearing from among them—it is impossible for us to avoid a subject that has been so long and so closely associated with Ireland. Nearly every district of the country contains some object of peculiar sanctity, to which ignorance attributes the power of curing diseases and, frequently, of remitting sins. Visits to these places were formerly, and to some extent are still, enjoined as works of penance for crime; in other cases they were voluntarily undertaken by "penitents;" but the more usual motive was that of obtaining health for the body; and tedious and wearisome journeys have often been made for the purpose of drinking water from some specified fountain, by persons who were

antiquaries generally—although some of them entirely agree with him—the "pieces of oak still remaining" whereon to hang the bell, being regarded as of no value on the question.

—In fact some others of the round towers, at this day, as Cloyne, are used as belfries. The channels in the sill of the door are also with great probability deemed to have been formed to secure the head of a ladder which rested on them. Several corbel stones project, without any apparent regularity, from the interior face of the wall. Two are rudely sculptured, and represent the faces of some nondescript animals. Whether similar sculptures appertain to any other round tower is unknown, as few of them have been subjected to so rigorous an examination as this of Ardmore. The occurrence of such figures may afford subject for curious speculation to the antiquary, but as yet no determinate opinion has been formed about them. Mr. W. Hackett, of Middleton, has had casts taken of them, and thus brought the objects, doubtless of contention, home to the doors of the belligerents.

apparently hardly able to crawl a few yards from their own thresholds. These holy places are, for the most part, Wells; and many of them have kept their reputations for centuries, the fame of some being undoubtedly coeval with the introduction of Christianity, while that of others probably preceded it—the early Christian teachers having, it is believed, merely changed the object of worship, leaving the altars of idolatry unbroken and undisturbed. These wells are to be found in nearly all the parishes of the kingdom; they are generally betokened by the erection of rude crosses immediately above them, by fragments of cloth, and bits of rags of all colours, hung upon the neighbouring bushes and left as memorials; sometimes the crutches of convalescent visitors are bequeathed as offerings, and not unfrequently small buildings, for prayer and shelter, have been raised above and around them. As an example, we copy the far-famed and wonder-working well of St. Dolough within a few miles of Dublin, and on the road to the castle of Malahide. Each holy well has its stated day, when a pilgrimage is supposed to be peculiarly fortunate; the patron-day, *i. e.*, the day of its patron saint, attracts crowds of visitors, some with the hope of receiving health from its waters, others as a place of meeting with distant friends; but the great majority of them are lured into the neighbourhood by a love of idleness and dissipation. The scene therefore is, or rather was, disgusting to a degree; but the evil has of late greatly diminished; and, since the spread of temperance, there being neither drinking nor fighting in the vicinity, the attendants are almost entirely limited to the holiday-keepers and the credulous. A few months ago we visited St. Ronogue's well, a place high in repute, distant a few miles from Cork. There were not above a hundred persons of both sexes present, and scarcely a dozen cars were on the ground; the scene was remarkably tranquil; there were baskets full of cakes and biscuits for sale, but no whiskey. The beggars were of course numerous, as usual—the halt, the maimed, the blind, and persons afflicted with all manner of diseases; and we were petitioned for charity, "for the love of God," in voices of all tones, from the base of the sturdy vendor of relics, to the squeaking treble of the miserable baccach

(lame man)*. But there was no drinking, no swearing, no fighting, the visitors appeared sober in mind as well as in habit, and acted as though they considered the well a place for serious reflection rather than for idleness and dissipation. Two old women were dipping up the water in tin cans, and exchanging supplies for small coins from the applicants; and when they had filled their bottles (brought for the purpose), and knelt at the rude cross, and repeated a few "paters" and "aves" before it, they departed to their homes in peace and quietness;—the only objects worthy of remark connected with the ceremony being two or three blind pilgrims, who stood by the sides of the well and handed to each comer a thin pebble, with which he signed the mark of the cross upon a large stone at the well-head, and which frequent rubbing had deeply indented. The accompanying print represents the well in its state of comparative solitude; but it was seldom on any day of the year without some devotees. The scene we have described presented a striking contrast to what we recollect it about twenty years ago, when the "pattern" at St. Ronogue's Well was the signal for assembling the worthless and the dissipated of the whole county, when to the superstitious rites of the morning succeeded the saturnalia of the evening;—the having drank of the holy water being considered as a licence for every sort of debauchery; and it was rare indeed that the crowds (which usually amounted to some thousands) separated without having witnessed a fight between two factions, who invariably fixed the day and place for a settlement of their differences. We have reason to believe that throughout Ireland similar and equally beneficial changes have taken place; and that pictures of besotted bigotry and disgusting brutality have now reference only to times past†.

* One of them asked us for a halfpenny. "We have none to give ye," was our answer. "That's bad English, yer honour," was his instant reply.

† The Holy Well—Tubber Quan—near Carrick-on-Suir, is in great repute for the many miraculous cures effected by its waters. The well is dedicated to two patron saints, St. Quan, after whom it takes its name, and St. Brogawn. The times for visiting it are the three last Sundays in June, when the people imagine the saints exert their sacred influence more particularly for the benefit of those who apply for their assistance. It is confidently said, and firmly believed, that at this period the two saints appear in the well in

The drinking of the waters of Holy Wells was, however, but a very mild mode of doing penance for sin, and by no means a severe process, by which the diseased devotee was to be made whole. Other customs of a far more reprehensible nature prevailed. The pilgrimage to "Lough Derg" might have vied with any of the abominations of Juggernaut; the most ignorant and savage of the tribes of Africa have few ceremonies more utterly revolting than that to which, a few years ago, the Irish peasantry were, here, directly and systematically encouraged. It is not necessary for us to publish the details; but the gross observances that so long prevailed at Ardmore, and which to some extent still continue, we cannot pass over; although, as we have intimated, the Roman Catholic clergy now "set their faces" directly against practices which, for ages, they tolerated generally, and encouraged partially; and which consequently are destined—we trust ere long—to be numbered among things of the past.

The 24th of July is the patron-day of St. Declan, whom the Romish Calendar states to have flourished prior to the appearance of St. Patrick. He is said to have landed at Ardmore, and to have there first preached Christianity; where, also, he built in one night the famous round tower and the adjoining church of which the ruins still remain. The grave in

the shape of two small fishes, of the trout kind; and if they do not so appear, that no cures will take place. At this time, among the penitents who go pilgrimaging to the well, the bustle is immense around the neighbourhood for many miles, people coming from a great distance to avail themselves of the benefits. Among them are to be seen persons afflicted with almost every disorder, and many who are perfectly convalescent, either from curiosity, or under an impression that using the waters while under the blessed influence of the patron saints, will preserve them from being afflicted at some future time. At the well the ceremonies are as follows:—On ascending the hill, which the penitents do bare-foot (and, in many instances, the entire journey is undertaken in the same way), they kneel by the side of the stream, and, with their bodies bent, repeat a certain number of Paters and Aves. They then enter the stream, the water of which all describe to have a particularly intense coldness. They go through the stream three times, at a slow pace, repeating in each round a certain number of prayers; they then go on the gravel walk, and traverse it round three times on their bare knees, often till the blood start in the operation: in this part of the ceremony they repeat the same number of prayers in each round as they did in the stream, and when finished, without giving themselves time to rest, they perform the same rounds on their bare knees round the tree, but on the grass. This tree is a particular object of veneration, and presents a curious spectacle, being covered all over with human hair, the penitents cutting off locks of their hair and tying them on the branches as a specific against headache. Perhaps nothing can evince more powerfully the strong natural affections of the people than a visit to this place. There may be seen labouring up the acclivity the father, and more often the mother, bending beneath the weight of the grown up son or daughter, who have been rendered by illness unable to perform the pilgrimage for themselves, and not unfrequently the sturdy rustic, or dutiful daughter, in the fullness of filial love, carrying an aged father or mother, and performing by proxy all the requisite ceremonies, while others do the like for the repose of their departed relatives. As might be expected, the place is well attended with beggars, who crowd there from an immense distance, expecting to reap a good harvest; and many of them are provided with beads and crosses for sale, which they offer to the notice of the visitors. It is said that a church, dedicated to the saints, Quan and Brogawn, formerly stood here, and where the tree stands at the present day was the site of the ancient altar.

which he is supposed to have been buried, and a singular mass of rock on the sea shore, near the church, are objects of peculiar veneration. The Holy Well, too, is very picturesque; we have, availed ourselves of the kindness of Lady Deane, by which we have been enabled to introduce a copy of it. The rock is believed to have floated over the ocean from Rome, with the vestments of the saint, a bell for his tower, and a lighted candle for the celebration of mass. The grave is first visited; here an old hag has fixed herself to sell the clay contained within it, and to which many virtues are attached. It is often mixed with medicine, and taken by the sick; it is also carried abroad by those from the district who emigrate: and there are few Roman Catholic houses in the country round where a portion of it is not kept to guard against evil spirits, misfortune, and sickness. The bottom and sides of the grave are the solid rock, yet there is always clay enough found in it to supply the enormous demands. This is of course managed by the woman who supplies the article; but the fact that it never fails, is attributed to the miraculous influence of the saint.

After paying their devotions at the grave, the people crowd to the Holy-stone, and having gone on their bare knees several times round it, creep under it lying flat on the belly. The painful contortions of some of these poor people it is distressing to witness, as they force themselves through the narrow passage. It is only at low water that this part of the ceremony can be performed; the stone (which weighs perhaps four or five tons) rests upon two small rocks, leaving a passage under it; as shown in the accompanying print. After the superstitious rites have been gone through, the scene of rioting,

quarrelling, and drunkenness that ensued, was, formerly, disgusting to a degree—and it was rarely that "a pattern" passed without the loss of lives*.

* We copy the following account of the melancholy scene from the note-book of a gentleman of high attainments and undoubted veracity. It was written on the spot:—"22nd July. Arrived this evening at Ardmore, preparations already making for the due celebration of the Patron's day; visited the dormitory of St. Declan; an old meagre figure had possession of the grave, in which she ate, drank, and slept, that none other might claim a right to it; one half of her only appeared above ground; the last supply of earth for the approaching demand, had just been put in; she recommended us strongly to take a portion in the name of God and the blessed Saint (on pronouncing the latter name she with due reverence dropped a low curtsey) as a preventive against fire, drowning, &c. &c., if eaten with due faith.—23d. Barrels of porter and whiskey arriving by sea and land in numbers, already three hundred have landed, and every avenue teems with figures moving along to pay their devotions.—10 o'clock. Commenced my rounds, though the 24th is the Patron's day; walked down to the sea shore, where a few yards below high water mark is the far-famed stone that in the fourth century (before the arrival of Saint Patrick) came floating over from Rome at the prayer of St. Declan, with a bell upon it for the edification of the Irish. On our way, we passed through assembled multitudes pitching tents, fastening up carts and cars as dwellings, arranging their goods, and now and then fighting, without which Paddy cannot live long *in good humour*; passed on, here the first scene began, and I counted 154 persons kneeling round the stone, fresh comers every moment succeeding those who had told their beads and said their prayers. I watched their motions as they approached the stone; they took off their hats, then lowly bowed their heads, and dropped their knees on the pointed rocks; here they repeated several prayers, telling over their beads; then solemnly drew near and reverentially kissed the unformed mass several times, then bumped their backs against it three times, drew back in awe, dropped again on their knees, repeating more prayers and silently retired, children in arms were pressed down till their little mouths touched the holy stone. The crowd then formed a long line winding up the narrow path that leads along the mountain's brow to St. Declan's chapel; here, too, I went: the scenery was beautiful as we looked over the precipitous cliffs across the bay of Ardmore. On the brink stand the remnants of a chapel, said to be the first built in Ireland. On entering the gateway, on your right hand, is the well St. Declan blessed; a narrow doorway leads to it, a formidable figure had possession of it, and dealt out in pint mugs to those who paid; some drank it, some poured it on their limbs, their head, their backs, in the most devout manner, some claimed a second portion to bottle and carry home to sick relatives, or to preserve their houses from fire; they then knelt down to the well, and said their prayers; after which devoutly turning round they repeated their prayers to a little mount, under which had been the east window, crept on their knees to it, kissed it, said more prayers, crossed themselves and walked on; here the crowd of mendicants was great, and the miserable objects of deformity more lamentable than I had ever seen, and too disgusting to detail; the crowd now wound higher up the hill, inclined back again, and proceeded to the grave, here they knelt again in the most abject posture, saying prayers, and waiting for their turn to be admitted into the little dormitory, where the old hag distributed the earth and gave lectures on its efficacy, as preventing drowning, burning, &c. A few yards brought us to the far-famed round tower, the most perfect in Ireland; here again the devout pilgrims repeated prayers and told their beads, and knelt with the utmost humility, kissed the tower, broke off pieces, which they carried away; then the whole crowd filed off to the chapel, which was open to receive them, and mass was celebrated in all due form; here the devotions of the day ended; at twenty different periods I counted the people as they passed; they averaged fifty-five a minute, which gives a total of 12 or 15,000 persons; these numbers accorded with other calculations. The tents, sixty-four in number, are now complete; eating, drinking, dancing, occupy the multitude. One figure is walking about with a boiled leg of mutton and salt in one hand, a big knife in the other, vociferating 'a cut for a penny!' 'a cut for a penny!' here cheese and fish are selling, some tents contain gaming-tables; but the great body of persons are going round as on yesterday; they are more numerous, a few force themselves under the stone, praying as they crawl with difficulty. Seven o'clock—All now appears confusion, every man is drunk, and every woman is holding a man back from the deadly combat; bloody knees from devotion, and bloody heads from fighting are not uncommon. Eight o'clock—Three cabins are now blazing furiously, not a vestige can be saved; such a scene—fighting, pulling;

We have alluded to a class of persons who play very conspicuous parts at these patterns—the half beggar, half vender of rosaries and relics, and whole schemer and cheat. With some anecdotes of a notorious vagabond of the genus we have been favoured by a friend in Cork; we shall give his portrait at full length—that of Garrett Mansfield, better known as Garrett the Beggarman; and sometimes called "Garrird a Crooka," or of the Crook. A likeness of him is worth preserving; for he may be regarded as nearly "the last of his race"—among whom Mr. Matthew has made sad havoc, and whom the Poor Law Bill will ere long utterly destroy.

"Garrett" was publicly known in the town of Monaster as a drunkard of the most inveterate description; between his predatory practices, and his appeals to the "neighbours," as he termed them, he was for many years enabled to indulge in the luxury of fifteen or twenty glasses of raw spirits per day. He was married, and his conjugal character was in keeping with his other irregularities. The neglect of his wife and family was such, that they had to commence the trade of begging on their own account; and he never visited them, but to beat them for the purpose of extorting money. Yet Garrett professed himself a saint of the most exalted order, and being gifted with an imposing appearance, and a lively imagination, narrated stories of his own sanctity, which were listened to with avidity by the "neighbours," whose love of the marvellous predominated, for the time, over their conviction of Garrett's real character.

On Sundays, Garrett was stationed at the chapel door long before the congregation assembled—here, unlike ordinary beggars, he disdained the vehement antiquated chanting appeals, which assailed the ear from a string of maimed and blind paupers, extending from the chapel gates to a considerable distance; these knelt or prostrated themselves in the middle of the road; but Garrett, under the plea of infirmity, partly real and partly assumed, sat on one side, saying his beads with a patronizing smile, expressive of benevolence, and greeted the parishioners as they arrived with a welcome, as though his anxieties for their spiritual welfare were relieved by the evidence of their attendance at the house of prayer. His manner was intended to convey to each individual that he or she was the object of his particular devotion: "May the Lord bless *you*, at any rate," to one.—"That the Lord may make a bed in Glory for *you*, however," to another. To a gentleman who had been

drinking whiskey, holy-water; crying, cursing—I have never seen. Nine o'clock—Fire nearly subdued for want of fuel; here comes the old Jezebel from the grave, covered with earth, half naked, and yellow as the clay of which she bears a portion, and is strewing it in places the fire cannot reach, *to show its virtue* in destroying that devouring element. 25th—Tents nearly struck; a few of the most devout remain to complete their devotions. Seven o'clock—All is still again, and Ardmore is again a mere secluded village."

dangerously ill, and made his first appearance after his recovery, he would say, "Welcome, welcome, welcome by the Grace of the Lord," looking to the assembled multitude with an air of triumph, "*I* was not idle;" which none could interpret otherwise than as a conviction that the gentleman's recovery had been brought about by Garrett's prayers.

Hear him on the subject of his sanctity.

"Oncet upon a time, and of all times since the beginning of the world whin should it be but the time of the throubles in the middle of the year ninety-eight. The Lord save us, and keep us from such times as thim for ever more. The sojers came to Monaster, (the Caithness fencibles; you often hear tell of them,) and if they did, they done nothing only slashing the people from mornin till night. Why thin, my dear, among the rest o' their good doings *I* didn't escape them, for they pressed my little car, and my little baste (the benevolence of a gentleman ignorant of his real character had furnished him with both) to car baggage down the counthry. We stharted for the road, and we were thravelling, and thravelling, and thravelling, until at long last we got down to the bottom of the Black North, until we come to a town that they call it by the name of Ballinrobe.

"In the morning whin I got there, after putting up my little baste and taking the best o' care of him, I wint out to the door o' the carman's stage, and I see all the Christhins going to Mass, for it was a Sunday, the Lord be praised! Whin I see thim all going to the chapil, well become me, I'll engage I joined in with them; and whin we come to the gate, we found it was locked and not a sowl inside. Why thin, whin they opened the gate, the minnit I put my foot inside the chapil yard, what do you think but, my dear, the bells bigin to ring of themselves, and all the people obsarved there was nobody within to ring em. I did not say a word, nor let on any thing, but away with me into the chapil, and the people follin me. Why, thin as I'm in 'the presence,' as soon as I was inside the door of the chapil, the book on the althar fled open iv itself, and the candles lit up in wan minnit. To be sure the people all wandered in the world what it was, but I only went up to the rails and knelt down, and said my bades for a spell; and thin I wint fair and aisy into a corner, near a big windy that was there, and I knelt down agin, and bigin a saying o' my bades. Why thin the day was mighty close in itself, and whin I was getting too warm intirely, I took off my loose coat, and I looked about me to see would I see a nail or any thing that way, I'd hang it upon till Mass 'ud be over; and whin I couldn't find anything av the sort, I was so bint on my prayers that I only thrun up my coat, and there it staid, my dear, hanging over a grate sthrame o' light, that the sun was shinin in thro' the

windy. At long last, the priest came out o' the sachristy, and he wint to the foot of the althar, and from that he wint up the sthips, and whin he got to the althar, and come to the book and seen it open, he turned round and he axed the clerk, says he, 'what on earth ailed you,' says he, 'to open the book?' says he. And when the clerk tould him he did not, 'was it any o' yees?' says he, to the little boys with their albs on em. 'Was it any o' yees?' says he, 'that opened the book,' says he. ''Twas neer a one of us,' says they. My dear life and soul of the world, when he hear that, he looked very skeered intirely; and he turned round to the althar and he begin turning the laves over, and hether and sthriving to read, and you'd pity the way he was wiping the paspiration off of his face. Well, he wint on turning, and turning, and turning the laves, 'till all ov a suddint he looked in close to the book, and whin he looked into the book, my dear, he stopt up as if he was shot. My dear, 'twas thin the priest rubbed his face fair and aisy with a handkercher, and after looking up and saying some prayers, with his two hands stretched out, he turned round and he tuk off his vestment, and he laid it on the althar. 'Yand,' says he, 'to the congregation,' says he, 'I was in grate throuble since I come to this althar,' says he; 'yand, 'twas by grate struggling and sthriving that I got over it,' says he; 'I've found out,' says he, 'there is some angel, or aither some grate holy man in the chapel,' says he; 'yand, if it is a thing that I cannot find out this grate holy man,' says he, 'there is no use in talking, I cannot go on with the mass.' So wid that he come down from the althar, and he ordered the holy wather, and he tuk a brush, and he wint down the length of the chapil, and he spathered, and spathered, and spathered, and wheresomever he went the people made a bohreen for him; and whin he wint the length of the chapil he turned back, and he wint over to the north side, and thin he crossed the althar and come to the south side, where myself was a kneeling down a saying o' my bades; and whin he come, he lifted up his two hands and sprad thim over me; and he turned round to the people, and says he, I've found,' says he, 'this grate holy man; he is here,' says he. 'Yand,' says he, 'lave me find that ye'll all thrate him well,' says he; 'yand, I have to tell ye that there's a blessing for evermore from this day out,' says he, 'over the town of Ballinrobe,' says he—'for,' says he 'wheresomever *he'll* go,' says he, 'there is a blessing,' says he, 'in his road,' says he. So thin he went up to the althar and wint through the Mass fair and aisy; and whin Mass was over, all of the people came to me, and they tuk me up on their shoulders, and they never stopt till they brought me to a strong farmer's house. Yand, my dear, whin I got into the farm-yard, there was a little boy a son of the farmer's, and he was deaf and dumb from the hour he was born, and whin he

seen me he ran towards me before all the people; "yund," says he, "welcome!" says he, "Garrett," says he, "welcome! welcome! welcome!" Well, thin I wint into the farmer's house, and all the poor people that was sick and sore came to me, and I'll engage 'twas strong and hearty they wint away."

We must illustrate the character of Garrett by another brief anecdote.

Poor Mr. Swayne had been dead about three weeks, and, as Garrett observed, "the widdy was gradually getting over her grief," when, one Monday morning, our hero was seen leaning against one side of the widow's hall-door, apparently suffering from great mental or bodily pain.

To any question asked him by the passers-by he gave no satisfactory answer. "Yeh lave me alone! lave me alone, Ochone! Ochone! Oh!" was his reiterated exclamation. At length, the little girl "going a messages" reported the fact to Mrs. Swayne, who ordered a good loaf to be given to him; this was returned, and the widow sent him a tenpenny token, with directions to pray for her husband. The tenpenny being also returned, Mrs. Swayne yielded to the girl's suggestion, that she had better see him herself, as poor Garrett "was in grate trouble o' mind intirely." He was shown accordingly into the parlour, and seated on the chair nearest the door—a position which enabled Garrett to shut out all listeners from overbearing the communication which it was difficult even then to induce him to make.

"Yeh! Lave me alone, m'am! lave me alone! I niver come across the likes in all my days; in all my days I niver come across the like." Mrs. Swayne's anxiety to discover the cause of so much agitation, induced her to offer Garrett a little whiskey, but this he also refused. What he had to disclose was a circumstance which had occurred the previous night, and until he had "aised his mind," it was necessary that neither bit nor sup should enter his lips. "Lave me alone, m'am! lave me alone! Sure I see the masther! Last night m'am I hadn't a morsel of hay for my little baste, nor any thing to buy it, so I only dhrove him down before me to the Inch, knowing full well that your honour would only be plased with me. The night was as dark a night, the Lord save us, as ever fell out of the heavens. Yand af it was whin I had my little baste grazing fair and aisy in the Inch, and nothing to disturb me only the noise of the river, well become me, I got undher a ditch, and bigin a saying o' my bades and praying for all the sowls that ivir left us. Why thin I was, may be, half-an-hour at my prayers, whin, in one minit, while you'd be clapping your hands, my dear life and soul of the world, all the sky lit up aqual to ere a flash of lightning ever you see, and whin I lifted up my head and looked to the southward, what should I see coming down the hill from Kilva but five thousand hurlers, with five thousand hurleys, and five thousand

white silk handkerchers on their heads, and every hurley made of the shiningest silver ever you see, and thin, my dear, I turned my head towards the north, and what ud you think, but I see five thousand more hurlers coming down from Bally-Edmund as fast as the finest racer in the whole world, and they had goulden handkerchers and goulden hurleys. Why thin, where would they come, but down to the Inch, where I was a saying o' my prayers; and they warn't long I engage before they bigin the game, and no place ud do 'em to make a lubawn only over my own head. Yand such grate goaling was niver seen in the whole world. Twice the ball was dhriven within one inch of the cool, and twice it was dhruv back; why thin, the third time, just as the game was widin one inch o' being won, a goaler made a blow at the ball, and it wint rising, rising, rising, my dear life, and niver coming down at all, and both sides looking up in the sky. You'd hear a pin dhrop, and you'd think the eyes 'ud fall out of their heads, and they ever and always watching and divelling for the ball, till at long last down comes the ball sure enough, and well become the same goaler, he gave it one thundering blow, aqual to Fin Mac Cool, and in one minit over it came, rowling, rowling, rowling, until it came under the lubawn where myself was a saying o' my bades. Yand, my dear, all the goalers stepped up, and the formost part ov 'em made a division out from the middle, and he that won the cool, walked through 'em, until he walked out and come over quiet and asy to myself. Why, thin, his face was shinin like glass, and as bright, aqual to the sun; yand it would be good for your sowl to see the happy smile he had on him; and whin he came near me, who should it be but the masther! 'Garrett,' says he, 'you see what was done, and you see what throuble I had,' says he: 'yand it wasn't my arm that won that cool,' says he, 'only something that was doing,' says he, 'by some o' them I left. Yand,' says he, ''twas only ithin the last half-hour, I got the liberty of thrying at all,' says he, 'and 'tis what got me through the thrial is, what happened while the game was going on. Yand, tho' I'm only three weeks dead,' says he, 'I thought it was three thousand years,' says he; 'yand I'm happy now for evermore,' says he; 'and,' says he, 'bit nor sup you must not taste till you tell herself,' says he, 'that you see me,' says he."

Here the widow handed Garrett the rejected glass, which, with a prefatory, but inaudible ejaculation, he speedily emptied, and replaced it on the table, with many a shudder, shake, and grimace, like one not accustomed to drink raw spirits.

"'Whin you see her,' says he, 'tell her to be happy,' says he; 'and

tell her there's only one thing throubling o' me, and that is, she cannot be with me,' says he, 'for twenty long years more; but after that time, she will come, and she'll be with me,' says he, 'in glory,' says he, 'during Secla Seclorum,' says he. 'But there is one thing that must be done; the Inch where I found rest, must be ever and always for the use of your little baste,' says he; 'Garrett,' says he, 'go 'long home' now, says he, 'yand lave the little baste where he is,' says he, 'till you tell her every thing. Yand,' says he, 'any loading she'll have, you'll have the preference ov it,' says he. So with that, my dear, he walked back, and dhrov the ball in among the hurlers, and whin he got into the middle agin, they closed round him; and in one minit the night became dark as the tomb, and not a hurler to be seen. Yand I was very wake intirely, hardly I could stir; but I crept out from under the ditch and got home as well as I could, and whin I got into the house, and whin I see the candle lighting, I fainted dead, and was in a swoon ever since. Only I was in dread of not telling your honour, I wouldn't be able to lave my house for a month."

To the "neighbours" who knew poor Mrs. Swayne, it would be unnecessary to add that Garrett was ordered into the kitchen, where he had plenty of "nourishment;" and as long as she lived the "little baste" was never driven from the Inch. The poor woman did not remain after her husband, so long as Garrett had foretold. She died within seven or eight years, and her unfeeling executors, disregarding the solemn charge which Garrett had received, drove the "little baste" to browse on the hedges and ditches of the "neighbours."

From Youghal to Lismore, a distance of about eighteen miles, the road is exceedingly picturesque and highly interesting, passing, for a considerable space, along the beautiful banks of the Blackwater, of which it commands many striking views. We preferred, however, engaging a boat, and making the journey by water.

From the source of this fine river, in Slieve Lougher, one of the Kerry mountains, to its mouth at Youghal, it passes through a large extent of country, nearly every portion of which is closely, and often painfully, associated with the history of Ireland. The banks are for the most part wooded; at times, the river runs through fine, fertile, and productive valleys; at others, it winds at the base of, or between, huge and barren mountains, but every where affording pleasure, at least to the lovers of the picturesque. Every now and then, the interest of the scenery is enhanced, and the records of the neighbourhood are illustrated, by some

ruin of castle or church; very many of the strongest of the former, and the most famous of the latter, lying broken and covered by weeds, in the graceful glens or toppling cliffs that skirt the sides or overhang the river. Here, for example, is one of them. The most remarkable of the many ruins that will be encountered between Youghal and Lismore are Rincrew, once the property of Sir Walter Raleigh, and originally belonging to the Knights Templars; Molana, where it is said Raymond le Gros, the friend and councillor of Strongbow, lies buried; Strancally, a stronghold of the Desmonds, where, according to Smith, there was, in ancient times, a cave used as "a prison for such persons as had fortunes in this part of the country, whom the cruel and tyrannical Earl had invited to his castle to make merry, and afterwards confined in this hole, where he suffered them to perish." One person, "by good fortune," having escaped, proclaimed the treachery of the Earl, and both the cave and the castle were destroyed. Dromana, the reputed birth-place of the old Countess of Desmond, who, at the age of one hundred and forty years, crossed the Channel and travelled to London, to demand from James the First the restoration of her jointure, and whose death is said to have been caused by a fall from a cherry-tree, into which she had climbed. Affane*, where, in 1564, was fought "a bloody battle" between the Earls of Ormond and Desmond, in which the leader of the Geraldines was wounded and taken

* In the neighbourhood of Affane, according to Mr. Ryland, may be examined the traces of two remarkable works. The first is a large double trench, called in Irish, Rian Bo Padriuc, or the trench of St. Patrick's Cow. It extends for many miles through the district. The peasantry assert that it was the work of St. Patrick's cow, when she went to Ardmore in search of her calf that had been stolen. Dr. Smith conjectures that it is the remain of an ancient highway from Cashel to Ardmore, between which two places there was probably in the time of St. Patrick, and his contemporary St. Declan, a frequent communication, and then this road was made by these saints in imitation of the Roman highways, which they must have often met on their travels. Another, but less extensive, ridge, the Doctor conceives to have been "a boundary or fence made to preserve the cattle against wolves," which were not banished from Ireland until many centuries after "the serpents."

prisoner by his ancient, hereditary, and implacable foes—the Butlers. As they were carrying the fierce chieftain on their shoulders from the field, one of the leaders of the Ormond party rode up and enquired, in a taunting tone of triumph, "Where is now the great Lord of Desmond?" The faint and wounded Earl raised himself, and replied, "Where, but in his proper place —on the necks of the Butlers*." On approaching Lismore, and on the right bank of the river, is the prettily situated and improving town of Cappoquin; the church spire of which is seen rising above the trees.

Among the mountains above Cappoquin is the singular settlement called Mount Melleray. In the year 1831, when the Monks of La Trappe were dispersed by the French government, a considerable number of them proceeded to Ireland, and obtained from the proprietor, Sir Richard Keane, a lease of 575 acres of mountain land, for a term of ninety-nine years at a nominal rent. It was a brown, heathery, stony waste; of this they have reclaimed 200 acres —having been assisted by the peasantry, who worked for them for several months, and supplied them gratuitously with horses and cars; they were also greatly aided by subscriptions from the neighbouring gentry—the Duke of Devonshire giving them £100. Soon after their arrival, they circulated printed handbills, recounting the different prayers they would contract to

* The rivalry of the two great earls might furnish materials for a volume. Prior to the fight at Affane, Russel says, they appointed a day to end their differences by the sword; and the place of battle was to be on the bounds of the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary. "The Earl of Desmond brought upon that occasion into the field (he says, as my father who served under him told me,) 4000 foot and 750 horse, the greater number being his own followers, and the chief men of Munster. And the Earl of Ormond came thither with no less preparation, both in number of forces and also with artillery. These strange competitors, for the space of fourteen days, confronted each other in the open field, and yet came not to a battle, contrary to both their desires; but, by the mediation of certain great lords then in the army, and especially by the intercession of the Countess of Desmond, who was mother to the Earl of Ormond, they were reconciled and made friends." This friendship was of an odd kind, however; we are told upon the occasion of another reconciliation, an aperture was cut in an oak door for the earls to shake hands through, each fearing to be poniarded by the other. Cox says, that in the conflict at Affane the Earl of Desmond lost 280 of his men. To this, Dr. Smith (Hist. of Waterford), apparently for the sake of speaking in round numbers, adds twenty, making the number of killed amount to 300, which, in a recent publication, has been magnified into 800! no doubt by a typographical error, easily accounted for, the substitution of the figure 8 for 3. Now it appears from the answers of the Earls of Desmond and Ormond to certain interrogatories dated 18th of February, 1564 (5), respectively addressed to them on the subject of this affray, which original documents are preserved in the State Paper Office, that the total amount of Desmond's force was not 200 men, viz. fifty-six horsemen, threescore gallowglasses, whereof thirty-one were harnessed (in armour), and about threescore footmen and kern, making a total of 176, besides horse-boys and stragglers, number unknown. The force of Ormond was more than double, viz. 100 horsemen, and 300 gallowglasses and kern, besides stragglers. And according to the artful representation of Ormond, who states that he merely went to assist Sir Maurice Fitzgerald in removing his goods from Dromana, it would appear that Desmond, at the head of his followers, rushed at him in a ferocious and headlong manner, without assigning any reason for his conduct, or having received any direct provocation. Ormond's words are, the earl "when in the plain field, without message or other further circumstance, gave charge upon me."

offer up to the Virgin, on account of those who gave alms. The invitation to contribute was pretty generally accepted; and even now, occasionally, they make calls for assistance, which are rarely refused. They have built a chapel 160 feet long, with a steeple about 170 feet high, a dormitory, refectory, and numerous farm offices. All these are built of the stones picked off their land. The entire mason-work, carpentry, &c. was performed by eight of the brotherhood; they were three years in accomplishing it. They have planted some trees, principally firs, and have plenty of turnips and potatoes, besides pasture land. They make their own butter and bread, which, with vegetables, form their sole subsistence. They are possessed of thirty cows. The chapel has a large painted glass window at the east end; the altar, &c. is gilt and ornamented in the usual florid style seen in Catholic chapels throughout Ireland. In ploughing the ground, they were frequently obliged to have a dozen men, before each plough, to pick up the stones. In the visitor's room they show an illuminated missal which, it is said, was written by St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, and preacher of the second crusade. On their arrival in Ireland their number amounted to fifty; it is now about seventy. They are nearly all of them of English or Irish birth; they keep the vow of the order, and are never heard to speak. Their mode of life is, of course, simple to austerity; and it is certain that, to what the generality of mankind consider enjoyment, they are entire strangers.* We have not heard them charged with, in any way, interfering with the opinions, either religious or political, of their neighbours; but they have introduced among them several improvements in agriculture, which may amply repay the occasional help that is bestowed. Above all, they have made it manifest that labour, aided by a moderate capital, may render productive the most unpropitious soil; their mountain fields now yield abundant crops; the finest vegetables are reared in their gardens; the best butter is produced in their dairy—a barren and utterly useless waste has been converted into a tract rich in verdure, extensively planted, and adding considerably to the natural resources of the country †.

* Dr. Smith informs us, that when St. Carthagh founded the Cathedral of Lismore, (in the immediate neighbourhood of Mount Melleray,) he founded also an abbey of Canons Regular. "His rule is said to be extant in ancient Irish, and was very severe and particular." He adds in a note, that "one custom practised by these religious men was, that when they had been sent out of the monastery, at their return they kneeled down before the abbot, and acquainted him that they had done their endeavours to fulfil his orders. These monks lived after the same manner as those of La Trappe in France at present; for they confined themselves to feed on vegetables, which they raised and cultivated with their own hands."

† A continuance of rain during our stay in the vicinity prevented our visiting Mount Melleray,—a circumstance we do not so much regret, since Lady Chatterton has fully described the Convent and its inhabitants in her interesting "Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections" just published:—"We were," she says,

The approach to Lismore is picturesque and beautiful; the river ceases to be navigable a short distance from Cappoquin, and a canal to facilitate intercourse with the town has been cut, at the expense of the Duke of Devonshire; one of the few absentee landlords (if, indeed, his name is to be entered on the list) who is continually labouring to benefit and improve a country from which he derives a considerable proportion of his income *. The canal runs for some miles through a finely planted pleasure-ground; and nearly all the way, the noble castle, high above the level of the water, is kept in view, crowning a landscape at once magnificent and graceful.

" very courteously received by the Superior, who showed us all over the establishment. He has a most benevolent countenance, full of Christian humility, yet quite devoid of that cringing and servile expression I have sometimes remarked in Italian monks. He first took us through the garden; where the only flowers they have yet cultivated were blooming over the few graves of deceased brethren. The sun was shining upon them and upon the painted glass window of the chapel near. I was struck with the idea that these poor men must enjoy a more firm conviction of future bliss than most people. Their own daily fare is hard, and apparently miserable. No luxury, no ornament of any kind, is visible in those parts of the building in which they dwell. The garden, too, only contains common vegetables for their use; but the church is highly decorated. They expend all their money, all their ingenuity, in embellishing the temple of the God they serve; and they cause flowers to bloom on the graves of those who are gone, as if to show that real bliss can only be found in a hereafter. There are about seventy monks in the establishment, all English and Irish. They were invited to return to France, but refused. Some of them were men of rank and fortune; but once a brother, all distinction ceases. Their dress is a white cloth robe, over it a black cape, with long ends reaching before nearly to the feet, and a pointed hood of the same dark hue. The effect of these singularly attired and silent beings in the carpenter's shop, where seven or eight were at work, was very striking; it seemed almost as if we were visiting another world and another race. Strict silence towards each other is observed, and their mode of life is very severe. They rise at two o'clock every morning, both summer and winter; yet they do not partake of their first meal until eleven o'clock. They never eat meat or eggs, and have only two meals in the day. The second is at six; and we saw what was preparing for it—brown bread, stir-about, and potatoes. The latter are boiled by steam; and a prayer is said by the monks just before they are turned out of the huge boiler, and carried in wooden bowls to the refectory. We also visited their dairy, where they make the best butter in the neighbourhood, by a peculiar method, in which the hand is not used. The dormitory is fitted up with a number of wooden boxes on both sides. Each box is open at the top, and contains the small bed and a crucifix, and just room enough for the brother to dress and perform his devotions. The chapel is very large; and the monks are now decorating the altar and seats with very rich carving. It is entirely done by themselves; and we were told that some of the best carvers and gilders were rich men, who of course had never even tried to do anything of the kind till after they became monks. It is the same, too, with those who now dig the fields, and plant potatoes, and break stones, and make mortar. With all this hard life of deprivation and labour, the monks appear happy and very healthy."

* His Grace is but "the proprietor of estates in Ireland;" for he is not an Irishman either by connexion, birth, or descent—and the country has no natural claim upon his affection. He cannot therefore justly be named among "absentees." Persons of all classes—the rich landowner and the poor cottier join in his praises; from every side we received confirmation of our own impressions, after glancing round his property in this and in other districts. He is fortunate in having just and benevolent agents, but they have been selected in accordance with the suggestions of his own upright and generous mind. Every tenant upon the Duke's estates may, if he be honest and industrious, live as comfortably and as independently as the tenant of any landlord in England. He is not permitted to pay a larger rent than the agent knows he can afford to pay by moderate labour and taking into account the chances of accidents and failures of crops; and every possible inducement is held out to him to improve his condition. Happily there are in Ireland many such landlords. But, unhappily, those of a very opposite character are by no means rare.

LISMORE CASTLE.

WATERFORD.

The district surrounding Lismore was part of the grant to Sir Walter Raleigh; and was included in the estate subsequently sold by him to the Earl of Cork. The castle sustained many sieges during the several Irish wars; and in 1641, was gallantly defended by the young Lord Broghill; it derives greater fame, however, from being the birth-place of Robert Boyle, the philosopher, who was born in the castle on the 25th January 1626-7; he was the seventh son, and fourteenth child, of the first Earl of Cork. It is situated on a steep rock, rising perpendicularly from the river; to look down from one of its chamber windows would make the clearest head dizzy*. From this point, however, the prospect is sublime to a degree; the Blackwater winding through a verdant plain; the mighty mountains on either side; and immediately beneath, the thick foliage of gigantic trees, overhanging the river, crossed by a bridge peculiarly light and elegant; while here and there, both above and below it, the eye falls upon a salmon weir†, the distant

* There is a tradition that James the Second started back in terror when suddenly conducted to a lattice, from which he was to take a view of the surrounding scene. The window still bears his name.

† There are no fewer than 42 salmon weirs on the Blackwater between Youghal and Lismore; the one immediately under the castle is the last and the most productive; where it is by no means rare to take 600 fish at a haul. The fishery is rented from the Duke by Mr. Foley—at a rental, we were informed, of £700 per annum. The fish, being property, are consequently preserved; and the water is not free to the angler; although he may, and we believe often does, obtain the privilege to fish there from the courtesy of the renter. From all we have heard and seen, we consider there is no spot in Ireland that offers to the angler so many temptations; the scenery is everywhere delicious; the banks that immediately skirt the river are not inconveniently crowded with trees; the accommodation at the inn is unexceptionable—the charges small, the rooms comfortable, and the servants attentive to a degree; above all, the river is thronged with salmon, and abounds with the finest trout. It is no exaggeration to say that we saw the salmon leaping in hundreds. Circumstances prevented our being able to throw a fly until the evening of the day after our arrival; and as our stay was brief, we had but a couple of hours to devote to the sport—a sacrifice of enjoyment to duty which all brethren of the angle will understand and appreciate. Our recompense was, therefore, but a brace of fish—comparatively small in size, for the largest weighed but ten pounds and a quarter. If the river in the neighbourhood of Lismore were free, we doubt if there be any place in the United Kingdom that would promise so ample a recompense to the votaries of the gentle craft; and we presume to hint that so great would be the consequent

murmur of which, humbly imitative of the cataract, comes upon the ear:—

> "the fretful melody
> Of water, gurgling through the rugged weir,
> Brought on the breeze*."

Lismore is, therefore, classed high in the list of Ireland's natural beauties; and for many centuries it has occupied a prominent station in its history. The castle is said to have been originally built by King John; but the place was "famous" long before his reign†. It is kept in repair at the cost of the Duke of Devonshire, who occasionally pays it visits—too few and far between. It is a fine building, with a noble court-yard; and although the greater portion of it is comparatively modern, the ancient parts are sufficiently apparent to associate with it the memories of by-gone strength and splendour. It has, nevertheless, a lonely look; our knock at the entrance-door had a hollow sound; we were conducted through the apartments by the housekeeper, a courteous and obliging matron; but we did not encounter another person; the scene was a solitude we would gladly see broken; its aspect was the more chilling because every chamber was furnished as if for an expected guest. It presented a singular and striking contrast to the noise, bustle, and excitement usually to be found in the vicinity of an Irish mansion: even the old eagle, so many years a denizen of the castle yard, looked as wild as if he had been at liberty: here there were no loiterers neglecting profitable labour for the chance of guiding some visitor "up the avenue," or dog-boys lingering around the gates because "maybe the master would be for sport." The "dog-boy," by the way, is a person to be found, we believe, only in Ireland; or rather, he is of a class to be met with nowhere else. In Ireland he never outgrows his vocation. He will, perhaps, be best described by an anecdote. It was evening when we drew up at the gate of an old castellated house in the

influx of visitors to his beautiful town, that a far greater revenue would arise to the Duke than that which he derives from the rental of the weir. Even under existing circumstances, there are few places at once so prolific of enjoyment and so accessible—Lismore being but a few hours' journey from Waterford, and Waterford being but twenty hours' sail from Bristol. It may be well to suggest that the angler should take with him to the Blackwater but a limited supply of flies; those that may be very killing elsewhere he will find perfectly useless here. There is, however, a sportsman resident in the neighbourhood, who is an accomplished master in the art, from whom all requisite aid and information may be obtained. His name is Hallahan; and he will act as a guide.

* The old historian, in allusion to them, states that "that the working and the noise of the water through them, that here runs pretty rapid, forms a kind of an artificial cataract, and resembles the sound of such, which though not high is of a considerable extent, and adds a lulling softness to the beauty of the scene."

† Dr. Smith states that the name is derived from "Lis," a fort, and "Mor," great; in reference to a Danish fortification that formerly stood to the east of the town; but that its more ancient name was Dun-sqinne—"Dun" also signifying a fort, or place situated on an eminence, and "Sqein" a flight—which seems to allude to the flight of St. Carthagh to this place; before which it was named Magh-sqaith, i. e., the field of the shield."

county of Cork; its master had been celebrated all over Ireland as one whose heart and hand were frank and free. For a long series of years his house was the only inn in the district; and though one was at last built, few strangers were permitted to sojourn thereat without receiving an invitation from the thrice-hospitable owner of the domain to leave Boniface and his fare, and partake of the festivities of the castle. Every Saturday, by the hands of his grey-haired chaplain, he distributed alms to a very considerable amount amongst the poor; thereby, some said, increasing beggary; and from all we heard, we believe the bounty was more liberal than judicious: still, it was the overflowing of a most benevolent heart, and we much regretted that death had called him to his long home only a few days previous to our visit to what was once the temple of the most boundless hospitality. We heard of his loss from every cottager to whom we spoke on the road. "Ye'r thravelin the counthry in a black time—for he's gone—God be good to him, as he was to the poor—that made light hearts wherever his name was heard." "It's the *outside* of the walls that's shown the stranger now!" observed a woman when the servant obtained entry into the court-yard by removing what they called "the *stone*-porter," a huge stone that kept the gates together at the bottom. "It's the same walls, the same ivy, the same everything—*barrin the heart!*" exclaimed another. The new heir was evidently unpopular, but who—educated at Eton and Oxford—could be popular at such a time and in such a place? The old gentleman had not been buried three weeks, the needful lawyers and some English gentlemen were to dine that evening in the castle—a sort of installation dinner, which the people said was given too soon—and they rarely find fault with festivity. A few of the guests had arrived, and were looking about with a cold and critical air that boded no good to the old timber, nor, truly, to the old castle; for, as we passed a group that were talking on the steps, we heard the words—"lumbering place,"—"gloomy," and "inconvenient;" with sundry other phrases signifying "modern improvement," under the name of which much desecration of the antique and beautiful has been perpetrated.

We strolled along the bank of a river that rolled heavily through the domain; indeed, the very atmosphere was *triste*, burthened as it were by a heavy load of sorrow. Once or twice an owl flapped from one ivied tree to another; and once we paused to listen to the cooing of a wood-pigeon. When we returned, the guests had entered, and the lights and noise bore evidence that the revels had begun. When near the gate, we turned to take a last look of a spot so long associated with Irish hospitality—one of the last strongholds that had yielded to modern habits.

"I must soon take a last look at it myself, though reared about it, like a

bat, or a dog, or any wild animal, God help me, now!" said the hoarse voice of a young man. He had been leaning against a tree, his arms folded, his head only covered by thick matted locks, and having altogether such an aspect of tattered despair as made us curious to ascertain its cause.

"Were you born here?"

"I was *found* here, yer honours, half dead in the snow; and it would have been a blessed thing for me if I had died that night." We made some observation upon this unusual regret from Irish lips; for they generally speak humbly and patiently, and cling to life, as "the Lord's gift," even when it seems wretched in the extreme. "The first thing I remember," he continued, "was following the *ould* dog-boy about, and being half-eat by the hounds in a mistake, and that brought me under the master's eye—'the lucky star' they called it; he took a *fancy* to me, *pity* he had for every one; and when the ould dog-boy died, I got his place. There used to be lashings of young gentlemen down here from college in those days, and I had a gay life of it with the dogs—and the hunt—and the huntsmen—the poor animals knew me so well that nothing could be done without me; if the huntsman was the *head*, I was the *tail* of the pack; and fishing, and hunting, and shooting with the gentlemen made them forget the distance between us, until *I* almost forgot it too. The present master had to teach it to me once. *He* never forgot it; nor," he added bitterly, "*I* either. I had no wages, but full and plenty, and loads of clothes and money; the master never met me without throwing me a tester, a thirteen, or maybe half-a-crown; and the young gentlemen, if they gave a curse, gave half a shilling along with it. I know I might have saved money enough to take me out of the country in comfort and credit, instead of starving where I have been fed: but nothing was saved here—I never heard the word used. I was going with two young gentlemen that were on a visit to the master to fish in the far lake, and he was so jovial, poor dear gentleman! that he woke us—the whole house indeed—that morning, with a view-halloo! as clear, and loud, and strong as ever he gave it, and stood awhile at the gate laughing and saying that they'd catch no fish, and the like. And when I turned back to look at him, he was talking to the smith, as he always did once a month or so for the last five years, about having up new gates; and as I raised my hat, he laughed; and somehow I was heart sorry, I could not tell why, but I was—and no wonder!—the shadow of his death was over me; I saw him no more! It's a weary world! Poor gentleman! he was took suddent by death, and in grate throuble, because he hadn't settled his affairs, and had time just to make the great divisions for the bulk of his property; and he was

in grate throuble intirely about his servants, and ordered them all up into the room, that he mightn't forget any. 'I see them all,' he says, 'except poor Tom;' and then he gave way, and the lawyer put the pen in his hand, and he had life left enough to sign; and then charged his chaplain to recommend his heir to provide for his servants, and the breath left him—and I not there!"

"But the heir will provide for the servants," we observed.

"Not for me," he said; "I don't even know what I do here; I am forbid to come within these walls; and yet, like a wild bird, I can rest nowhere but in my ould nest. The hounds were out yesterday, and they found me, and would mind no other; they were flogged back to their kennel for remembering an ould friend! I have no learning—I have no friends nor money! and yet I am a man, able and willing to work. I have worked, though I was never taught the value of what they tell me is so valuable—time. I was taught nothing but dependence, *and what has it brought me?*"

Though of late years dwindled to a rank scarcely above that of a village, time was when Lismore vied in importance with the most flourishing city of Ireland—having been a university and a bishop's see*. It was founded early in the seventh century by St. Carthagh; and, it is said, contained no fewer than twenty churches; "the ruins of several of them" being in Smith's time "remembered by persons then living." The see of Lismore was united to that of Waterford so long ago as 1358.

As we have intimated, our journey from Lismore to Waterford city was through the county of Tipperary; a route which led us along the base of the Knockmeledown mountains—a range that divides the two counties; on the highest of which lie, or rather were laid, the remains of Major Eeles, an eccentric gentleman of considerable ability; who was a mighty huntsman, and also a close searcher into the mysteries of electricity†. We recommend to all

* An old writer of the life of St. Carthagh thus commemorates the ancient fame of Lismore. "Lismore is a famous and holy city, half of which is an asylum, into which no woman dare enter; but it is full of cells and holy monasteries, and religious men in great numbers abide there, and thither holy men flock together from all parts of Ireland; and not only from Ireland, but also from England and Britain, being desirous to move from thence to Christ." There is a tradition that King Alfred received part of his education in the college of Lismore; and although it rests upon no good authority, it is by no means unlikely to be true. Henry the Second, as we learn from Matthew Paris, first promulgated English law in Ireland, at Lismore, in 1172.

† The Rev. R. H. Ryland, in his History of Waterford, states that Mr. Eeles had his horse and dog interred with him on the summit of the mountain. We have, however, the testimony of his relative and representative that the statement is incorrect. "It is true that he was interred on the summit of Knockmeledown mountain; but not that his horse and dog were buried with him." Rumour has, of course, added largely to the fact that the eccentric gentleman selected his last home apart from crowds. We not only heard the addition of the steed and hound, but were told by many that, by his directions, an iron rod was driven through his body, in order that it might attract the lightning to descend and consume him utterly.

travellers who are not pressed for time, to pursue the route we are describing; it will afford them rare enjoyment: first, for a considerable length along the wooded hills in the vicinity of Lismore, and all the way by the side of a brawling river, rushing over huge rocks into the valley; then over bleak and barren mountains, without human habitation, or token that labour has been at work to draw wealth from their sterile soil. We had grown weary of the scene; our horse still more so, for he had been tasked to draw us up hill for many miles, when we suddenly commenced a descent. Never can we forget the glory of the scene that in a moment burst upon us. We were driving—so rapidly as to cause some alarm—along the brink of a precipice, from which we were protected by a wall scarcely three feet high; there was evidently a valley beneath us, but a thick mist was over it, through which we could but peer, with a sort of dim and dreamy guess at its depth and extent, not altogether unmixed with apprehension lest our jaded steed should stumble. The clouds began to recede from the landscape; in a few seconds the sun had completely dispelled them; and a bright evening light was over the valley. It extended for many miles—perhaps ten—east and west, and north and south; a spacious plain, hemmed in by mountains—the mountains nearly all barren, stripped even of the thin coat of peat which the necessities of the cottiers compel them to collect from time to time—as fast as it accumulates—and burn into ashes to manure their small gardens. The contrast between these bare hills and the fertile valley was very striking. We were in Tipperary, where outrage has far less than in any other part of Ireland the palliation it not unfrequently derives from misery and want; the cottages within our ken had all of them a comfortable aspect; their chimneys sent up the curling supper-smoke; a belting of trees generally surrounded them; and they were whitewashed, one and all. The season was close upon harvest, and the fields were ripe for the sickle. The rich valley was, indeed, a glorious prospect from the side of that rugged mountain.

The City of Waterford ranks among the oldest and most famous of the cities of Ireland. It was anciently called "Cuan-na-Grioth"—the Harbour of the Sun; and its existence is said to be dated so far back as A.D. 155. Certain it is, however, that it was a place of some note in the ninth century, when it was a colony of the Danes; who retained possession of it until the invasion of Ireland in 1171. A singular round castle still stands on the quay, and bears an inscription, signed by Sir John Newport, Bart. as Mayor, which records that it was erected by Reginald the Dane, in the year 1003; was held as a fortress by Strongbow, in 1171; was converted into a mint, by Statute 3rd Edward IV. in 1463—and that in the year 1819, it was converted into a jail for

refractory boys and sturdy beggars—to which purpose it is at present applied. From the Danes the city is said to have derived its name; Waterford being considered a corruption of "Vader Fiord"—the Ford of the Father, or the Great Haven; for it has received both translations. In the various contests of which Ireland has been the arena, Waterford has played a conspicuous part; having endured sieges from Strongbow, Cromwell, and William III. to say nothing of Perkin Warbeck, against whom the citizens fought lustily for eleven days, bringing many prisoners into the city, "who had their heads chopped off in the market-place." For their gallantry, they received, among other honours, the motto they still retain,

"URBS INTACTA MANET WATERFORDIA."

Of the several sieges, (the result of them all being the same, *i. e.* the surrender of the city, after much parleying and some fighting,) the only one that calls for comment, is that which it sustained from Oliver Cromwell; the Protector commanding in person on the occasion. It was taken in a singular way: the citizens aided by Lord Ormond had, for a considerable period, kept the Ironsides at bay; when two brothers, named Croker, in the army of Cromwell, were sent with thirty musketeers to set fire to a few houses in a suburb. So great a smoke was raised that the Irish fled, leaving some of their ladders on the ramparts. One of the Crokers said to the other, "it would be a brave thing if they should set upon the town and take it."

So, calling their thirty men together, they mounted the wall, rushed into the town, hallooing and firing as they advanced, the noise and smoke concealing their numbers, so that the inhabitants believed the whole English army were set upon them, and abandoned the city. One of the Crokers was killed; the other, however, opened the gate to Cromwell. So far the circumstance is recorded by the county historian; and there is a family tradition, which states that the Protector was so well pleased with the reckless bravery of the surviving Croker, or rather with its result, that he wrote, resting the paper on the pummel of his saddle, an order for his soldier to receive the lands of Sir Walter Coppinger, an Irish gentleman whose property had been confiscated by the Parliament. Mr. Croker, a short time afterwards, proceeded to Lisnabrin, near Tallow, to take possession of his castle and newly acquired estate; he was met by the fair daughter of the deposed knight, but only with the weapons that women may wield. She besought permission to tarry awhile longer with her aged father within their ancestral walls, until another dwelling, and one suited to their ruined fortunes, could be provided for them. The request was granted; but the lady never quitted the Castle of Lisnabrin,

notwithstanding that Cromwell's officer remained the lord of it*. The union was a happy one. Although the Crokers, since this period, have branched off into many families in Ireland, the name of Walter has descended and is peculiar to the Lisnabrin line. And Captain Walter Croker, of the Royal Navy, the late possessor of Lisnabrin, recently perished at the island of Tongataboo, in the Pacific, under circumstances even more reckless and daring than those which determined the fortune of his ancestor.

It is, however, its fine harbour that distinguishes Waterford, far more than its historic renown. It is happily situated on the southern bank of the Suir, about sixteen miles from its influx into the sea. The harbour is exceedingly beautiful; not so richly planted or ornamented by villas as that of Cork, yet scarcely inferior to it in the grace of its foreground, and the grandeur of the mountains that look down upon it. But Waterford has one great advantage over its neighbour—the River Suir is navigable for very large ships; having sufficient depth of water to allow vessels of from 800 to 1000 tons burden to discharge their cargoes at the quay. The quay is unrivalled in Ireland, and, perhaps, in England. It is a mile in length, and in a continuous line. On the side next the river is a broad path, somewhat raised, which forms a delightful and healthful promenade for the citizens. At its western extremity, connecting the city with the county of Kilkenny, is a wooden bridge across

* Another romantic incident is connected with the career of Cromwell in Waterford. There were three branches of the Le Poers (ancestors of the present Marquis of Waterford), settled in the county; their castles were Kilmeaden, Curraghmore, and Don Isle. Kilmeaden was destroyed, its master hung upon an adjoining tree, and his estate parcelled out among the soldiers. A similar fate was decreed for Curraghmore. It chanced that the lord thereof had a shrewd daughter, who well knowing that her father would as soon eat his breastplate as say a civil word to the king-killer, devised a plan, which she luckily carried into execution, of seducing the lord into one of his own dungeons, where she safely bolted and barred him in. She then received the Protector, readily placed in his hands the keys of the castle, and succeeded in persuading him that although her father had considered it prudent to remove for a time out of the way, he was not only well disposed towards the existing dynasty, but willing to give proof of it in any way the Protector might command. The consequence was that Curraghmore remained with its lord. Of the third branch the story is still more remarkable. The Castle of Don Isle was bravely defended by a lady. It was built on a rock almost inaccessible, and judging from the ruins that still remain, the place was of prodigious strength. It is situated on the coast, between Tramore and Dungarvon. History records that it made a gallant defence, holding out for a long time against the attacks of a fierce soldiery well provided with artillery; but that it yielded at length and was destroyed. To this fact tradition has largely added. The brave Countess was the life and soul of the defenders; day and night she was upon the ramparts, animating by her presence and energy the spirits of her dependants. She had it seems a skilful engineer, who defeated all the plans of the besiegers; and, at length, wearied out, Cromwell was on the point of raising the siege; he had, indeed, partially drawn off his forces. The Countess had retired to rest, but had neglected to attend to the wants of her fatigued soldiers. Her engineer sent to demand refreshment for himself and his comrades, and received in return the unwarlike meed of "a drink of buttermilk." Irritated by the insult, he made signals to the retreating foe, and surrendered to them the castle. It was forthwith blown up by gunpowder, and the Countess perished among the ruins.

THE QUAY AT WATERFORD.

WATERFORD.

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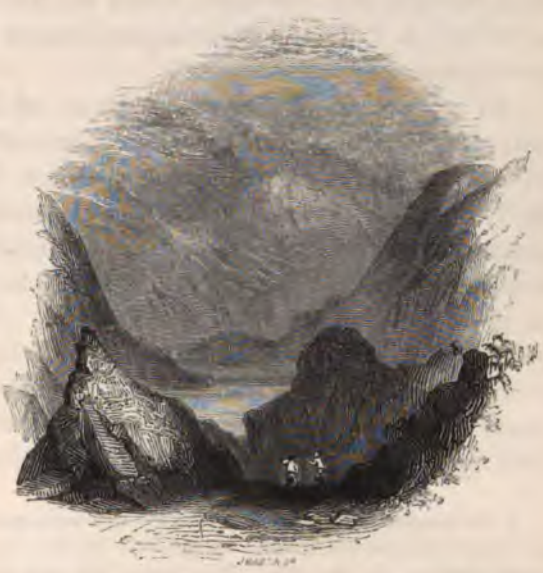
the Suir; it is 832 feet in length and forty in breadth; supported on stone abutments and forty sets of piers of oak*.

The City has an exceedingly cheerful appearance; the principal mercantile houses being built along the margin of the river, and commanding a view of the opposite side—in the county of Kilkenny—where several villas have been erected, and above which towers a lofty range of mountains. But the Commeragh mountains, which occupy the centre of the county, and are seen from all parts of it, as well as from a considerable portion of Tipperary, are those which merit especial notice. They present a varied and picturesque outline from every point of view; and from the sea, or southern side, are well known to mariners, by whom they are called "the high lands of Dungarvon." They are of considerable elevation, the highest peak, called Món-ā-bullach, *i. e.* "The Mount of the Summit," is a table land, about 2500 feet above the level of the sea; and is remarkable for having on its summit *three* lakes, well stocked with trout. In two of these lakes, called Stillogues, are found a large black trout, very unpalatable —in the other, called Loch-an-Cumalig-owr, *i. e.* "The Lake of the grey Phantom," (we spell as near the pronunciation as we can,) may be found the red trout and the gillaroo. But the greatest natural curiosity in these mountains, is the appearance and site of a nearly circular lake, by name Coom-shinawin, *i. e.* "The Valley of Ants." This circular basin appears to have been formed at an early age by a landslip, or to have been a



* The building of this bridge was undertaken in 1793, by a company, (incorporated by act of parliament,) who subscribed £30,000 to complete the work, including the purchase of the ferry. The money was raised by loans of £100 each, the interest of which was to be paid by the tolls of the bridge. The work, having been completed for a less sum than was originally estimated, only required the payment of £90 on each debenture. The present value of the shares is about £180; the tolls letting for £4,500 per annum. The architect proposed to the company to erect one stone arch every year, until the whole should be completed, and thus ultimately raise a substantial and permanent structure. Unhappily the suggestion was not acted upon; a subject of blame, when it is considered that the funds were ample for so desirable a purpose. The architect was a Mr. Cox, of Boston, America.

crater of an extinct volcano, and the appearance of the rock of the basin, which at the highest side has an altitude of about 1200 feet, would rather favour the latter supposition, for its perpendicular side is at right angles with the water, quite different from the inclination or dip of the slate; and would, therefore, induce the spectator to conclude that fire was the agent. About a fourth of the distance down the almost perpendicular slope lies a cave, covered by a projecting rock, called Crotty's Rock. It takes its name from a bandit of ancient days, who when hard pressed made it his asylum; for which, as it cannot be approached from the bottom, it seems most admirably adapted by nature. The ground at the base of these mountains, particularly that part which runs parallel to the leading western road to Dungarvon, has been brought into cultivation within the last few years—especially on the estate of Col. Palliser, who is the proprietor of a considerable portion of this mountainous district *.

Its proximity to England is no doubt of considerable advantage to the port of Waterford, and it is perhaps matter of surprise that greater results have not arisen out of it. The introduction of steam seems to have benefited Waterford far less than might have been anticipated. Its merchants, indeed, have long incurred the reproach of indifference to the great sources of wealth which Nature has provided for them; having been content to act rather as agents than as principals in commerce. At one period, "All bustle and no business, like a Waterford merchant," became a proverb: of late, however, they have in a degree bestirred themselves, and by recent returns we learn there are now 149 vessels, measuring 20,756 tons, and navigated by 1061 men and boys, belonging to the port †. But the improvements that have

* The Commeragh Mountains have often afforded a secure retreat to those unfortunate men who have set the laws of their country at defiance; and within the last few years have been famous for harbouring two notorious outlaws, *the Connollys*. These unhappy men were brothers, and had been three times taken prisoners, and as often made their escape from jail. By retiring into the fastnesses of the mountain districts, they contrived, for a long time, to baffle all attempts of the police—they were assisted by the farmers, who supplied them with necessaries—and they had made every preparation for embarking for America, when unfortunately for themselves, they were fool-hardy enough to venture into Waterford to buy new hats; and the police having received information, they were taken prisoners from their beds.

† The principal trade is with England, to which is exported a large quantity of agricultural produce of every kind—butter, pork, bacon, flour, and all kinds of provisions; and since the establishment of steam-packet communication, great numbers of live cattle have been sent across the Channel. The value of these exports in 1813 was £2,200,454. 16s. The average for the last few years scarcely exceeds £1,500,000; but this decrease is rather the result of reduced prices, than of any diminution of the quantity. On an average of three years, from 1831 to 1834, the quantity of provision exported annually was 38 tierces of beef, 880 tierces and 1795 barrels of pork; 392,613 flitches of bacon; 132,384 cwt. of butter: 19,139 cwt. of lard; 152,113 barrels of wheat; 160,954 barrels of oats; 27,405 barrels of barley; 403,852 cwt. of flour; 18,640 cwt. of oatmeal; 2857 cwt. of bread: and of live stock, the number annually exported during the same period was, on an average, 44,241 pigs, 5,808 head of cattle, and 9729 sheep; the aggregate value of all which amounted to £2,092,668. 14s. per annum.

taken place in the city of late years are neither marked nor numerous; we counted but five houses in course of building; and it has but little increased within the last quarter of a century. Of public structures, displaying architectural skill and taste, there are none in Waterford; but a contract has been recently entered into to erect a "Savings' Bank," at the cost of 4000*l.*

The Cathedral of Waterford is reported to have been originally built by the Danes in 1096, when they first embraced Christianity; and, before it was "improved," is said to have been a stately and venerable edifice; its character is now very incongruous. An interesting ruin is close to it, that of a monastery of Franciscans, part of which, in good repair, exists as an alms-house for aged women, called "the Holy Ghost Hospital*," (founded by Patrick Walsh in 1545) and part was for a considerable period used as a French church, having been assigned by the corporation to the French Protestants who settled in Ireland in consequence of the revocation of the edict of Nantes†. Waterford abounds in schools; it has one, however, somewhat peculiar—an inspection of which gave us much pleasure. It is named "The School of the Christian Brothers," and was founded in 1803, by Mr. Edmund Rice—a name that should be placed high on the list of benefactors to mankind. He retired from business, while comparatively young, and devoted his entire time, and talents, and the property he had obtained by industry, to the education of youth. At that period education was not easily obtained by any class, and was almost beyond the reach of Roman Catholics. The benefit he has conferred upon his native city by nearly forty years of labour is, therefore, incalculable; his schools having been generally attended by from 500 to 600 scholars‡.

* An ancient statue of carved wood, stands in a niche on one side of an altar at the extremity of one of the rooms. It is supposed to represent the Almighty, with the globe of the earth in his hand, resting on the sabbath day, after the creation. Hence the name of the statue in Irish is "Ri an Downy,"—the King of Sunday.

† The Friary—one of the many suppressed in the reign of Henry the Eighth—was purchased by Mr. Walsh, a member of a respectable Roman Catholic family, then residents in the city, with the property annexed to it, for the endowment of an hospital, to be called "the Holy Ghost Hospital," for the support and maintenance of poor inhabitants of Waterford; the Corporation were nominated as Trustees, and the appointment of the masters of the Hospital was to be approved by the representative of the Walsh family. They afterwards became aliens, and the master is now selected by the Corporation. The Institution supports sixty poor females. We were informed that in the charter or deed which conveyed the property, by the founder, there was introduced a curious clause appropriating a certain sum to be paid a Roman Catholic clergyman annually to say masses for the repose of the soul of King Henry the Eighth.

‡ There are at present upwards of 600 boys in attendance, the average number through the year is 550. The system of Education pursued combines what is most excellent in Lancaster's and Bell's with what is most practical and useful in recent improvements. The course of education comprises reading, writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, English grammar, and (for those destined for trades) geometry, mensuration, and architectural drawing. There is besides a good deal of miscellaneous information incidentally furnished to the pupils. The

The river Suir—"the gentle Suire" of Spenser—

> "that, making way
> By sweet Clonmel, adorns rich Waterford,"

ranks among the noblest rivers of Ireland; it is broad, deep, not too rapid, and its character is highly picturesque, both above and below the city. It rises "out of a spring at the foot of Banduff mountain," in the county of Tipperary (where the Nore has its source also), and, receiving several tributaries on its way, falls into St. George's Channel between Dunmore Point and Hook Head in the county of Wexford. About four miles from the city, the Suir is united with the "stubborn Nore" and the "goodly Barrow,"

> "All which long sunder'd do at last accord
> To join in one, ere to the sea they come,
> So flowing all from one, all one at last become."

A magnificent view of the confluence of the three rivers is obtained from the Hill of Faithlegg—a corruption of Faith-league—which rises above Cheek Point, formerly a packet-station, and the scene of the enterprising but, unfortunately, unsuccessful labours of the late Cornelius Bolton, Esq., who established a cotton-factory here, and engaged in various other speculations, having for their object the improvement of the country. The picturesque ruin of the ancient church of Faithlegg forms a desirable subject for the pencil.

conductors of these schools endeavour to ascertain the taste, talent, and intended trade or business of each boy, in order to give a proper direction to his studies. But their great concern is the training of the affections, the manners, and the habits of their youthful charge. Many of the boys have already made the education they received in these schools the means of an honourable maintenance, and many have their present prospects considerably brightened by the possession of an education suited exactly to their condition in life. Subscriptions collected annually in the city and vicinity are the principal support of the establishment. All denominations contribute liberally. Those among the subscribers who contribute most bountifully according to their means are such as have been educated in the school. The most destitute of the children are clothed—but in such a way as that their dress does not distinguish them from the other scholars. Boys leaving school for situations are, when in need of it, provided with decent and comfortable clothing. A circulating library, containing about four hundred religious and literary works, is attached to the school. The

There are but two towns of consideration on the banks of the Suir—Clonmel and Carrick; and they are both in the county of Tipperary, although both have suburbs in the county of Waterford, the river being crossed by bridges at these places. On either side, ruined castles abound; one of them, "the ancient seat of the Osbornes," we have copied. The family has, for centuries, held a prominent and an honourable position in the county *. Among these reminders of ancient times are scattered many fine villas—the woods of which are very refreshing to the

scholars are admitted "without religious distinction"—but, of course, they are all of the Roman Catholic faith; the city containing excellent schools for Protestant children. It is but just to state that in the books used in the school, and in one more particularly—a "literary class book"—compiled for its especial use "by the brothers," we found the best principles inculcated by selections from the best authors. Of schools for Protestant children, there are, as we have said, many. In the parochial school (under the patronage of, and carefully attended to by the Protestant clergy) there are 140 children of both sexes well and respectfully educated under the care of a respectable master and mistress gratuitously. The mercantile school is also a Protestant establishment; it was founded for the purpose of educating young persons for the situations of clerks in merchants' establishments. A number of respectable inhabitants of the city formed themselves into a committee, collected funds, annual subscriptions, and so founded the school. Tere are at present sixty boys there, whose education is remarkably well attended to, and under the direction of the committee, who meet periodically; and once a year there is an annual meeting of the subscribers at large, before whom the statement of the funds of the Institution is laid. All persons who cannot afford to pay for their children's education have them educated there gratuitously on being recommended by two members of the committee; and those who can afford pay very moderate sums, according in a great degree with their means. There is also an Infant School in which about 150 children from three to eight years of age are educated on the same principle, *i. e.* gratuitous to those children whose parents cannot afford to pay for their education, on their being well recommended; and those who can afford pay a very moderate sum. This is also a most useful institution, and is under the superintendence of a committee formed of the ladies of the city. It may be considered also as a Protestant establishment; for although Catholic children are equally admissible with Protestants, there are not more than ten in the school.

* Tekin-corr, from Teagh cinn Cora, "the head of the Weir," was the ancient residence of the Osborne family, the first of whom in Ireland was Sir Richard Osborne, of Ballintaylor, Co. Waterford; created a

eye, the more because of the utter absence of foliage except where wealth has been busied—Waterford being more barren of trees than any other of the Irish counties. A lofty tower, which attracts notice from all points of the scenery along the river, directs attention to Curraghmore,—the mansion of the Marquis of Waterford. The house is a comparatively plain structure, built in 1700, on the site of an ancient castle, part of which still exists. The park is extensive,—the most extensive in Ireland, and larger, perhaps, than any in England—comprising nearly 5000 statute acres of land; it has been planted with the rarest trees, and commands magnificent views of the surrounding country*. "The character of Curraghmore" (we copy from the Rev. Mr. Ryland's excellent History of the county) "is grandeur; not that arising from the costly and laborious exertions of man, but rather the magnificence of nature. The beauty of the situation consists in the lofty hills, rich vales, and almost impenetrable woods, which deceive the eye and give the idea of boundless forests. The variety of the scenery is calculated to

baronet in 1629. The last of the family, who inhabited Tekin-corr, was Sir John Osborne, who died in 1743. The family afterwards removed to Newtown, on the co. Tipperary side of the river. The late Sir Thomas Osborne married an English lady, who has since resided on the estates, which are inherited by an only daughter, recently of age. Lady Osborne and her daughter are almost idolized by their tenantry; and it would be hard to find in Ireland more satisfactory evidence than may be procured here, of the vast improvement that can be wrought in the condition of the people by judicious management.

* Between Dungarvon and Killmacthomas, in a glen at a short distance from the road, is a large insulated rock, called by the country people Clough lourish, of which they tell the following legend:—At some period, by them undetermined, a dispute arose between two gossips—a thing in that part of Ireland formerly of rare occurrence, as they considered the affinity of sponsorship bound them more closely together, than even the closest ties of consanguinity; so that it would be considered a more heinous crime to wrong a gossip than a father or a brother. This dispute arose out of the accusation of a man, for some base purpose, that his female gossip had been unfaithful to her husband. There are no people on earth more tender of female honour than the Irish, and the slightest imputation subjects the unfortunate accused to the lowest degradation, neglect and banishment. It was usual, in such cases, to refer to the priest of the parish; he being supposed to have a greater knowledge of local affairs than any other person, would best judge of the character both of the accuser and the accused, and have no by-interest to serve that would hinder him from giving a fair and impartial judgment on the point referred to his decision. In this instance, the woman bore untarnished fame. Early in the morning, all the parties assembled, attended by their friends and relatives, and set off for the chapel, where the cause was to be examined before the altar, it being considered impossible that any person would there pronounce a lie. Nothing particular occurred until the party arrived at the stone, where some altercation ensued between the accuser and the husband of the accused; when the former, falling on his knees, called upon the stone to bear witness to the truth of his allegation. At the moment, a loud crash was heard, the earth shook, and the stone was rent from its summit to its base; while the words were distinctly spoken from the cleft in the rock, "Asminic een eirin a shoriv;" which is Englished by "The truth is bitter sometimes." And it is a common saying, when a doubt hangs over any allegation made to the prejudice of a person, "Asminic een eirin a shoriv, arsa Clough lourish a taloubh:" "The truth is bitter sometimes, says the stone speaking in the earth."

In Curraghmore house there is a "Murrain Stone," which, it is believed, will cure the murrain in cattle. We have heard that the stone is frequently borrowed by the country people, and placed in a running brook, and the cattle driven through the water, charmed by the stone, are considered cured. The "Murrain Stone" is one of the heir-looms of the Beresfords.

please in the highest degree, and to gratify every taste; from the lofty mountain to the quiet and sequestered walk on the bank of the river, every gradation of rural beauty may be enjoyed." Not far from the grounds, and adjoining the Suir towards Clonmel, is the picturesque well of Tubber Grieve, a holy well in high repute with the peasantry. It formed a striking and interesting subject for the pencil of Mr. Egan. In the immediate vicinity of the grounds of Curraghmore is the small town of Portlaw, which, from a poor and insignificant village, has grown into a place of considerable importance, in consequence of having been selected by the Messrs. Malcolmson of Clonmel, to determine the question whether cotton-factories may or may not flourish in Ireland*. The experiment has been eminently successful; there is now no doubt that energy and industry, applied to the natural resources of Ireland, may enable the Irish manufacturer to enter the market and compete with the manufacturer of England. The establishment gives employment during the year to about 1200 men, women, and children; the proprietors are enabled to buy the raw material and to vend the wrought article on terms as beneficial as those enjoyed by the manufacturer of Manchester; in all respects the spinners of both countries are on a par; while in Ireland the advantage of labour at a cheaper rate is to be taken into account. The difference of wages, however, although a serious item in the aggregate, is small; the Irishman who can do nothing but dig is indeed miserably paid, but the moment he acquires a trade he demands and will receive very nearly as much as an Englishman of the same grade will be able to earn in England. The Messrs. Malcolmson have made—deservedly and most honourably made—large fortunes by this concern; and they have set an example which we confidently expect to see very extensively followed

* In the year 1818, the Messrs. Malcolmson, who are members of the society of Friends, commenced the erection of their cotton factory; there was then a small flour-mill on the premises. This was taken down, and the first portion of the now extensive pile of buildings erected on its site.

—and that ere long. But the result, it should be remembered, is not the work of a day; for a considerable period Messrs. Malcolmson had to contend against difficulties under which ordinary minds would have sunk; suspicion and prejudice were both eager to stay their progress; it was found almost impossible to convince the people that the looms were designed to render them comfortable and independent; and even when hostility had comparatively vanished, there was a general dislike to use the article they had manufactured —even the women employed upon the work obtaining their cloths from the English market rather than assisting to establish their own. But the obstacles against which these enterprising gentlemen had to contend, and which in the end they have completely overcome, do not now stand in the way of other capitalists; the greater number of them at least have disappeared; while the capabilities for producing wealth have in no degree diminished*.

The town and neighbourhood of Portlaw have, of course, shared the prosperity of the Malcolmsons. The houses are cleanly and comfortable; the people are all decently dressed; and there is an air of improvement in every thing that appertains to them. The good that may be done by the establishment of such manufactories in various parts of Ireland is incalculable; the benefits they would confer are sufficiently obvious; and if it can be shown, as it may be by reference to this at Portlaw, that the profit is certain, if the factories be properly conducted, there will be no lack of enterprising individuals ready to embark capital in similar undertakings. It has, indeed, been, for a long time, obvious that Ireland, with its immense water power and its superabundant population, living cheaply, and therefore able to work cheaply, was peculiarly calculated to manufacture articles in cotton; but until within a comparatively brief period, there was so entire a want of confidence in the steadiness and sobriety of the people, that few were found willing to risk a property that might be destroyed by the evil passions or caprice of a single

* As very satisfactory evidence of the removal of many of these obstacles, we may quote the "Report" of the Mining Company of Ireland, published during the present year. "The improvement in the company's affairs arises from increased productiveness in the mines, and additional economy in working them—which latter has been greatly facilitated by the more sober and industrious habits of the men employed, who have thereby participated in the company's prosperity." This improvement is mainly attributed to the perseverance of the men in *keeping* the "Temperance Pledge" they have nearly all of them taken. We shall postpone, to the most distant period our work will permit, further observations upon this wonderful change; but we cannot even now resist the temptation to express the exceeding delight we feel at finding that instead of a "reaction," the numbers are increasing largely, and that our hopes of the *continuance* of sobriety are to the full as sanguine as they were six months ago. Unhappily, indeed, attempts have been recently made to mingle poison with the balm that good men have been applying to heal the wounds of Ireland; but we repeat our entire conviction that those who strive to convert the Temperance movement into a political engine will signally fail: industry and contentment are certain to follow sobriety, and they are the tools least available for an evil purpose.

individual, influencing other individuals. The unsettled political state of the country, too, militated greatly to increase the evil. It cannot be denied that this difficulty is growing less and less every day; and when the existing agitation for "repeal" has subsided, it will be almost, if not altogether, removed.*

The distance from the city of Waterford to the sea-coast (across the promontory), as will be seen by a reference to the map, is but five or six miles, although the harbour is of a much greater length. The two places most famous, on the coast, are Dunmore and Tramore—both favourite bathing-places; but the former long enjoyed the advantage of being a government packet station, and possesses both a lighthouse and a pier. The village is beautifully situated; the coast is bold and rocky, and it is immediately upon the sea. The pier is 600 feet in length, and the cost of the works is believed to have exceeded 100,000*l.*, a sum immensely disproportionate to their value to the public. "A druids' altar" stands on a rocky eminence near Dunmore. The situation is particularly wild and beautiful. It commands a view on one side of the estuary of the Suir with Cremla island and Hook tower, and on the other the great bay of Tramore

* We are compelled to admit, that while this "Repeal Agitation" continues, capitalists generally will be reluctant to introduce manufactures into Ireland, notwithstanding the prospect held out for their own advantage, as well as for the benefit of the country. On this subject, one fact is worth a thousand arguments. A few months ago, we voyaged from Dublin to Liverpool in company with one of the most extensive of the Manchester manufacturers—a gentleman of immense wealth, who holds nearly the highest position among the wealthy cotton-spinners of that town, and is a "liberal" in politics. He informed us, that his main object in visiting Ireland was, to ascertain what prospect existed there, that might induce certain individuals to remove their mills from the neighbourhood of Manchester to some parts of Ireland—in order to introduce among the people of that country a new mode of employment. The result of his inquiries was, he said, in all respects satisfactory; and he should, undoubtedly, have recommended the parties, who had faith in his judgment, to establish cotton works there, with a view, especially, to the export trade with America—*but for the repeal agitation*, which so unsettled men's minds, as to create strong doubts whether such undertakings were justifiable; or, at all events, convinced him, that to postpone their introduction for a time was the surest way of rendering them permanent. *He could not, therefore, advise the experiment, until* "the repeal agitation" was abandoned.

with the rugged precipices of the Cumarocks in the distance. The altar consists of fourteen perpendicular stones, forming a perfect circle of thirty-six yards in circumference, on the outside. Across the centre, forming the diameter, are two horizontal stones parallel to each other, each two yards wide and seven long. They are covered by five flat flags, forming a covered passage about two feet high, closed at one end. This covered way occupied the centre of the circle —distant three yards from one side, and four from the other. One stone of the roof is raised on one side by the interposition of a block, so as to resemble a cromliac or sacrificial flag, "from which the blood of the victim flowed off." At a short distance are the ruins of the ancient church of Kilma Combe.

The village of Tramore is more sheltered than that of Dunmore; and appears to be in higher favour with the citizens of Waterford. Of late years several capital houses have been built there, and it wears a prosperous aspect. Passage, the ancient "bathing village," is now completely deserted; although still maintaining some importance as a ferry, in connexion with the opposite coast of Wexford. Between Passage and the sea are the ruins of a few houses that point out the locality of New Geneva, originally a colony of the Genevese, afterwards a barrack, and now almost levelled with the pasture ground around it. Its history is curious and interesting. In the year 1781, domestic feuds induced a large number of the most ingenious and industrious of the Genevese mechanics to emigrate; above a thousand of them signed a memorial to Earl Temple, the then Irish viceroy, praying that some situation might be allocated to them to form a settlement in Ireland. The proposal was readily listened to; it was considered very desirable to introduce into the country so many enlightened Protestants, several of whom possessed property as well as talents; the Irish Parliament voted a sum of 50,000*l.*, towards defraying the expenses of their emigration and in constructing a town for their reception; and the highest hopes were entertained as to the importance of the new colony and its influence upon the destinies of the country in which it was to be planted. The "city of

New Geneva" was soon commenced; a space was inclosed, dwelling-houses and work-shops were built, and every thing promised well; when suddenly the whole project fell to the ground, and, by degrees, the Genevese quitted Ireland without having either benefited it or themselves. The cause of this unforeseen, and, for the south of Ireland, unfortunate circumstance, was never satisfactorily explained. It was said the Genevese were unreasonable in their expectations and demands, particularly in the articles of their charter, in which they demanded greater privileges and freedom than were compatible with the laws of the country. It was further said, that the jealousy of the corporation of Waterford was roused, and that they insisted on extending a jurisdiction over the new citizens, by obliging them to bring their causes for adjudication to their local courts. But the circumstance which most of all contributed to render the project abortive, was the recall of Earl Temple. He had been its great patron, and when he retired, none of his successors pursued the scheme with similar ardour.

Subsequently, New Geneva became a barrack, being used chiefly as a dépôt for recruits; and during the troubles of 1798, it was converted into a prison for the confinement of rebels*.

By far the most interesting and important district of the county of Waterford, at the present moment, however, is that of Bonmahon,—on the coast, midway between Dunmore and Dungarvon,—in the immediate vicinity of which are the mines of Knockmahon, the property of the "Mining Company of Ireland,"—now, we believe, the most prosperous and profitable of the Irish mines. The company was formed in 1824, chiefly by the exertions of Richard Purday, Esq., the present secretary; and it has been conducted

* The Rev. Robert Walsh, LL.D., to whom we are chiefly indebted for this account of New Geneva, states that "among the attempts to escape recorded to have been made by the unfortunate men confined here, one is remarkable. The place was surrounded by a high wall, which several had endeavoured to scale, but were shot or detected in the attempt. It was then resolved to try and escape, not over, but under it. For this purpose they commenced running a mine from one of the cells, and adopted a most ingenious expedient to dispose of the clay. Their wives had been permitted to bring provisions and refreshments of different kinds, and when they had deposited the contents of their bags or baskets, they took away each a portion of the earth raised from the excavation, and repassed the sentinels without suspicion. In this way, by every day removing and scattering a little of the mould, the mine was actually pushed to a considerable distance beneath the wall. But just as their plan was likely to succeed, it was discovered by Colonel Hall, who commanded the garrison; the unfortunate convict who was working at the now nearly finished excavation, was dragged out of the hole, and placed with his companions under stricter guard for the future." It will be no slur upon the memory of a generous soldier to say, we have often heard Col. Hall express the exceeding grief he felt at being compelled to disappoint the hopes of so many unfortunate men at the moment when they were assured of fulfilment. The labour of excavating had occupied some weeks, and so certain were the prisoners of obtaining their freedom, that their friends were actually waiting for them with boats, cars and horses, to convey them away, at the very hour the discovery was made.

so advantageously for the shareholders as to have realised large profits, and to promise results still more beneficial to them and to the country. The mines were originally worked about a century ago; and since, from time to time, various projects have been set on foot to conduct them on a large scale: none appear to have been successful until they came into the hands of "the Mining Company of Ireland." They are held on leases for thirty-one years, with the exception of a part, held in perpetuity at a rent of five per cent. of the produce; the leases include all minerals within a tract extending over three miles on the course of the lodes. The produce is chiefly copper, although lead in considerable quantities has been raised. As the mines are so close to the coast, the ores are shipped on peculiarly advantageous terms; and there is an immense water power, by means of which the whole of the operations were for a long period conducted. Recently, however, a pumping-engine on the expansion principle has been erected; and also one for winding ores to the surface. According to the latest report of the company, "the Knockmahon Copper Mines may now be considered one of the best established and most important of the extensive mining districts in the empire, from the extent and richness of the produce, the favourable locality, and the superior machinery and other means provided for realising these advantages *."

Although the mines at Knockmahon are the only mines in the County of

* The following return of sales of copper ore, the produce of Irish mines, at Swansea, April 29th, 1840, will illustrate the superiority both as to quality and quantity of the Knockmahon Mines over the other mines of Ireland:—

MINES.	21 CWTS.	PRICE. £ s. d.	PRODUCE. £ s. d.
Knockmahon	704	8 5 0	5,807 14 0
Ballymurtagh	504	2 7 4	1,192 11 0
Allihies	388	7 17 5	3,053 16 0
Tigrony	137	4 0 0	547 18 6
Connoree	14 (precip.)	21 15 6	304 17 0
	1747 21 cwts.		10,906 16 6

During the half-year ending the 1st of December, 1840, the quantity of ore obtained from the Knockmahon Mines was 3716 tons, and the gross value 31,703*l.* 0*s.* 1*d.*; the net profit, 10,951*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.* The report from which we have quoted gives a very encouraging statement of the company's actual condition and future prospects. We quote from it the following passage:—"Referring for details to the abstract of accounts presented herewith, your board has the satisfaction to state, that the result is profit amounting to 22,986*l.* 15*s.* 5*d.*, of which sum 3463*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.* has been applied in improvements and additions to your mines, still leaving available 19,522*l.* 18*s.* 1*d.*; a sum considerably exceeding the amount hitherto obtained in a similar period, and unusually large in proportion to the amount of deposited capital, 140,000*l.*" At the Knockmahon Mines there has been expended in working during the six months ending with the 1st of December, 1840, 18,560*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* How gratifying a contrast does this state of things present to that which existed scarcely thirty years ago!—for so recently as the year 1811, Mr. Wakefield thus writes ("Account of Ireland, Statistical and Political," vol. i. p. 134): "Mr. Weaver, an eminent mining agent, informs me that the Cronebane mines are discontinued, and those at Killarney also; so that there is not a copper mine now worked in Ireland."

Waterford now extensively worked, all accounts agree in describing the immense mineral wealth of this district of Ireland; and there can be no doubt that in a very few years it will be rendered available to an extent in comparison with which what has been already done will appear trivial and unimportant. We shall, however, enter more at length into this branch of the subject when we visit the county of Wicklow; where, although there is no single mine so productive as that of Knockmahon, the works are more numerous, more varied, and better calculated for description.

In Waterford, some years ago, the lower classes had a species of amusement, we believe, peculiar to them: it was practised on Ash-Wednesday, and was called "drawing the log." It was instituted as a penitential exercise to the bachelors and maidens who permitted Lent to arrive without "joining in the holy bands." The log was a large piece of timber, to which a long rope was attached; it was drawn through the streets of the city, followed by a crowd of men and boys of the lowest grade armed with bludgeons, shouting and hollowing "Come draw the log, come draw the log; bachelors and maids, come draw the log." The party had generally a piper, who squeezed from his bags the most noted of the national airs; and it was no small part of the frolic to see the poor minstrel upset in the mire by the jolting of the unwieldy piece of timber over the rugged stones with which the streets were paved. The most scandalous scenes of cruelty often occurred; young men and young women being forced from their homes, tied to "the log," and dragged through the city. The custom has, of late years, been, very properly, discontinued. So also has another, equally disgraceful,—the practice of cock-throwing has been long in disuse in every part of Ireland; yet it was at one period a sport almost universal among the lower grades of the various cities and towns. A cock was tied by the leg to a stone or "kippeen;" the thrower, who paid a penny a throw, was to fling a stick, of a fixed size from a fixed distance, at the poor bird, which was to be his property if he killed it. Expert throwers used to carry home many prizes thus obtained, although it was not uncommon to find a cock living through a whole day, in spite of all attempts to destroy it. The day for this sport was Shrove Tuesday, a day which is still dedicated to games and amusements far less cruel and irrational. In Ireland, as in England, it is "pan-cake day;" and as it precedes the gloomy season of Lent, a more than usual degree of merriment is considered not only pardonable, but commendable. The old custom of "pan-cake tossing" still prevails in every district of the south. The accompanying engraving will convey an idea of the scene enacted on the occasion. The family group—and the "boys and girls" of the neighbours—gather round the fire-side; and each in turn tries his or her skill

in tossing the pancake. The tossing of the first is always allotted to the eldest unmarried daughter of the host, who performs the task not altogether without trepidation, for much of her "luck" during the year is supposed to depend

upon her good or ill success on the occasion. She tosses it, and usually so cleverly as to receive it back again, without a ruffle on its surface, on its reverse, in the pan. Congratulations upon her fortune go round, and another makes the effort: perhaps this is a sad mischance; the pancake is either not turned or falls among the turf ashes; the unhappy maiden is then doomed—she can have no chance of marrying for a year at least—while the girl who has been lucky is destined to have her "pick of the boys" as soon as she likes. The cake she has tossed, she is at once called upon to share, and cutting it into as many slices as there are guests, she hands one to each: sometimes the mother's wedding-ring has been slipped into the batter out of which this first cake is made, and the person who receives the slice in which

it is contained, is not only to be first married, but is to be doubly lucky in the matter of husband or wife. Men also are permitted, as in the instance pictured by Mc Clise, to have a chance; and it is a great source of amusement to jog their elbows at the important moment, and so compel them to "toss the cake crooked."

The stranger will be impressed—more perhaps than he will be in any other city of Ireland—with the conviction that Nature has, in Waterford, received far too little aid from the hands or minds of men. Although a mercantile city, and one with advantages peculiarly eligible and accessible, there is a sad aspect of loneliness in its streets, and a want of business along its fine quays—except on days when steam-boats leave, and the "live stock" assemble in huge droves to embark for the English market. The hotels too—usually sure indications of prosperity or its opposite—have a deserted look; it would hardly be exaggeration to say that the grass springs up between the stone steps that lead to their doors. The hospitality of a kind and estimable friend, indeed, prevented our being very familiar with their internal arrangements; but the stay of a few hours sufficed to satisfy us that strangers were unexpected guests. The waiters lounged from the adjacent coach-office to the public room of the head inn with an air of unconcern and unsatisfied curiosity, as if occupation would be a novelty. We have already alluded to Irish waiters as a peculiar class, and may perhaps be allowed to lighten matter-of-fact details by some description of their peculiarities.

The word "waiter" in England suggests a well-dressed, well-behaved, orderly man, with a napkin under his arm, and a bill, either of fare or for payment, in his hand. He is a person of importance, because he ministers to our comforts, and is neither active nor civil beyond the activity and civility he is in duty bound to exhibit to each guest, according to the said guest's station; which he imagines—or rather, (for an English waiter does not indulge in imagination,) which he *knows*, he can ascertain at once. His bow is consequently very low to a coach-and-four; while he merely inclines his head to the commercial traveller. He is obsequious to the drinkers of champagne and claret, but hardly nods to the order of a pint of sherry. In Ireland waiters are altogether a different set of beings—lively and erratic, shrewd and observing; anxious, according to human nature, to get the most they can; and yet, in accordance with Irish nature, willing to give all they can in exchange. An Irishman may be a knave, but he is seldom a miser—he has nothing but time and attention to give, and he gladly bestows both.

The Irish waiter, except at first-rate hotels, is never well dressed, and is always too familiar to be considered "well-behaved." An Irish waiter does

many things which an English waiter never thinks of; but his grand occupation is finding out the business of his master's customers.

"Upon my conscience," we heard one say to another, "it's I that 'll cry Hurra when the new poor-law comes in play, for my tongue 's worn to a shred, and my throat turned into a fair highway, striving to keep them beggars away from the quality; and if I don't treat them with civility, it's murdered I'd be out and out, as an example to all waiters. Sorra a thing I found out, for a week, with them, for beggars. Instead of larning the news, it's watching them I am." The Irish waiter is a fellow of local information, well read in politics, and having a strong tendency to liberalism, and yet more anxious to discover your opinions than to tell his own. He is both lazy and active,—lazy at his work, and active at his amusements: he will cheat you in a bargain, but he will not rob you; he is almost invariably good-humoured, and as cunning as a fox: from the moment you enter his master's house, he considers you somewhat in the light of his own property; he turns over your luggage until he has discovered your name, and ten chances to one but he manages before you have been half an hour in the house to find out, in the most ingenious manner, whence you came, whither you are going, and what you are going about. He is free, yet respectful; "familiar, but by no means vulgar."

"I beg yer pardon, ma'am, but there's a cruel draught in that window; stay till I move the chair, and sure I'd rather that the gentleman should catch a salmon than your honour catch cold in Lismore." Indeed, the waiter at Lismore was a rare specimen of his class: he was a stout, sailor-like fellow, with sandy hair and eyes; keen and vigilant where there was any chance of bustle or excitement, but idle enough where only his regular work was to be attended to: he would race half over the town to seek for an angler, a fishing-rod or fly, a picturesque beggar, or a piper; but make you wait as long as he pleased the brushing of a cloak, or the laying of a cloth. He looked upon us as mere English, and had commenced a set of interrogatories after his own fashion, such as "I hope it was by the Blackwater ye came—Sure the likes of you ought to see the country, and it's more than a day or two, or three, ye'll be for staying here, I'll engage." A gentleman of our party "cut him short" in so abrupt a manner, that the Lismore waiter ever after kept his eye upon him, suspicious of reproof. We were busied in adjusting a fishing-rod and preparing some flies, and the waiter, throwing down the loaf which he had been cutting into small square junks for dinner, came to our assistance,—"Yer honour sees —this is the way—you understand—there—now twist it. Sure I'll throw a line with you in the morning, if that gentleman will keep his eye off me;

wasn't I glad when he left the room!—I'll go bail now, he's an aistern Ingeeman—and a bachelor; bedad! I thought the nose was whipt off meeself to-day—he picks me up as a hungry bird does the first worm. Well, maybe I'd have been a quare fellow meeself if I hadn't married young. I'll go bail, yer honour did that same thing yerself; but as for that dark gentleman, taking down the ould castle like life, and marking every stick and stone—"

"Well and what of that, fellow?" said our friend in a deep tone, calling up a look of dark displeasure as he entered unperceived by the loquacious waiter.

"Nothing!" answered the attendant, dropping the rod suddenly; "nothing, sir, only ye 've grate talent intirely, *at taking everything down.*"

At another inn, the waiter was an old, "knowing"-looking fellow, with a sinister expression, not at all Irish, but which he doubtless had acquired in the Spanish "*Lageon,*" from which he told us he was a "returned officer." He was one of the old class, who considered your religious faith a clue to your opinions. Something we said about not boating on Sunday, coupled with the possession of a Protestant prayer-book and a letter of introduction to the rector of a neighbouring parish, who unfortunately was from home, led him to the belief that we were "black Protestants;" and when we asked some questions about schools, he said, with a Burleigh shake of the head, that "it was a benighted place intirely—nothing but a National School in the chapel-yard—that, indeed, *his people* war all Protestants," &c. Circumstances combined to unsettle his opinion; and after a day or two he had arrived at the conclusion that we were of "the right sort." On expressing our belief that the place where so many scholars went to school could not be, as he had said it was, "benighted," he made answer, "Oh, sure ye misunderstud me—I meant the place was benighted once;" and on our taxing him with endeavouring to mislead us touching his religious creed, "My people," he exclaimed triumphantly, "only my people, the Lord be praised!"

Another waiter, who amused us much, was an active, lissom, little man, who endeavoured to persuade us that everything in the house was the best that could be obtained in "all Ireland." The inn was a wayside one in Kerry, where we were detained two days by illness and bad weather.

"Well, is there any chance of the weather changing?"

"I'm sorry it's not pleasing to you, ma'am, but we've the best weather in all Ireland."

"These eggs are done too much."—"The finest eggs in all Ireland, ma'am; but I'll make an alteration in them." "Is your mutton good?"—"The best in all Ireland." "And your cook?"—"The best in all Ireland." The

mutton, however, was so very underdone, that we pointed it out to our good-natured waiter. "Yes, sir—I see, ma'am; the mutton in these parts, as I tould yer honours, is the best in all Ireland; and so juicy, that it's the natur of it—that's it—it's the juiciness of the mutton makes it so. I give ye my honour it's *that*—ye understand—the quality of the meat, nothing else—the goodness of it; *but maybe ye'd like the cook to take some of that out of it*—I see—she'll do so in five minutes—the finest cook in all Ireland;" and he bore off the mutton as triumphantly as if we had chimed in with his praise. It returned to us after the cutlet fashion. He exclaimed, while laying the dish on the table, with the invariable flourish, "I tould yer honours"—"the finest cook in all Ireland—two ways, ay tin ways, with the same thing—it goes down one thing, and comes up another. Ay, faith, the lady would never forget it if she saw her toss a pancake: she'll send it up the chimney out of sight, and down it'll come finished—all but the aiting."

At Killarney the waiter was a spruce elderly man, clean, active, and most elaborately dressed, with care, attention, and, above all, good-nature enough to furnish half-a-dozen of his class in England. No matter what you required done or procured, he anticipated your wishes. When we were removing our note and sketch books, we also took our own paper-knives, leaving two of arbutus wood upon the table that did not belong to us. The waiter observed it, and with more good-nature than ceremony thrust them between the leaves. "Oh then, sure, sir,—sure, madam, you're not going to lave Killarney without something to remimber it—*you'd hurt the feelings of the house* if you'd scorn such thrifles."

"There's nothing keeps me in this poor country," said a remarkably fine-looking lad, a waiter at a wayside hostelrie, full of spirit and good-nature, and who was very grateful for a little. "There's nothing keeps me in poor Ireland but the one thing." "I suppose you are in love and cannot afford to get married?" "Bedad, sir, it's little it takes to do that same, and I managed *that* four years ago: and if I forget it, sure I have the little woman and two as purty babies as *ever made a poor man's heart beat with hope or fear*. No then, only it's just a quare ould grandmother, who's too ould to go with us, or to have any understanding of anything, barring her own way: 'Wait,' she says, 'wait until ye lave my ould bones with my people; but it's not asy I'd rest in my grave if one of my own people did not put me there. Wait only for my berrin,' she says; 'and after that, if you must lave Ireland to give yer strength and labour to a foreign sod, when there's so much here that only wants many hands for the turning, and a little money to make it prosper, why go, in God's name; but sorrow to those that suffer the

strength of the country to go out of it.' And then the poor ould craythur will *romance* a dale, though I'm thinking there 's rason in some things she says, for sure, the prime of the country is laving it, and more 's the pity."

We found at Roundwood (the rendezvous of tourists in the county of Wicklow, and long celebrated for the whims and peculiarities of its "Judy" lately deceased) a civil but common-place waiter; and unfortunately, civil, well-conducted persons are much more agreeable to meet on the highways of life, than upon paper; but to make up for the waiter's want of national character, there stood by our horses' head—*a blind ostler!* Without being aware how heavy an affliction had been laid upon him, we asked him if the day was likely to continue fine; he turned his face towards the wind, and then we perceived that he was indeed quite blind; his face was peculiar, long and sallow, with that touching expression of melancholy, utterly without fretfulness or complaint, which commands sympathy; he said the day would be "fine but showery:" the whiteness of his shirt, the cleanliness of his well-mended clothes, the poor fellow's appearance altogether, won our attention. He unharnessed the horse with ease and rapidity; and we afterwards learned that he performed the office of ostler and "boots" to perfection, and, what was singular, never mistook horses, harness, or even mispaired the shoes he cleaned. When his work was done, and sometimes it was not finished until past midnight, he would set out alone to his cottage, upwards of a mile (an old Irish mile) from Roundwood. He married, we were told, one of the prettiest girls in the county, who preferred her blind lover to all others, and has had no reason to repent her choice, for he is sober and industrious, and she is careful and thrifty.

Irish waiters used to be proverbial for their fondness for whiskey; but that has been banished by the Temperance Societies. We remember one—but in his extreme old age—Tom Lavery, at a half public-house, half hotel, frequented, in the days of our fathers and grandfathers, by gentlemen who thought it necessary to make their wills before they started for Dublin; for in those times they travelled on horseback. Tom never considered it necessary to offer an apology for being tipsy, after dinner. "I am everything a gentleman can desire," he would exclaim when staggering about, "no one can say, Tom Lavery you take your 'morning'—Tom wants no morning—Tom scorns to touch sperits until any gentleman may take his glass—Tom Lavery is as sober as e'er a judge in the land—ought to be." Tom was a regular "afadavid" man to his employer: whatever he would say, Tom would depose to; professing himself ready to make oath that the "post chay" in their yard would go as aisy on three wheels as on four; and that there wern't

such *illegant* cattle for blood and bone in the counthry—whin their blood was up, and they *warmed on the road.* Very often, he would don a jacket and jack-boots, twist a wisp of hay into a saddle, and act post-boy *.

Neddy Kelly was another of the old school of waiters who "tended upon the quality" in the only inn at a sea-side—*town*, it chose to be called, much frequented in those days by bathers—in the season—and by sailors and smugglers, both in it and out of it. Neddy was a free and easy, good-humoured, cunning old fellow, treated with kindness and familiarity by those who frequented the house; he never hesitated giving his opinion, whether it was asked or not. One day, an English gentleman was dining with two Irish ones, and, not having been informed of Neddy's habit, when he ordered "anchovy

* Of this man we obtained two anecdotes that may be worth taking note of. He had engaged one night to drive an elopement, with, as he said himself, a horse and a half, for one of his cattle was lame, and the other blind; but while rattling down a hill in famous style, the traces, or, more properly speaking, the ropes, gave way, and the chaise upset. The fair *innamorata* was lifted through the roof by her intended, and, to Tom's dismay, he distinctly heard the rattle of a pursuing chaise on the brow of the hill; in an instant he had mounted the lover before his intended bride on the blind horse, which he knew to be sure-footed, and giving it a good lashing sent them off at full gallop; he then placed across the road the body of the carriage. Of course a fearful tumbling and struggling ensued, in the midst of which Tom managed to cut the traces, and mounting upon one horse, he led the other off in triumph. His career was nearly brought to an end by this daring adventure, for the lady's enraged father discharged a pistol after the cunning waiter, which took effect—not upon him, but upon the lame horse, so that he escaped for the time scot free. Tom was never more delighted than when gentlemen were engaged in an affair of honour, the sight of a pair of duelling-pistols gave him as much spirits as an extra tumbler, and he was known to be so useful on those occasions that his following the party to the ground was never objected to. He would tell tales by the hour of hair-breadth escapes and of duelling determinations amounting to positive thirst for blood, that would hardly be credited now-a-days; and yet, strange to say, he appeared as much delighted with stories of subsequent reconciliation: "It was a treat to see them so paceable after it—as loving as two brothers—ating the buttered toast, and the spiced beef, and the peppered devils, and drinking the tea, with a drop of mountain-dew to flavour it, and yet to know that for anything or nothing at all, they'd be up and at it again." Tom Lavery was never a spoil-sport but once:—A young man, the only son, the only hope, of a widowed lady in the neighbourhood, had fired at some slight which he imagined he had sustained from another youth about his own age. Tom liked them both after his own fashion, and certainly did not like that the lad should run the chance of being "murdered entirely," and he nothing better than a gorsoon, when, if suffered to live ten years longer, he might make the finest fighting man in the county. This was Tom's argument to himself, but there was an under-current of deep feeling for the poor lady mother of the hot-headed boy, for she had been a kind friend to Tom's people. Tom's love of fighting was so well known that no one ever dreamed of his endeavouring to prevent a rencontre, and the pistols were given him to carry to the ground. The old waiter's dropping a handkerchief was to be the signal for firing. Tom managed to extract the balls with admirable dexterity, and at the appointed signal they fired; to Tom's utter astonishment the youth opposed to the widow's son staggered and fell, and the generous-hearted boy, who but a few moments before had declared that nothing but blood should wash out the insult he had received, was in an instant on his knees beside his "expiring" friend, giving vent to the most bitter self-reproaches, and mingling them with prayers that he might be spared. After a little time, the youth revived. In the bitter agony of repentance, his friend intreated his forgiveness. "Yarra! Masther Charles," whispered Tom, "don't take *on* so. Sorra a ha'porth of harm ye've done each other, though ye may have that luck in a few years, plaze the pigs. Get up, Masther Bob, I'm ashamed of ye—so I am! Yarra, bad cess to me if there 's anything upon the face of the living earth the matter wid you—*didn't I draw the bull-dogs' teeth meeself?*"

or soy," to relish what Neddy termed "a rattling rake," he could hardly believe the evidence of his senses as the waiter, without moving from the lounging position he had assumed against the sideboard, replied:— "They're not wholesome, plaze yer honor!" "Whether or not, my good fellow," exclaimed the gentleman, "I must trouble you for one or the other." "Oh! it's no throuble in life, sir; and even if it was, I'm sure the whole counthry knows that Neddy Kelly has been too long in this establishment to mind throuble. I know my duty, I hope, yer honor; but as to them furrin things, we've too grate a regard for the health—the constitutions, sir, of our customers, to pisin thim with anything worse than melted butter, a drop of oil or a thrifle of pepper: as to salt, why the best thing a gintleman can do, is to plaze himself." "Oh!" said the Englishman, with much good humour, "then, I suppose, you are a physician?" "I'd be long-sorry, sir; *for living here, I'd have no practice.*" When the party had arrived, depending on this same waiter's assurance that there was "everything in the house they'd plaze to think of," in addition to the "chickens and bacon" which the Irish gentlemen knew could always be obtained of excellent quality, the Englishman had suggested the addition of lamb-chops to complete their dinner. The chickens and bacon, with a dish of potatoes, "laughing," as Neddy said, "ready to break their hearts," made their appearance; but there were no lamb-chops. They were immediately inquired after. "Oh!" said the waiter, "the quality runs entirely on chickens and bacon." "But you said you had lamb, and I ordered it," was the Englishman's cool reply. "And I said the truth, sir," answered the unabashed Neddy. "I said we had *lambs*, let alone *lamb*, and thought it mighty kind of yer honor to inquire; and, sure, there they are, if ye'll be satisfied to look out of the windy: little waggle-tail, innocent craythurs! sure it was mighty lucky of the ould ewe to give us twins these hard times." In those days, an inn of that description afforded neither sauce nor butchers' meat, except on market-days; but Neddy would not expose the nakedness of the land, by permitting (if he could avoid it) the supposition that there was anything his master's house could not furnish. The gentlemen were talking, after dinner, of the various extraordinary things they had heard of or seen, and telling Munchausen-like tales to while away the evening. At last one told a story more wonderful than the others had achieved. "Now," he exclaimed triumphantly, "let any one beat that!" "It's asy done!" chimed in Neddy, who had been listening, half inside and half outside the parlour-door. "Mary Larey had five husbands, and she made confession on her death-bed to her uncle's sister, her own aunt that was, that she killed every mother's son of them in their sleep, by tickling the soles of their feet with a raven's feather."

The maritime county of Waterford is in the province of Munster: it is bounded on the west by the county of Cork, from which it is divided by the river Blackwater; on the north by the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary, from which it is separated by the river Suir; on the east by the county of Wexford, the harbour of Waterford running between them; and on the south by St. George's Channel. It is divided into seven baronies—Gaultier, Middlethird, Upperthird, Decies without Drum, Coshmore and Coshbride, and Glanehiry. Its only towns of "size" are Dungarvon and Lismore. The extreme length of the county is about forty miles; the greatest breadth, twenty. The population, according to the census of 1831 (exclusive of that of the city, which is a county in itself, and which amounted to 28,821), is 148,233; in 1821, it was 127,842. In 1777, the number of houses in the county was 9577; in the year 1788 (according to Mr. Ryland), the number had increased to 16,085; in 1813, to 22,923; and in 1821, it was 25,545. According to the Ordnance survey, the county comprises 461,598 statute acres, of which 343,564 acres are cultivated land, and 118,034 are unreclaimed mountain and bog.

LIMERICK
& CLARE.
ATLANTIC OCEAN
GALWAY
TIPPERARY
KERRY
CORK
RIVER SHANNON
LIMERICK
CLARE
Irish Miles.
English Miles.
Population.
English Acres.
Limerick 249,800 419,320
Clare 230,610 350,221
Ballybunnion
Kilrush
Tarbert
Loop Head
Kilkee
Miltown
Ennis
Ennistymon
Lisdoonvarna
Corofin
Kilfenora
Lahinch
Milltown Malbay
Kilrush
Kilkee
Kilbaha
Carrigaholt
Scattery I.
Kilbaha Chapel
Cloghaunavoe Pt.
Loop Head
Kilbaha R.
Kilbaha Pt.
Tarbert
Asketton
Bath House
Glin
Foynes
Askeaton
Limerick
Rathkeale
Newcastle
Listowel
Abbeyfeale
Charleville
Bruff
Tipperary
Cahir
Castle Island
Killorglin
Mitchelstown
Senagh
Ballyhoura Mts.
Galtee Mts.
Knockmealdown Mts.
Slieve Felim Mts.
Devon Mt.
Slieve Bloom Mts.
Loughs Derg
Ree
Corrib
Mask
Conn
Arra Mts.
Kerry Head
Dingle B.
Tralee B.
Brandon Bay
Shannon R.
Feale R.
Maine R.
Deel R.
Maigue R.
Blackwater R.
Suir R.
Nenagh R.
Brosna R.
Inny R.
Fergus R.
Ardnacrusha
Killaloe
Ballina
Scariff
Tuamgraney
Portumna
Banagher
Shannon Harbour
Parsonstown
Roscrea
Templemore
Thurles
Cashel
Golden
Clonmel
Fethard
Carrick
Kilmallock
Caherconlish
Pallas Green
Croom
Adare
Rathkeale
Newcastle
Abbeyfeale
Glin
Foynes
Askeaton
Limerick
Bruff
Kilmallock
Charleville
Tipperary
Cahir
Castle Island
Killorglin
Mitchelstown
Senagh

LIMERICK.

LIMERICK is distinguished in history as "the city of the violated treaty;" and the Shannon, on which it stands, has been aptly termed "the King of Island Rivers." Few of the Irish counties possess so many attractions for the antiquarian and the lover of the picturesque: and, with one exception, no city of Ireland has contributed so largely to maintain the honour and glory of the country. The brave defenders of Limerick and Londonderry have received—the former from the Protestant, and the latter from the Catholic, historian—the praise that party spirit failed to weaken; the heroic gallantry, the indomitable perseverance, and the patient and resolute endurance under suffering, of both, having deprived political partisans of their asperity—compelling them, for once at least, to render justice to their opponents; all having readily subscribed to the opinion that "Derry and Limerick will ever grace the historic page, as rival companions and monuments of Irish bravery, generosity, and integrity."

From a very early period Limerick has held rank among the cities of Ireland, second only to that of the capital; and, before its walls were defeated, first, the Anglo-Norman chivalry, next, the sturdy Ironsides of Cromwell, and last, the victorious army of William the Third. Like most of the Irish sea-ports, it was, in the ninth and tenth centuries, a settlement of the Danes, between whom and the native Irish many encounters took place, until finally the race of the sea-kings was expelled the country *.

* Towards the beginning of the ninth century, the Danes of Limerick seem to have been a numerous and powerful body; they proclaimed one of their chieftains, Turgesius, king, and cruelly and ruthlessly oppressed the native inhabitants, "ruling them with a rod of iron, and forcing them to taste of the very dregs of servitude." The spirit of resistance was at length roused; and—

"Malachy wore the collar of gold
Which he won from the proud invader."

Malachy was King of Meath, who "had a daughter of excellent beauty," whom Turgesius desired to be "the favourite and prime mistress of his seraglio." The Irish king dared not insense the tyrant by a refusal; but intreated that the maiden might be received privately and at night into his palace, "to conceal her shame from the world," promising also to send with her fifteen of the most celebrated beauties of his small kingdom—each of whom eclipsed the charms of the lady the Dane designed to honour. The proposal was accepted, and a time appointed "to crown his hopes and give him possession." To fifteen of his soldiers he promised the fifteen Irish virgins; and they assembled to receive their gifts. The princess and her train were admitted through

It is certain that at this early period Limerick was a place of considerable importance: for some time after, indeed until the conquest by the English, it was the capital of the province, and the seat of the Kings of Thomond, or North Munster, who were hence called Kings of Limerick. Upon the arrival of Strongbow, Donnell O'Brien swore fealty to Henry the Second, but subsequently revolted; and Raymond Le Gros, the bravest and noblest of all the followers of Strongbow, laid siege to his city. Limerick was at that time "environed with a foule and deepe ditch with running water, not to be passed over without boats, but by one foord only;" the English soldiers were therefore discouraged, and would have abandoned the attempt to take it, but that "a valiaunt knight, Meyler Fitz-Henry, having found the foord, wyth a loud voyce cried 'St. David, companions, let us corageouslie pass this foord.'" For some years after the city was alternately in the possession of the English and the Irish; on the death of Strongbow, it was surrendered to the keeping of its native prince, who swore to govern it for the King of England; but the British knights had scarcely passed the bridge when he destroyed it and set fire to the town. After again repeatedly changing hands, it was finally settled by the renowned William de Burgo, ancestor of the present Marquis of Clanricarde, and remained an appanage to the English crown. At this period, and for some time after, Limerick was "next in consequence" to Dublin. Richard the First, in the ninth year of his reign, granted it a charter to elect a mayor—an honour which London did not then enjoy, and which Dublin did not receive until a century later; and King John, according to Stanihurst, was "so pleased with the agreeableness of the city, that he caused a very fine castle and bridge to be built there." The castle has endured for above six centuries; in all the "battles, sieges, fortunes," that

the gates of the palace and introduced into the apartment of the king. She was pronounced to be—as she well might be—far lovelier than her companions; and the Dane seized her, with the view to force her into his chamber. The touch of his base hands was the signal agreed upon. The fifteen attendants in an instant doffed their maidenly attire, each armed with a sword that had been concealed by the woman's garments, and stood before the astonished and terrified tyrant, as the stoutest and bravest youths of the Irish chivalry. They seized and bound the tyrant, fell upon his unprepared guards, slew all who opposed them, and opened the gates to the King of Meath and his troops, who had been anxiously awaiting the result of the experiment, without the walls. Not a man of the Danes escaped. "When the fury of the Irish was abated," adds the old historian Keating, "and there was no enemy left in the castle, the King of Meath entered the room where Turgesius lay bound, and upbraiding him with his excessive cruelties, the injuries he had committed upon the Irish ladies, and his repeated murthers, he commanded him to be loaded with irons and to be carried before him in triumph." The effect of this victory was to destroy the power of the Danes, for a time, in Ireland; some of them, however, were permitted to remain in a state of bondage as irksome as that in which they had so long kept the Irish. The tyrant Turgesius, after enduring a severe imprisonment, and being a witness to the miseries of his countrymen, "had an end put to his unfortunate life, being thrown, bound in fetters as he was, into Loch Ainnin, where he perished."

KING JOHN'S CASTLE AND OLD THOMOND BRIDGE.

LIMERICK.

have since occurred, it has been the object most coveted, perhaps in Ireland, by the contending parties; and it still frowns, a dark mass, upon the waters of the mighty Shannon. Within the last few months, the improvements that have taken place in the city have opened it to view; and an idea of its strength and magnitude may be obtained from the accompanying print. The castle, together with the bridge, are also represented in the engraving from a painting which Mr. Creswick has executed expressly for our work.

Although, during the reign of Elizabeth, Limerick had its full share in the vicissitudes of the period, and its history is closely connected with that of "the Desmonds," of which we shall have to treat presently, in noticing Kilmallock, their principal seat, it was not until the contest between Charles the First and the Parliament, that the city became again the scene of a fierce and bloody struggle. Early in the year 1651, Ireton, the son-in-law of Cromwell, invested Limerick, and besieged it closely for six months. Although in the end he succeeded in taking it, the result was mainly attributable to the treachery of one of the leading officers of the garrison, Colonel Fennel, who having previously betrayed to the Parliamentary forces the important pass of Killaloe, which afforded a safe and easy communication with the county of Clare, afterwards—and at a most critical moment—surrendered to Ireton the forts called St. John's Tower, and Price's Mill, and turned their own cannon upon the town*. A treaty was signed on the 27th of October, 1651, granting to the inhabitants their lives and property, with the exception, by name, of twenty-four individuals, including the brave governor, O'Neil, "who opposed and restrained the deluded people from accepting the conditions so often offered to them." Limerick was then delivered to the Deputy-General, "for the use

* The traitor received his reward. We learn from Clarendon that he was, a few months afterwards, taken prisoner by the parliament forces, "and hanged, notwithstanding his services in their cause." Leland and Ferrar both state that Fennel was tried for several murders, condemned to death, and executed at Limerick immediately after its surrender.

of the Parliament and the Commonwealth of England *." The sufferings of the garrison and the inhabitants must have been intense. Ludlow informs us that the troops in marching out of the city had more the appearance of skeletons than of men; some of them dropping dead of the plague as they staggered along; while the bodies of many were left disinterred in the yard of St. Mary's church, where the soldiers were ordered to deposit their arms †. In keeping with the ruthless practice of the period, Ireton immediately proceeded to wreak his vengeance upon the persons who had been most active in delaying him before the walls of the city. A strict search was made for those who were excepted from the terms of capitulation. The Bishop of Emly, General Purcell, and "Francis Woulfe, a friar," were found concealed in the pest-house; they had the form of trial by court-martial, and were executed. So also were all who had been excluded from the terms of capitulation, except O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, who escaped in the disguise of a private soldier, and O'Neil, the governor. He pleaded that he had "ever acted as a fair and honourable enemy;" but Ireton was inexorable, and a court-martial condemned the gallant general to death. Some of the officers, however, more generous than their chief, protested against the sentence; and the republican leader agreed to take the verdict of a second trial—when the life of O'Neil was saved by a single voice. Ireton himself was, however, a few days afterwards, summoned to a higher tribunal; he caught the plague, and died, at Limerick, on the 26th of November, 1651 ‡.

* "Nov. 29, 1651. The Parliament approved of the Articles of Limerick; they gave the messenger one hundred pounds who brought news of the surrender; and ordered the next Lords' Day to be a day of thanksgiving." *Memorials of English Affairs.*

† A history of the sufferings of the Irish of Munster during this calamitous period would exceed credibility, if they were not attested by the actors themselves who perpetrated the wholesale butcheries. Plague, pestilence, and famine combined with the sword to depopulate the district; so that, according to undoubted testimony, "a man might travel twenty or thirty miles without meeting a living creature." Wherever an Irishman was encountered, no quarter was given. Ludlow himself describes the atrocious device of his soldiers, to smoke the Irish out of the caves in which they had taken refuge. Yet it must be borne in mind, that this horrible system was considered only a just retribution for the massacres of 1641, which—making due reduction for the spirit (so close upon the time when it was almost impossible to judge rationally, much less mercifully) in which it is written—Sir John Temple characterises as "the most execrable plot laid by the Irish, for the universal extirpation of all these British and protestants, the bloody progress of their rebellion within the compass of the first two months; their horrid cruelties in most barbarously murdering or otherwise destroying many thousands of men, women, and children, peaceably settled, and securely intermixed amongst them, and that without any provocation or considerable resistance at first made."

‡ The Bishop of Emly, O'Brien, was one of the most active "soldiers" of the garrison; and to his exertions was mainly attributable the resolution with which it held out against the powerful army of the Commonwealth. Lord Clarendon states that he had, "from the beginning, opposed the king's authority, with the greatest passion, and had the misfortune to be put to death by those who were equally the king's enemies." The following interesting account of him is given by Dr Bourke in the "Hibernia Dominicana."

A still more conspicuous and important page in the history of Limerick, however, is filled by details of its resistance to the arms of William the Third; and "the violated treaty" that resulted from the subsequent surrender of the city. The battle of the Boyne had been fought; and James the Second, who landed in Ireland, at Kinsale, on the 12th of March, 1689, quitted it, and abandoned his partisans, embarking at Waterford; and leaving behind him a character upon which the memorable exclamation uttered at the Boyne Water is the best comment—"Exchange commanders with us, and we will fight the battle over again!"

Early in August 1790, William summoned the city to surrender; the French general, Boileau, who commanded the garrison—rather for the king of France than the king of England—returned for answer, that "he was surprised at the summons, and thought the best way to gain the good opinion of the Prince of Orange was to defend the place for his master King James." The siege was at once commenced. The city was amply supplied with troops and provisions; its natural strength had been considerably augmented; it was fortified by walls, batteries, and ramparts, and defended by a castle and citadel*. It consisted of the English town and the Irish town; the former, being on an island, built upon a rock, and surrounded on all sides by morasses that could at any time be flooded, was considered almost impregnable; and although the Irish town was less defensible, if it were captured, the English town might still be maintained. The flower of the Irish army were within its walls, or in its immediate neighbourhood; the counties of Clare and Galway were open to them, from which to draw supplies; and a French fleet rode triumphantly in the Shannon. The garrison, however, was little disposed to act in concert; the jealousy of the commanders of the French and Irish had spread to their troops; and they cherished feelings of contempt or hatred towards each other, that augured ill for their success in opposing the steady and disciplined forces

"Terence Albert O'Brien was a friar of the Dominican convent in Limerick, a doctor of divinity, elected provincial of that order in 1643, and appointed Bishop of Emly in 1644. He was so active in persuading the Irish to hold out against Cromwell's forces, that Ireton, during the siege of Limerick, offered him forty thousand pounds to desist from his exhortations, and quit the city with a passport to any other kingdom. He refused this offer heroically, in consequence of which he was exempted from pardon, tried, and condemned to be beheaded. He bore the sentence with resignation, and behaved to his last moments with manly fortitude. He addressed Ireton with a prophetic spirit, accusing him of the highest injustice, threatening him with life for life, and summoning him to the tribunal of God in a few days. Ireton caught the plague in eight days, and died soon after, raging and raving of this unfortunate prelate, whose unjust condemnation he imagined hurried on his death. The Bishop of Emly was executed on the eve of All-Saints' Day, and his head was fixed on a spike, at the top of a tower, near the centre of the city." He died with great courage; but General Purcell, who was hanged with him, was so weak as to be held up by two soldiers at the place of execution.

* After the battle of the Boyne, the Duke of Tyrconnell established his vice-regal court at Limerick.

of William. But his army was greatly reduced in number, and laboured under the disadvantage of carrying on its operations in an enemy's country. The most distinguished officer among the Irish was Sarsfield, whom James had created Earl of Lucan; and who is usually described by the historians of his party as the counterpart of Bayard—"sans peur et sans reproche*." William, however, having obtained artillery from Waterford, a breach was at length effected; and on the 27th of August, orders were issued for the assault. The best soldiers of William's army, the British grenadiers leading, rushed to the breach: and a large division actually forced their way into the town, but, being unsupported, were cut to pieces in attempting to force their way back. The English forces fought bravely, but they were as bravely opposed. The Irish returned as often as they were driven back; their native courage stimulated by their wives and daughters, who took part in the bloody contest, using against the enemy the weapons they seized from the slain; and after a struggle of four hours, the besiegers were forced to retire to their trenches, with a loss in killed and wounded of more than 2000 men, the

* Yet the fame of Sarsfield seems to have been derived from a single exploit, and one that argued activity rather than courage. Those who read the histories of the period will be at a loss to discover the facts upon which his reputation is grounded, and will, we imagine, arrive at the conclusion, that it was at least magnified beyond its just proportions. The single circumstance refered to is this. A French deserter from the English camp had conveyed intelligence to the town that a large supply of artillery stores were on their way from Dublin; Sarsfield resolved to intercept it; and set out for that purpose, with a body of 500 chosen horse. They lurked all day among the mountains; and at night, when the escort had turned their horses to graze, and were sleeping in the full sense of security, within little more than a dozen miles of the English force, the Irish dragoons burst upon them, with a terrific shout, and slew, or took prisoners, the whole of the convoy. It was, however, impossible to convey the prize into Limerick; Sarsfield, therefore, filled the guns with powder to the muzzles, and half buried them in the earth; collecting the other stores around them, he formed an immense pile, to which a train was laid; to the train a match was applied. The shock produced by the explosion was felt in the camp of William. Sarsfield knew every pass of the mountains, and easily made his way back to Limerick, although troops were on the alert in every direction to intercept him. Sarsfield was killed at the battle of Landen, and the following lines are to be found under an engraving of his portraiture:—

"Oh! Patrick Sarsfield, Ireland's wonder,
Who fought in field like any thunder;
One of King James's chief commanders,
Now lies the food of crows in Flanders."

Desertion from the army of William the Third—in which were many Frenchmen—was by no means rare. It was induced by proclamations from Tyrconnell, which found their way into the English camp. The following is an extract from one of them:—"Whereas we are informed that the foreign troops and others now in the Prince of Orange's army in Ireland, sensible of the injustice of his cause, and reduced to great extremity for want of pay and subsistence, are inclined to withdraw from his service. For their encouragement, we do hereby publish, declare, and engage, that every trooper or dragoon who shall quit the Prince of Orange's service and come into Limerick or Athlone with his horse shall have two pistoles in gold or silver, and every foot soldier one pistole of the like coin; and such of them as shall desire to go abroad, shall have a conveniency of going to France, and on their arrival there, they shall have pardon and indemnity from the king, for deserting his service and joining the Prince of Orange."

flower of their force*. The siege was raised; and on the 30th of August, the army of William commenced a retreat—the king himself embarking shortly afterwards for England, at Duncannon Fort, and leaving the conduct of the war to his generals Solmes and Ginckle, and the civil government to Lords Sidney and Coningsby †.

So important, however, was Limerick considered, that Ginckle engaged in active preparations for another attempt to take it‡; and having succeeded in obtaining possession of Athlone, after a bloody contest, and beaten the Irish forces at the memorable and eventful battle of Aughrim, where St. Ruth, the brave but arrogant general appointed by Louis to command the allied forces of France and Ireland, was slain, the shrewd and hardy Dutchman again concentrated his forces in the neighbourhood of the city, which had now be-

* The historians of the period dwell in terms of enthusiastic praise upon the courage of the Irish forces; and William himself, who witnessed the scene from an adjacent fort, is said to have mingled expressions of disappointment with those of generous admiration of the bravery of his enemies. Within two minutes after the commencement of the attack, "the noise was so terrible," writes an eye-witness, "that one would have thought the very skies ready to be rent asunder." "This was seconded by dust, smoke, and all the terrors the art of man could invent to ruine and undo one another; and to make it the more uneasie, the day itself was excessively hot to the by-standers, and much more, sure, in all respects to those in action." "The smoke that went from the town reached in one continued cloud," it is said, "to the top of a mountain at least six miles off;" an assertion that will not appear exaggerated, when it is known that a battery, which formed one of the defences of the breach, and which contained a magazine, was blown up during the engagement. Among its ruins lay the blackened bodies of a whole regiment of Brandenburghers, who had succeeded in taking it, when an unknown hand—doubtless that of some-self devoted patriot—set fire to the powder, and hundreds of brave men were blown into the air.

† Paul de Rapin, the author of the "History of England," was a lieutenant in General Douglas' regiment, at the siege in 1690; the day before the siege was raised, he was wounded in the shoulder, and his brother was shot through the body the same day. Dean Story, also, the historian of the period, was actively engaged on the occasion of the last siege, in 1691, being chaplain to the army.

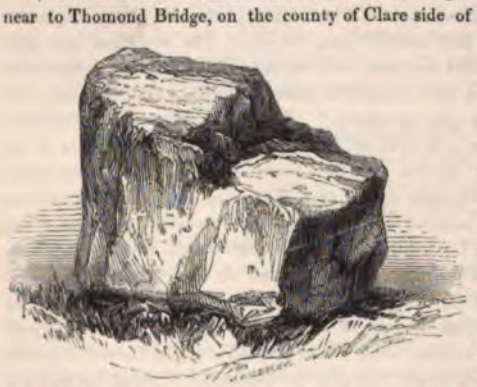
‡ Colonel Luttrell, an officer in the Irish army, was accused of betraying to the besiegers an important "pass" of the Shannon, which greatly facilitated their attacks upon the city. The name has ever since been synonymous with infamy in Ireland;—he "sould the pass," is a common saying with the peasantry to denote the iniquity of "informing;" and they believe, when a powerful storm disturbs the river Shannon, that "the spirit of the traitor Luttrell is abroad shrieking upon the waters." This fact is singularly illustrative of the injustice that may be wrought by tradition. There is no doubt that Luttrell was entirely guiltless of the charge of treason to his party advanced against him. He was tried by a court-martial, the members of which were selected by Tyrconnell, and acquitted. The following testimony of the Earl of Westmeath in a letter to Mr. Harris, the author of a Life of King William, is unimpeachable. "I was in Limerick," he writes, "and present at Colonel's Luttrell's trial; though neither I nor Sarsfield, nor Colonel Purcell, were on the court-martial. My Lord Tyrconnell appointed those he thought he had an influence on to be on it, who though many of them were his nephews, and Marks Talbot his natural son, who being much wounded at Aughrim came to the court-martial, Colonel Luttrell was acquitted, and it was impossible he could be found guilty by men that had either honesty or honour. I read in a printed book a false allegation against Colonel Luttrell, as if he had given an opportunity to Ginckle to have a bridge laid over the Shannon. Colonel Luttrell was then confined in the castle of Limerick, and brigadier Clifford commanded when the bridge was laid over, and by a very great neglect he made no opposition to it. He was for that neglect confined in the castle; and I believe if the capitulation had not been made, he must of course be condemned by a court-martial."

come a retreat for the defeated adherents of James—the only one left to them in all Ireland. The second siege occurred in the autumn of 1791; and occupied about six weeks, during which the English had obtained little advantage of any import, notwithstanding the empty boast of Lauzun, that "he would take it with roasted apples*." The garrison, however, began to weary of a struggle from which they could derive nothing but glory; and the besiegers had weighty reasons for desiring to terminate the contest at any cost. On the 23rd of September, a cessation of hostilities took place; an amicable intercourse was opened between the two armies; and articles of capitulation were, after a few brief delays, agreed upon.

The treaty was signed on the 3rd of October 1691; it consisted of two parts, civil and military †. The military articles stipulated for the surrender of Limerick, and the other fortresses "now in the hands of the Irish;" and provided that the garrisons should march out with the honours of war, and be supplied with shipping, if required, to convey them to France, or elsewhere, at the cost of the British government. The civil articles were thirteen in number; the first and ninth are they which have produced so much discus-

* The only remarkable incident that occurred during the siege was the slaughter that took place at Thomond's Bridge, in consequence of the treachery or pusillanimity of a French major. On the 22nd of September, the works which defended the Clare side were ordered to be attacked; the Irish fought bravely, but were ultimately beaten, and made a rush to the bridge. The Frenchman, fearing, it is said, that the English grenadiers would enter with the retreating soldiery, ordered the drawbridge to be raised, and left the fugitives to the mercy of their pursuers. The consequence was, that nearly all the Irish were destroyed; 600 having been put to the sword, and 150 drowned, in the vain attempt to reach the walls by swimming. The circumstance undoubtedly contributed to the ultimate surrender of the city, as it increased the suspicion with which the Irish had long regarded their French allies.

† This celebrated document is said to have been signed by the several contracting parties on a large stone, near to Thomond Bridge, on the county of Clare side of the river. The stone remains in the position it occupied at the period, and is an object of curiosity to strangers, as well as of interest to the citizens of Limerick. We therefore thought it desirable to procure a drawing of the relic, which retains its name of "the Treaty Stone." Although the statement depends entirely on tradition, it is not unlikely to be true. A medal was struck to perpetuate the memory of the surrender of Limerick. The busts of King William and Queen Mary were represented; on the reverse was "Fame sounding her trumpet, her wings spread, holding in her right hand a mural crown, and a palm branch, which she extends towards a bright light diffused from heaven. The city of Limerick is seen in the back-ground, closely besieged, the bombs flying into it, and round the medal this inscription:—'Non hæc sine numine Divum,'—these things are due to propitious Heaven. On the exergue, 'Limerica capta, Hibernia subacta, Octobris 1691;'—Limerick taken and Ireland subdued, in October 1691."



sion. The ninth provided that Roman Catholics should be required to take the oath of allegiance, and no other; and the first that

"The Roman Catholics of this kingdom (Ireland) shall enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion, as are consistent with the laws of Ireland; or as they did enjoy in the reign of King Charles the Second; and their majesties (king William and queen Mary) as soon as these affairs will permit them to summon a parliament in this kingdom (Ireland) will endeavour to procure the said Roman Catholics such further security in that particular as may preserve them from any disturbance upon the account of their said religion."

That both the letter and the spirit of this solemn compact were broken, no unprejudiced mind can now entertain a doubt; and it is the merest sophistry to contend that the king had no power to ratify the bargain he had made by his agents, and subsequently confirmed under the great seal of England *. It was, indeed, ratified by the Irish parliament, and was, at least, tacitly adhered to during the reign of William the Third; yet his successor not only did not consider it binding, but enacted laws far more oppressive upon the Roman Catholics than any that had previously existed. It should be borne in mind that the articles were agreed to and signed at a time when the contracting parties were at least on equal terms; they were not dictated by a victorious to a conquered army; for it is sufficiently notorious that the city of Limerick was in a better condition to sustain a siege than it was when William the Third led his soldiers, beaten, from its walls; and independently of their own abundant resources, the Irish army was in hourly expectation of relief from France—and which relief did, in fact, arrive within two days after the capitulation; when a fleet consisting of eighteen ships of the line—having on board a large supply of men, arms, money, and ammunition—cast anchor in the Shannon. To this must be added, that the condition of William's general was in the highest degree perilous; the winter was about to set in; and the position of his master such as to preclude the possibility of augmenting his force in Ireland. The chaff of the Irish army had been

* "William and Mary, by the grace of God King and Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, defenders of the faith. To all to whom these presents shall come greeting. Whereas certain articles, bearing date the 3rd day of October last past, made and agreed on between our justices of our kingdom of Ireland, and our general of our forces there, on the one part, and several officers there commanding within the city of Limerick, in our said kingdom, on the other part; whereby our said justices and general did undertake that we should ratify those articles, within the space of eight months or sooner; and use their utmost endeavours that the same should be ratified and confirmed in parliament: and whereas the said city of Limerick hath been since, in pursuance of the said articles, surrendered unto us: now know ye, that we, having considered of the said articles, are graciously pleased hereby to declare, that we do for us, our heirs, and successors, as far as in us lies, ratify and confirm the same, and every clause, matter, and thing therein contained. And as to such parts thereof for which an act of parliament shall be found to be necessary, we shall recommend the same to be made good by parliament, and shall give our royal assent to any bill or bills that shall be passed by our two houses of parliament to that purpose."

blown away; and that which remained was sound and substantial. They had been deserted by their king, and, in truth, could scarcely have determined who or what they were fighting for; and, after all, it would be difficult to say what better terms they could have contended for if Ginckle had been a prisoner within the walls of Limerick. Whether true or not that a proclamation —distinguished as "the secret proclamation" because though printed it was never published—had been "prepared by the Lords Justices, offering to the Irish terms still more advantageous than those granted by the general," it is certain that the articles were considered by both parties as guaranteeing to the Roman Catholics of Ireland as large an amount of civil and religious freedom as they expected or required. On the one side, had been attained the object fought for—(we may conclude that the personal cause of the monarch who had deserted them had ceased to have any influence over their proceedings)—and on the other, William the Third was secured the possession of his newly-acquired crown and kingdom, and left at liberty to employ all his means and energies to contend against his enemies on the Continent: where, at that precise period, the star of his destiny was certainly not in the ascendant.

In Ireland it has ever been, still is, and we fear will be for a long time to come, the fate of those who desire to steer an even and equitable course between all parties, to disappoint and dissatisfy all. The treaty of Limerick was bitterly inveighed against by the Anglo-Irish, as "unreasonably favourable," and as securing from confiscation the properties of such Roman Catholics as had escaped the Cromwellian forfeiture—upon which grasping hands were ready to be laid. The Irish protested against a surrender at the very moment when it seemed to be least excusable — the army of William being exhausted, Limerick being amply provided with stores, and the boom of the French cannon being almost within hearing of the garrison. The court of France exclaimed against the "treachery" of the allies, for whom it had made large sacrifices; and the feeling in England was manifested, by hesitation in ratifying the contract, and by a complete breach of it during the subsequent reign *.

There can be, however, as little question that the result of the siege of Limerick decided, in reality, a battle for the extension or contraction of

* Even in the very place where "The Treaty" was agreed to and signed, it was most flagrantly violated. In 1703, an act was passed that no Roman Catholic should come to dwell in, or inhabit the city or suburbs of Limerick, or town of Galway; and that the then Roman Catholic residents should depart out of the said city and town before the 25th of March, 1705, unless they gave sufficient securities for bearing true and faithful allegiance to the queen and her successors. These measures were carried into effect with more or less rigour as the rumours of invasion rose or fell, until the year 1724, when liberty to dwell within the city of Limerick was granted to Roman Catholics without requiring them to enter into securities for their good behaviour.

the Reformed Faith—not alone in Ireland, or in the British dominions, but in Europe; and that the parties most deeply influenced by the result of the contest were—not Ireland and England, but England and France. From the surrender of Limerick only, may be safely dated the establishment of the Protestant religion in these realms; and its entire immunity from the threats of continental enemies. If, therefore, the contract had been fulfilled to the letter, and the defenders of Limerick had obtained for themselves, their contemporaries, and their successors, all that was promised them, the gain to England and Protestantism would have been immeasurably greater than that which could have accrued to Ireland and Catholicism.

On the 4th of October, General Talmash marched into the Irish Town and took possession. "They found," writes the Annalist, "the works exceedingly strong and the Town as dirty." It was indeed almost a mass of ruins, "presenting a spectacle of desolation and misery." Immediately after the admission of William's troops, a scene occurred that has, perhaps, no parallel in history. Ginckle's object was to induce as many of the Irish as possible, either to join the army of his master, or to disband and return to their homes. On the other hand, the Generals Sarsfield and Wauchop laboured to induce them to enter the service of France; where, it was understood, the officers were to obtain rank in proportion to the number of men they added to the French forces. Ginckle issued a proclamation addressed to the soldiers of the Irish army, laying before them the advantages they would enjoy by following his counsel; and Sarsfield and Wauchop harangued them, in answer—holding out to them, especially, the prospect of their "rightful king" regaining his crown, and their consequent return "full of honour and triumph" to their native land. The Irish clergy, too, were called in to assist. Preaching at the head of each regiment, "they pointed to France as the great and glorious nation that invited their services, while she was waging the battle of the true religion in the midst of a corrupt world; upon whose arms the blessing of God had been and would be; and they designated King William as the great leader and apostle of the fearful heresy which had sprung up in the latter ages of the church, and all under his standard as incurring the dread risk of perdition."

On the 6th of October, the whole of the Irish troops, to the number of fourteen thousand, were drawn up at Thomond Gate; the lords justices (who had arrived from Dublin for the purpose), and all the generals from the British camp met them; and rode slowly along the line, their late enemies receiving them with music, and arms presented. It had been agreed by the rival commanders that when the addresses to the men from both sides were

concluded, they should be marched past a flag, raised at a given station, where those who were to be enlisted for England should file off; while those for France were to proceed onwards. Sarsfield gave the word "March!" Profound silence reigned over the whole mass; not a sound was heard, except the steady tramp of the Irish soldiers, as they advanced; until the solemnity of the scene was broken by the shouts of the multitude assembled within sight, when "the royal regiment of guards," fourteen hundred strong, reached the flag; and all—except seven—passed it. Of the whole army only three thousand either joined the English, or obtained "means to carry them home* ;" the remainder were subsequently embarked for France, and laid the foundation of the famous "Irish Brigades," that occupy positions so prominent and so honourable in the after wars of Europe †.

Of their daring courage a host of anecdotes are preserved. One of them may be regarded as a key to the whole. "Complaints founded," says the narrator, "in jealousy and envy, being made against the Brigades, the king took occasion to tell the marshal, Earl of Thomond, 'Some of your countrymen, marshal, give me a good deal of trouble.' 'Sire,' he replied, 'your majesty's enemies make the same complaint in every part of the world.'"

So ended the siege of Limerick; terminating the Irish war of the Revolution. The articles were ratified by King William, on the 24th of February, 1692; and on the 3rd of March, it was announced by proclamation that "peace was restored to Ireland." No serious attempt was subsequently made to disturb it; although, for upwards of half a century afterwards, Limerick was an object of peculiar distrust to the British Government. So late as 1750, no less than seventeen gates were in existence; and several regiments were always garrisoned there. A statement of the military arrangement of Ireland transmitted from Dublin to Mr. Edgar, secretary to the Pretender, in 1726, contains this passage: "In Limerick there are 22, and in Cork 11 companies of soldiers stationed. The companies selected are all English protestants, and other foreigners."

* It is said that Ginckle was so mortified and disappointed at the result of the day's proceeding, and especially with the active interference of the Roman Catholic clergy, that he was inclined to quarrel with the Irish general, and threatened to send back the hostages. Sarsfield bowed, and said, "I am in your power." "Not so," replied the gallant Dutchman, "for you shall go into the town again, and do the worst you can."

† That the hearts of the army were not with the French is, however, sufficiently notorious. Of the portion that was marched for Cork, a very large number—more than half, indeed—deserted on the way. "The men," says O'Driscol, "quitted their ranks every mile they proceeded, and went to their own homes or to look for homes amongst their friends and relations;" and of those that were embarked in the Shannon, "A regard for truth," writes the old historian of Limerick, "obliges us to confess that many unjustifiable means were used to inveigle these brave fellows into the French service. They were torn from their wives and families, and when some of the unhappy women clung to the sides of the boats to share the fates of their husbands, their fingers were cut off, and some of them perished in sight of their husbands."

The city of Limerick, situated in an extensive plain watered by the mighty Shannon, about sixty Irish miles from the sea *, is divided, like all the towns of note in Ireland, into English town and Irish town; but a third division, called Newtown Pery, was added to it during the last century—the work being commenced in 1769, by the Right Hon. Edmond Sexton Pery. The English town stands on "the King's Island," an island formed by the Shannon, which divides, about half a mile above the city, into two streams; the narrowest of which is named the Abbey River. There is also an extensive and populous suburb on the opposite side of the river, in the county of Clare. The more modern parts are remarkably handsome, the streets being wide and the houses evenly built: the ancient portions, on the contrary, are narrow and confined, and dirty to a proverb. Limerick may be classed among the best cities of Ireland; and it is rapidly improving; within the last few years, squares and crescents have been largely added to it, and several public buildings have been erected on a plan at once elegant and convenient. When Dr. Campbell wrote his "Survey" in 1775, the number of its streets was twenty-seven, and of its houses 3859: in 1787, the houses, according to the calculation of Mr. Ferrar, numbered 4300; in 1827, according to M'Gregor, there were seventy streets, besides numerous lanes; and by the census of 1821, the houses were enumerated at 8268. The population was then 59,045; and in 1831, it had increased to 66,554; including, however, that of the "rural district." The most remarkable of the ancient structures of Limerick, with the exception of "King John's castle," is the Cathedral—dedicated to "St. Mary;" a large and heavy-looking structure, built on the site of the palace of O'Brien, king of Limerick. Its tower is

* Ferrar states that the city derived its ancient name "Lumneach" from the fact that "the island on which it is built, so pleasing in its situation, and so well calculated to prevent surprise by the river Shannon surrounding it, was fixed on for the rendezvous of a gang of outlaws, who subsisted by plundering the neighbouring counties. Here they brought their horses and other booty, from whence it acquired the name of Lumneach, or a spot made bare by feeding horses."

remarkably high; and from the summit there is a magnificent prospect of the various objects of attraction in the immediate neighbourhood:—it is, indeed, the only place from which a view can be obtained; for there are no adjacent hills—a circumstance to which the city is considerably indebted for its natural strength *. The merchants of Limerick are active and enterprising; but their advantages are less than those of many other Irish seaports; and although a "next neighbour" to America, the long and circuitous sea-voyage from English harbours has curtailed the trade that might have been looked for with the United States. A year or two ago an energetic attempt was made to obtain for Limerick the aid of steam; and a vessel voyaged, for a short time, between the Shannon and the Thames; but the speculation, not being immediately profitable, was, unfortunately, abandoned †.

* There is a curious and interesting tradition connected with the bells of Limerick cathedral. The story is prettily told, and will bear repetition. They were, it is said, brought originally from Italy, where they were manufactured by a young native, who grew justly proud of the successful result of years of anxious toil expended in their production. They were subsequently purchased by the prior of a neighbouring convent; and with the profits of this sale the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This, however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many. He lost his all; and, after the passing of the storm, found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent in which the bells, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and the bells were carried away to another land. The unfortunate owner, haunted by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew grey, and his heart withered, before he again found a home and a friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which the treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland, proceeded up the Shannon; the vessel anchored in the pool near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. The city was now before him; and he beheld St. Mary's steeple, lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the old town. He sat in the stern, and looked fondly towards it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year—the death of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it. On a sudden, amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the cathedral; the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The aged Italian looked towards the city, crossed arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat; home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family—all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked round, they beheld him with his face still turned towards the cathedral; but his eyes were closed, and when they landed they found him dead!

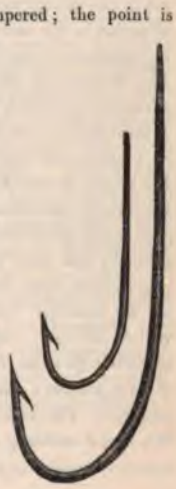
† We are indebted to the industry of Mr. Inglis—to whose accuracy in collecting facts and perfect fairness in reporting them we gladly bear testimony—for the following statement, showing that the advance of the prosperity of Limerick has been rapid and uniform:—"The amount of exports has nearly doubled since the year 1822. Nor has this increase been in only one branch of trade. With very few exceptions it has attended every branch. The corn export trade, especially, has advanced. In 1822, the export of wheat was 102,593 barrels; in 1828, the export had increased to 150,583 barrels; in 1832, the quantity exported was 194,144 barrels; and in 1833, 218,915. In barley, the export has never been great; and although it has doubled since the year 1824, it has somewhat decreased during the two last years. In oats, the increase has been very great. From 155,000 barrels, exported in 1822, the quantity had risen, in 1832, to 408,000. In flour and oatmeal, too, the increase of export has been steady and great. Of the former article, 172 cwt. only was exported in 1824. In 1828, the quantity had risen to upwards of 6,000 cwt.; in 1832, it was 33,000 cwt.; and in 1833, upwards of 37,000. In oatmeal, the advance has been equally great. The butter

The city has been long unrivalled in Ireland for some peculiar advantages; the world is familiar with the fame of Limerick lasses, Limerick gloves, Limerick hooks, and Limerick lace—the latter, however, is a distinction of more recent growth. The women of all ranks throughout the county are remarkably beautiful in form and feature. The gloves retained their celebrity for above a century; but the manufacture has dwindled of late, and a short time ago, a glover of the city excused his want of punctuality in discharging an order, by the simple truth that he had not yet received a supply from Cork—where "Limerick gloves" are now, almost exclusively, made*. The hooks have long been, and still are, famous; the saying that "every hook is worth a salmon," continuing to hold good †. The original O'Shaughnessy is

trade, which I have found rather declining in most other places, exhibits no symptom of decline in Limerick. In 1822, 42,869 firkins were exported; in 1831, 67,699 firkins were exported; the following year, there was an advance upon this quantity; and in 1833, 75,000 firkins were exported. In many other articles of trade, the increase has been equally great; but the general increase of trade is best observed by the estimated value of the whole exports. In 1822, the estimated value was 479,538*l.*; in 1830, the estimated value was 720,266*l.*; the following year, it was 854,406*l.*; in 1832, it was 1,005,945*l.*; and in 1833, 936,995*l.* The tonnage of vessels clearing out of the port exhibits the same advance. In 1822, the tonnage was 92,876; in 1825, 41,871; in 1831, 52,326; in 1833, 56,850." We have procured the following returns of the quantity of provisions shipped from the port in the year 1840:—Beef, 1097 tierces; ditto, 48 barrels; pork, 9573 tierces; ditto, 15,726 barrels; butter, 71,513 firkins; bacon, 56,542 cwt.; wheat, 54,528 barrels; oats, 325,901 barrels; barley, 10,454 barrels; bran, 1883 cwt.; flour, 58,840 cwt.; oatmeal, 29,660 cwt.; lard, 11,328 cwt.; hams, 8269 cwt.; hides, 460 cwt.; malt, 485 cwt. The whole of the exports of this year, 1840, may be estimated at about the value of £1,500,000. Unhappily, however, the extent of the export trade, although sufficiently illustrative of the prosperity of the city, is by no means a test of the comforts and welfare of the people. In 1822, when the exports were comparatively small, potatoes were not above 1½*d.* per stone; and in the year 1840, when they were greatest, the same article of food had reached to 8*d.*—the poor being literally starving.

* The leather was so delicate, and the workmanship so fine, that a pair was frequently passed through a wedding ring; we purchased a pair enclosed in a walnut shell.

† The Limerick hook is formed of the purest steel, and each hook is separately tempered; the point is remarkably sharp, carried almost to the fineness of a needle; it will never bend and rarely break; it is longer in the fang than any other hook; and has no bend, as in the Kirby hook. Here for example is one of No. 6, and another of No. 9. The salmon hooks are frequently much larger than the No. 6. The flies used on the Shannon are of a very gaudy character—much more so than either the English, Scotch, Welsh, or even those applied to other Irish rivers—the feathers most available are those of the golden pheasant (toppings). Although fully effective in luring the salmon, it resembles no insect hitherto discovered. We had prepared, for introduction here, some observations on angling in Ireland; but the county of Limerick supplies us with so many topics more peculiar to it, that these remarks we reserve for a future occasion. The Shannon is famous for salmon-fishing, but not for the salmon alone; and the rivers that run into it abound in trout. The increased facilities for exporting to England have of course materially raised the price of the fish; but a few years ago salmon was usually sold in Limerick market for a penny a pound; and it was a common proviso in the indentures of an apprentice to any decent trade, that he should not be required to eat salmon for dinner more than thrice a week. We have seen one of the contracts that contained the singular stipulation.



dead; but his namesake and successor—as well as another maker named Glover—uphold the high character they have established in the estimation of every brother of the angle. They bear a very high price—necessarily so, in consequence of the exceeding nicety and care with which they are manufactured. They have been, of late years, greatly improved. They were formerly ill-shaped and heavy; they are now lighter in the wire, of a more graceful form, and far better tempered. Large quantities of them are exported to America; but in England, too frequently, anglers are deceived by a base imitation of them made at Sheffield. Of the Limerick lace, we have more to say. The lace manufacture, now so extensively carried on and brought to so high a state of perfection as not only to rival but surpass that of any district in England, was introduced into Limerick in 1829, by Mr. Walker, an Englishman; the experiment was commenced upon a very limited scale; twenty-two lace-workers having been brought from Nottingham—the cradle of the English lace trade, to teach the art, and endeavour to establish it in the neighbourhood *. The attempt was eminently successful; year after year it

* There are three principal lace manufactories in Limerick; that of Messrs. Walker and Lambert is the oldest, and continues to be the most extensive. A considerable loss was sustained by Mr. Walker at the commencement of his patriotic undertaking; but as he became acquainted with the character and habits of the people, he was enabled, gradually, to overcome all the difficulties in his way; and of late years his establishment has steadily progressed. At the present time, he employs 1,100 females, about 800 of whom are apprentices, working in the factories at Limerick and Kilrush; while about 300 are employed at their own houses, in the counties of Limerick and Clare. The great superiority of the lace manufactured by these gentlemen, over that of a similar class of goods made either at Nottingham or other lace-manufacturing districts of England, is universally admitted by all who are acquainted with it. It should be borne in mind, that a vast quantity of inferior material is constantly thrown into the market as Limerick lace, that has no affinity to it, either in design or in execution. The manufactory next in importance is that of Mr. Lloyd (an Englishman, as well as Mr. Walker). He settled in the city in 1834, to aid in the management of Mr. Walker's concern, where he continued for eighteen months, devoting his attention to the introduction of a new style of work, which he asserts "has given to the manufacture the character it now bears in the English and Scotch markets." In 1835, a separation took place between Mr. Walker and Mr. Lloyd; and the latter commenced the establishment which he now carries on, in Abbey Court; where he employs about 400 girls and women, whose ages vary from eight or nine to about thirty. A third factory, but more limited, is that of Mr. Greaves (an Englishman also); it was commenced, in 1836, on a small scale, but in consequence of the great energy and activity manifested by this gentleman, his factory has largely increased; he now gives employment to 200 females, and is continually adding to the number. In the several establishments, the utmost attention is paid to the social and moral condition of the workers; and good habits are studiously taught them as well as their business; they are remarkably cleanly and well-ordered; and their appearance is healthy and comfortable. Their health is carefully watched by medical practitioners, who attend upon them at their own houses in cases of illness, the expense of which is defrayed by the masters. The utmost attention is paid to them by their instructors, who are much interested as well as earnestly disposed to render them proficients in their work. They are apprenticed at an early age, and although some time must elapse before the employer can receive any recompense from their labour, they at once receive a small rate of wages, equivalent, however, to their actual wants, and augmenting as they progress. The proprietors of the several concerns spare neither trouble nor expense to improve the manufacture. Mr. Lloyd annually visits Brussels, Caen, and other parts of France, to collect new designs; and he is consequently enabled to produce specimens as elegant and highly wrought as any of Continental manufacture.

continued to prosper, until it has attained a high degree of vigour—producing immensely beneficial results, and promising to increase largely in value and importance. There are now employed in the manufacture about 1700 females, —in the various branches of the trade, consisting of tambourers, runners, darners, menders, washers, finishers, framers, muslin-embroiderers, and lace open-workers; the ages of the workers vary from eight years to thirty years; the average scale of wages is three shillings and sixpence weekly; some earn, however, as much as seven shillings. The ground-work is made by machinery, as invented by Mr. Heathcoat, M.P. for Tiverton*.

* We have taken some pains to examine into the character of the Limerick lace, and procured specimens from the three leading manufactories, with a view to compare them with those produced in England and on the Continent. We fearlessly assert—and challenge scrutiny—that it may vie in delicacy and beauty of finish with anything of the kind wrought at the present time in Europe; while it is infinitely less costly than that manufactured in France or Belgium, and considerably cheaper than that of Nottingham or either of the lace districts of this country. Here are two lappets from Mr. Walker's factory; for the one we have paid eight and sixpence, and for the other seven shillings; for inferior articles we have frequently paid half as much again in London. Here is a collar, elaborately worked in six different stitches, and inlaid with the finest cambric; this specimen would be charged at any lace house in London at least sixteen shillings. We have paid for it ten shillings. Imitations of Point and Lisle lace are rendered with great accuracy; and the muslin work in shirts, cuffs, pocket-handkerchiefs, &c., &c, is deserving of all praise. From the factory of Mr. Greaves we procured three specimens: a muslin collar, made at the establishment in the County Clare, fifteen shillings; a habit-shirt, made in the establishment at Limerick, ten shillings; a canezou, made at the same place, twelve shillings and sixpence. From the factory of Mr. Lloyd we obtained a singularly beautiful specimen—a shawl, charged to us £1 9*s*.—but this we believe is the wholesale price, for he does not deal by retail. We must, of course, trust that our readers will have confidence in our statement (for it is impossible here to establish it by proof), and that some of them will put it to the test, by obtaining specimens from either of the factories—which they may easily do through the Post-office (the medium through which we had our supply); a more certain mode of procuring it genuine than by application to a London dealer in the article.

It should be especially noted that the three gentlemen who conduct these three establishments (the only establishments, we believe, in Limerick) ARE ENGLISHMEN. We desire to lay some stress upon this fact; because we are fully aware—and desire earnestly to extend the opinion—that it is of the utmost consequence to Ireland to induce English capitalists to settle in the country, and to introduce, with the means of turning its vast natural wealth to account, the prudent, reflective, and persevering habits so characteristic of the English people. We have been already taken to task—somewhat thoughtlessly if not uncourteously—in an Irish newspaper, for placing undue value upon the benefit to be derived to Ireland from this source; but it is a fact beyond question that the great majority of the speculations, out of which extended employment has arisen, have originated in English enterprise, and been conducted and continued by English capital. Now that the Irish have so generally, we may almost write so universally, thrown off the habit that for so long a period created distrust (in the quantity of malt used last year in the Irish distilleries, there appears a decrease of 2,852,416 proof gallons of whiskey, as compared with the preceding year—an amount that may be reasonably trebled in calculating the quantity consumed, allowing for its deterioration and for the total abolition of the illicit trade), there cannot but ensue a much stronger desire on the part of capitalists in England to employ their energies in Ireland—a soil so rich that the hand of industry may make it instantly and abundantly productive. If we again revert to the statement we have quoted—on the authority of a Manchester manufacturer—it is in the fervent hope that the more considerate and reflecting will perceive how safe and sure a way may be opened for the improvement of the country and the benefit of its people; and that while "agitation" is kept up, Ireland, if it do not retrograde, can make but little progress in advance.

The influence of these establishments has been largely felt in Limerick and its vicinity. A love of industry has been extensively spread among the humbler classes, arising from the certainty that it will be amply recompensed; the cottages of the workers are conspicuous for neatness and good order; and very many of the apprentices have sums varying from one pound to twenty pounds deposited in the savings bank—a considerable portion of them earning more in a week than the day-labourer, and the employment continuing during the whole of the year.

There is another establishment in Limerick, that we may not omit to notice—it is that of Mr. Russell, the extensive provision-merchant. In this concern, an annual sum of about £200,000 is expended; the average number of pigs salted annually is about 50,000, and about 2,000 head of cattle. The building in which the business is carried on covers an area of three acres, entirely roofed in; while underneath are tanks capable of containing 600 tons. When we walked through it, we saw above 15,000 hams cured and dried; and the managers have attained so much skill by practice, that the article is held in the highest estimation throughout Ireland, and would be equally so in England, if the consumer were enabled to distinguish it from the York ham, for which it is continually sold by the retail dealers of London. Mr. Russell employs 250 men; coopers, curers, smoakers, renderers, "bacon-bed-men," choppers, packers, sorters, &c.—and pays weekly above £100 in wages. He has this year supplied the navy with 7000 tierces of pork and 300 tierces of beef, and exported largely to the East Indies; and he trades, either directly or indirectly, with nearly every part of the world*. Close to the city, on the banks of the canal, are powerful and extensive mills called Lock mills. The first flour machines that were ever used in Ireland for separating bran from flour, and each quality of flour from the other, were erected here. The mills were built by Uzulle, a Dutchman, who also built the different locks of the canal and the New Bridge which connects English-town with Newtown Pery.

Limerick, like all the cities and towns of Ireland, abounds in charitable Institutions. There are two or three of them, however, that call for especial

* Mr. Russell has a "rat barrack" on his premises. It is about twelve feet long and six feet broad, and the walls about four feet high with a coping-stone on the top, that projects a couple of feet inside the wall—the inside of the wall is full of holes that just admit a rat's body, leaving his tail outside—the whole is covered with old boards; there are two passages for them to come outside into the yard, where they are fed and never disturbed; the consequence is they never go into his store where the bacon is—once every three months he closes the holes that communicate with the yard—he uncovers the walls and the rats all run into the holes in the walls; their tails are "hanging out," when a man goes in, takes them one by one by the tails and throws them into a barrel, when they are all destroyed, to leave room for a fresh supply.

notice. The first is the "Protestant Orphan Friends' Society," founded in 1833. The report issued in 1840 gives the sum collected during the year at £769 7*s.* 7*d.*—raised by subscriptions at public meetings, and after sermons; £720 10*s.* having been expended in forwarding the benevolent purpose of the charity. There are, at present, 215 orphans, in the city and county, under the care of the society. Its peculiar feature is this—that the children are not boarded together in any one place, but are located with discreet matrons, in various places; these matrons receive monthly payments, and are superintended in every parish by a committee of ladies, who watch over the present condition and future prospects of the children with unceasing care; the average sum allowed for the support and clothing of each child is about four pounds per annum. There are among the number, the orphans of physicians, clergymen, schoolmasters, sub-inspectors of police, and persons of almost every trade and calling. When sufficiently educated, they are apprenticed to tradesmen and farmers, articled to the gentry as servants, &c.

Barrington's Hospital and City of Limerick Infirmary was erected and founded by Sir Joseph Barrington, Bart., and his sons, Matthew, (Crown-solicitor, from whom the funds were principally derived,) Daniel, Croker, and Samuel, Barrington, at their sole expense, for the benefit of the poor of their native city. The building was completed in the year 1829, and incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1830, under the 11th George IV., by which it was deemed and considered as the City of Limerick Infirmary. By this act the family and its heirs male are governors for life. Donors of twenty guineas are also governors for life; and subscribers of three guineas are annual governors. They form a body corporate, with power to purchase land and personal property. The committee consists of thirteen of the governors. The hospital was opened for the reception of patients on 5th November, 1831, and continued to admit medical and surgical cases until June 5th, 1832; when, in consequence of the

devastation committed by epidemic cholera, the Board of Health obtained permission from the governors to have the hospital given to them for patients affected by it; and during the nine months the hospital was open for the cure of that disease, there were 1537 cases admitted, of which 986 were cured and 551 died. In July 1833 it was again opened, and continues to receive cases, for medical and surgical treatment; but, notwithstanding there is no other City Infirmary, it languishes for want of funds *.

There is, however, one public institution in Limerick that may not be dismissed thus briefly:—although, at present, happily, not peculiar to the city, it originated there, and there continues to flourish: we allude to the "Mont de Piété," or charitable pawn-office.

The objects of this institution are two-fold: first, to protect the needy from the usurious exactions of trading pawnbrokers, by lending money upon pledges at a very low rate of interest, and abolishing altogether the legal but oppressive charge for "tickets;" and next, to distribute among the poor the sums thus raised from the poor, by maintaining and extending the benefits of an Hospital for their relief. The circumstance out of which it arose is simply this:—Mathew Barrington, a gentleman whose name will be classed with those of the most munificent benefactors to the human race, having built the Hospital we have referred to—at a cost of nearly £10,000, which he bestowed upon his fellow-citizens—found, to his surprise and regret, that it was not supported in the way he had reason to expect, and that the "annual subscriptions" for its maintenance were far more limited than the applications for

* All the funds that are at present available are—

Grand Jury presentments	£200 per annum.	
Government Grant	89	
Subscriptions	111	
Collected after occasional Sermons	200	
		£600 Total.

The hospital is in debt about £1500. Formerly the fines and penalties from petty sessions were a great assistance in keeping a number of beds open; but since an act was passed called the Fines and Penalties Act, that resource is entirely taken away. The house contains at present forty-two beds (of which only fifteen or sixteen can be admitted); it affords room for sixty, and the new wing for sixty more; total 120. Yet in so flourishing a city hundreds are turned from the door of this benevolent institution (chiefly heads of families), whose deaths send an increase of paupers over the country. If the houses of the new town of Limerick subscribed but ten shillings each house per annum, incalculable good could be rendered by this valuable institution.

Total number admitted since its commencement to the 31st March, 1840	2836	
Cured	1972	
Relieved	433	
Otherwise disposed of	158	
Died	273	
		2836

relief. Instead, however, of becoming proportionately apathetic himself, he considered how a remedy for the evil might be provided; and finding that many of the hospitals in the principal cities of France, Holland, Belgium, and Italy were supported by Monts de Piété*, he resolved upon endeavouring to introduce the system into Ireland. He met a few of the leading inhabitants of Limerick in October 1836, explained to them his views, and the project was unanimously adopted. A capital was formed by the issue of debentures, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. (the legal rate of interest in Ireland): the debentures vary from £5 to £500, and the value can be drawn from the joint stock, by giving three months' notice of an intention so to do; or moneys may be, at any time, raised upon them.

Mr. Barrington's next step was to procure a competent person to superintend the projected establishment; and Mr. John W. H. Haynes, the present upright and intelligent manager, was selected. He was first sent to Paris to acquire the necessary information relative to the Mont de Piété there†.

* The name *Mons Pietatis* came with the invention from Italy. In the first century of the Christian era free gifts were collected and preserved in churches to defray the expenses of divine service, and for the relief of the poor. The collections thus made were called *Montes*, or *Mounts*, a name originally applied to all money procured or heaped together, and it has appeared that the inventor added the word *Pietas*, to give to his institution a sacred or religious character, and to procure for it universal approbation and support. In Italy their establishment is of a very early date; and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the plan had spread to nearly all its cities. The first lending-house in Germany was authorised by the Emperor Maximilian the First, in 1498, in a grant to the citizens of Nuremberg. In 1568, a lending-house was established at Amsterdam, by the magistrates, at the recommendation of William, Prince of Orange; and in 1619, at Brussels; in 1620, at Antwerp; in 1622, at Ghent. Attempts were made between the years 1626 and 1695 to introduce the system into France; but they were unsuccessful until the year 1777, when a Mont de Piété was established in Paris by a royal ordinance of Louis the Sixteenth. Buonaparte, by the Code Napoleon, 1804, further regulated these establishments in France, enacting "That no house of loan or security can be established but to the profit of the poor, and with the approbation of government;" and declaring that the object of these institutions should be, "*to lower interest to the poor and turn profits to the Hospitals.*" The principle upon which these institutions were formed, therefore, is to relieve the temporary wants of the poor by advances of money upon pledges, securing them from rapacious and usurious exactions, and that the *profits* (after defraying the expenses and paying the interest of the capital employed) should become a fund for the benefit of the class of persons from whom they are *derived*, and appropriated to *their* maintenance and support, when sickness or disease prevent their pursuing their ordinary occupations.

† Evils have, it appears, gradually crept into the French system; they have been fully exposed in an elaborate article, translated from the "Gazette des Tribunaux," and published in "The Times" newspaper. It is there asserted, and the assertion is sustained by proof, that "in each of the large towns of France has been established a *sanctuary for usury*, where, under pretence of assisting the poor man, he is lent money, on security or pledge, at the exorbitant rate of 12, 15, and even 18 per cent;" and in a "Report" recently made to the king by the minister of the interior, he suggests that "the profits, instead of being paid into the funds of the hospitals, should be, at least for some time, abandoned to the Monts de Piété themselves, in order to form for those establishments a proper endowment, and to enable them to lower the rate of interest; that, in short, the Monts de Piété should cease to be regarded as fiscal establishments, and should be made, in reality, establishments of charity and benevolence." There exist, it seems, in France thirty-two Monts de Piété regularly instituted, viz., those of Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, Versailles, Metz, Nantes, Toulon, Dijon, Rheims, Boulogne, Besançon, Rouen, Strasbourg, Brest, Nimes, Tarascon, Beaucaire, Apt,

Having been furnished with letters from the British to the French Government, his purpose was in every way facilitated; and in March 1837 he opened the first establishment of the kind in Great Britain. A handsome and convenient structure—one of the chief ornaments of the city—was built for conducting the concern; and the result has been most gratifying in all respects. The subscribers have been amply recompensed for the use of their capital, and—when the cost of the building has been liquidated—they will, without any pecuniary

Carpentras, Brignolles, Dieppe, St. Omer, Angers, Avignon, Calais, St. Germain-en-Laye, St. Quentin, Nancy, Luneville, Havre, and Lisle (Vaucluse). Some establishments still exist in other parts, but only by virtue of the approval of the local authorities, and, consequently, with very irregular conditions attached to them. Two valuable and interesting tables have been prepared in reference to the establishment at Paris: we learn that out of 1,210,669 loans granted in 1836, 980,251, or little less than five-sixths, belong to that class of loans which extends from 3f. to 20f.; out of 59,613 deposits unredeemed in the years 1834 and 1835, and sold in 1836, 49,839f., or a little more than five-sixths, belong to the same class. In France, therefore, as in Ireland, it is to the very poorest class that a large proportion of the loans are advanced—and from whose necessities, consequently, the profit is chiefly derived. The number of loans from 3f. to 20f. was, in 1836, 879,785; from 20f. to 50f., 145,860; from 50f. to 100f., 63,484; from 100f. to 200f., 10,102; from 200f. to 300f., 7,620; from 300f. to 400f., 1,463; from 400f. to 500f., 863; from 500f. to 1,000f., 5,655; from 1,000f. to 2,000f., 299; from 2,000f. to 3,000f., 54; from 3,000f. to 4,000f., 18; from 4,000f. to 5,000f., 8; from 5,000f. to 6,000f., 9; from 6,000f. to 7,000f., 3; from 7,000f. to 8,000f., 5; from 8,000f. to 9,000f., 2; of 10,000f., 2; of 12,000f., 1. The loans upon 1,210,669 articles amounted in that year to the sum of 20,714,555f., which produced 1,191,087f. 9c. of interest at 5¾ per cent. for seven months and twenty days, the average duration of the engagements. The expenses were 883,788f. 37c., and the profits to the administration 665,671f. 42c. The total expenditure of the administration of the Mont de Piété was, in 1836, 891,972f., of which 259,834f. were appropriated to the payment of the interest on the security and capital, and 631,238f. to the general expenses of management. One result on which the author of the table, prepared by order of the Minister of the Interior, for 1836, congratulates himself is this, that ninety-five hundredths of the articles pledged were redeemed, and that, as five-sixths of these articles belonged to the poorer classes, it must "hence be inferred, that the interest is not too high, since the needy classes rarely allow their deposits to be sold."

Unfortunately, however, this fact has an essential drawback; for the greater portion of the small borrowers, being totally unable to redeem their pledges, sell their duplicates at a low price to individuals who are found at every step in the suburbs of Paris, pursuing their odious trade. Notwithstanding, however, the errors that exist in the management of these institutions, which are not, in reality, what they ought to be and may be, "charitable and benevolent establishments," the Minister of the Interior thus concludes his report:—"It ought to be acknowledged that even in the state of relative imperfection in which they are, the Monts de Piété render great services to the indigent classes, by protecting them from usury and by preserving for them their pledges, which are very often lost when in the hands of the clandestine lenders. It is even to be wished that other Monts de Piété were established in populous towns, industrial or maritime—in fact, in all places where the people are exposed to have their means of existence diminished by unforeseen events."

sacrifice, have rendered the hospital commensurate with the wants of the people; while the poor of the city are already relieved to an almost incredible extent. The subjoined note will best explain the advantages that have accrued to both *.

In considering the great practical utility of such establishments, due regard should be had to the peculiar position of Ireland, where a very large proportion of the people seldom possess property in the form of money. It is no exaggeration to state that nearly four-fifths of the rural population have seldom passing through their hands during the year more than sufficient to pay rent; in many cases not even so much, for it is frequently paid by a stipulated

* TRANSACTIONS OF THE MONT DE PIETE, LIMERICK, SINCE ITS COMMENCEMENT, TO DECEMBER 1840.

Years.	Amount lent on Pledges.			Amount received for Released Articles.			Gross Profit.			Observations.
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
1837	14,130	1	6½	9668	11	10¾	335	2	7½	Total number of Pawns received since the establishment opened, to March 19, 1841, 460,895.
1838	17,885	13	3¾	16,923	15	8½	1074	18	4½	
1839	21,091	7	8½	20,727	19	6¼	1172	15	3½	
1840	25,488	6	5½	23,675	1	5½	1357	13	11	
Total	78,595	9	0¼	71,005	8	7	3940	10	2½	

There is no charge for tickets at this establishment; consequently if those pawns were pledged at a pawnbroker's, the poor would have to pay for each pawn a sum of one penny; if the amount borrowed amounted to 10*s.*, two-pence; if it amounted to 40*s.* four-pence:—therefore (not at all taking into account the low rate of interest) the saving effected by the very poorest persons is most remarkable. For instance, say that

360,000	of those pledges were *under* 10*s.*, at 1*d.* each	. . .	£1500 0 0
90,000	do. *under* 40*s.*, at 2*d.* each	. . . .	750 0 0
10,895	do. *over* 40*s.*, at 4*d.* each	. . .	181 11 8
	or a sum saved in four years on the bare item of tickets, to the very poorest people, of		£2431 11 8

If to this be added the saving in interest, we may safely calculate that nearly as much in addition is saved as the establishment is realising—as the following table will show the difference in the rate of interest, for different sums, to 10*s.* and £1.

Sum lent.			Mont de Piété Interest.	Pawnbroker's Interest.	Pawnbroker's *total charge* of Interest and Ticket.
£	s.	d.	d.	d.	d.
0	1	0	0¼	0½	1½
0	2	0	0½	1	2
0	3	0	0½	1	2
0	4	0	1	1½	2½
0	5	0	1	1½	2½
0	6	0	1½	2	3
0	7	0	1½	2	3
0	8	0	1½	2½	3½
0	9	0	2	2½	3½
0	10	0	2	3	5
1	0	0	4	5	7

amount of labour. "The Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Pawnbroking in Ireland" sets out by asserting an incontrovertible fact, that "by far the greater part of the sums lent in Ireland do not exceed two shillings;" and from the same document we learn that a vast number of the loans are from four-pence to one shilling: Mr. Haynes calculates that in Ireland £3000 is annually lent in one-shilling loans; and that as the greater number of the pledges are released in a week, the charge being one penny upon each, the £3000 so advanced produces to the lenders, in a year, no less than £19,500.*

The evils of the pawnbroking system of Great Britain have been long complained of and protested against, but no effectual remedy has yet been applied to them. It is admitted on all hands that the pawnbroker has the power of defrauding the necessitous to an enormous amount, and of encouraging and screening dishonest persons: even if he keep within the boundary of the laws, which he seldom does, enacted to protect the needy from his extortions, his profits are immensely disproportionate to the capital he employs and the risk he runs. The dishonest may rob to an almost inconceivable extent; while the honest are warranted, by the defective state of the law, in exacting a profit ruinous to the borrower.

In Ireland there are 700 pawnbrokers; the profits derived by each, after paying all the charges of their business, may be fairly averaged at £900 per

* It is in Ireland a common custom to pledge in the morning and redeem in the evening of the same day. We copy the following passage from the evidence of Mr. Haynes:—"There is, particularly in Limerick, a description of persons who live entirely on their dealings in huxtering eggs, potatoes, and other things of that kind, of a very poor description; they deal almost entirely with us: they pledge, in the morning, their bed-clothes for as much money as will buy six or eight stone of potatoes; they hold them up until evening, and then dispose of them at a higher rate to those persons who are not able to come in the morning early to buy from the farmers; they pledge with us, for three shillings and eleven-pence, their bed-clothes; they are going as close as they can upon the four shillings, for which they only pay us in the evening a halfpenny; they invariably release the articles in the evening, and support their families upon the profit of what they have borrowed in the day." The testimony of Mr. Haynes is supported by that of Mr. Douglas. To the poor borrower there is a considerable saving, notwithstanding the interest he has to pay. "In this way—the price of potatoes in the early market would be probably a halfpenny to a penny a stone lower than they will be in the evening market, and to a necessitous person, who is obliged to have them for the maintenance of his family upon the Sunday, it is a great object to save this difference in price: the same holds good of milk in about the same proportion."

Of the change that has been brought about by the establishment of the Mont de Piété, we have been furnished with one anecdote, that will suffice to illustrate its practical working. A poor woman, when the institution first opened, was in the habit of pledging *every* morning her bed-tick for two shillings and sixpence, and releasing it every evening; this she did for the purpose of purchasing potatoes from the country people, and retailing them afterwards in small quantities, at a higher price, thereby endeavouring to support her family: for this loan she *daily paid the pawnbroker the sum of two-pence.* When the Mont de Piété opened, she, being only charged a halfpenny, saved three-halfpence daily, which eventually enabled her to raise a small stock-purse of ten shillings; and she now seldom if ever visits even that office.

annum—making a total of £630,000—gathered chiefly from the distress and misery of the poor. To provide a certain and sufficient remedy, therefore, the Monts de Piété are established—the objects originally contemplated, and now effected, being these:

1st. The raising a capital by small debentures at a certain interest, and lending it on a greater interest and applying the profits to the purposes of charity.

2ndly. Receiving the debentures in pawn, thus giving to the depositors an advantage which they do not possess in the Savings' Bank.

3rdly. Lending money at interest to poor persons of unimpeachable character and industrious habits on personal security, as is done by the Loan-Banks.

4thly. Lending money on goods, as is now done by the ordinary pawnbrokers.

5thly. In case of deserving objects, to restore the article, such as implements of trade pawned in the hour of *real* want, without interest or charge.

6thly. Using every precaution against receiving stolen goods in pawn.*

Added to these, is another very important improvement: in the charitable institution no charge whatever is made for "tickets;" for which the ordinary pawnbroker is permitted, as we have shown, to demand a sum varying from one penny to four-pence for each†; and no payment is required for affidavits to recover lost articles—a form which, elsewhere, costs the borrower two-pence.

Thus, then, we see that since the foundation of the institution, although its profit has been considerable, the effect it has produced upon the social and moral condition of Limerick city and county—for persons apply to it from distant parts—is already prodigious: the saving to the poor has been immense;

* Thus, the industrious labourer who has saved £5 is enabled to purchase a debenture, upon which he receives interest at 6 per cent., and in time of pecuniary difficulty he can pledge this debenture instead of an article more necessary to his comfort—raising upon it any sum he pleases within £5. The moral degradation is therefore in a great degree prevented, for he merely borrows money on the security of money, and sacrifices little more than the interest to which he would be entitled. The establishment also operates as a check to drunkenness, for pledges are invariably refused from intoxicated persons, or from such as are believed to apply for means to minister to their vicious habits; and it is worthy of especial remark, that the Institution being conducted by persons having no selfish ends to serve, renders great assistance to the magistrates in tracing and detecting theft—a fact to which the magistrates of Limerick bear ample testimony, as since its foundation many persons have been handed over to the police authorities who had offered stolen property in pledge.

† In order to test this source of profit as closely as possible, Mr. Barrington on the 15th of October, 1836, pawned twenty-five articles at the offices of the twenty-five pawnbrokers of Limerick. In one pawn-office, he found the number to be 92,119. And on the 22nd he also pledged in the same office, and it was then 93,400, which, if he deducted the first number from the last, leaves the number taken in one week to be 1281, or 66,612 pledges in one year; leaving to this pawnbroker, for tickets alone, in one year, the sum of £277 11*s.*; and this was counting each ticket but one penny. He pawned again on the 28th of October at the same office, and found the number increased to 94,560, giving to that office from Saturday to Friday (five days) 1160 pledges or £4 16*s.* 8*d.* for tickets alone! The price of the ticket varies, as we have said, according the value of the article, from 1*d.* to 4*d.*; and he had calculated the price of the tickets in this one pawn-office alone to amount in the year to £277 11*s.*, counting each ticket at but one penny. The deposits in a week in the twenty-five offices amount to 14,153, and in the year to 735,956, making £3066 profit for tickets only. The cost for paper and printing all these tickets was not more than £37!!

and even the money they do pay for assistance will be, hereafter, returned to them in their time of still greater need, when disease aggravates the evil of poverty. We rejoice to find that the blessing which Mr. Barrington—honoured be the name!—has conferred upon his native city, is gradually extending throughout Ireland*. Already, Monts de Piété are established in Cork, Belfast, Tanderagee, Portadown, and Newcastle; and they are about to be opened in Dublin, Waterford, Clonmel, Kilkenny, and Sligo. We cannot doubt, indeed, that one will be, ere long, formed in every city and town of the country; perhaps we may not be over-sanguine in expecting that England will learn at least one beneficial lesson from Ireland; and that finding the experiment so successful in Limerick, and so certain of success elsewhere, the system may be largely introduced into this kingdom. We earnestly hope that the benevolent and considerate of our manufacturing districts, more especially, will direct their attention to a subject of such paramount importance—which may lead to immense results in improving the future character and condition of the humbler classes†.

The great attraction of Limerick—although by no means the only one—is, however, its majestic and beautiful river; "the king of island rivers,"—the "principallest of all in Ireland," writes the quaint old naturalist, Dr. Gerrard Boate. It takes its rise among the mountains of Leitrim—strange to say, the precise spot has not been ascertained—and running for a few miles, as an inconsiderable stream, diffuses itself into a spacious lake, called Lough Allyn. Issuing thence it pursues its course for several miles and forms another small lake, Lough Eike; again spreads itself out into Lough Ree,—a lake fifteen miles in length and four in breadth; and thence proceeds as a broad and rapid river, passing by Athlone; then narrowing again until it reaches Shannon harbour; then widening into far-famed Lough Derg, eighteen miles long and four broad; then progressing until it arrives at Killaloe, where it ceases to be navigable until it waters Limerick city; from

* "The evidence relating to this institution will be found of a most interesting character. Too much praise cannot be given to its philanthropic founder for the zeal, labour, time, and expense which he has devoted to the thankless task of opposing the existing system of the Pawnbrokers; and though your committee have not adopted Mr. Barrington's views on many of the points connected with the subject, as detailed in his evidence and in his petition, they have derived most valuable information and assistance from that gentleman, as well as from Mr. Douglas, the secretary, and from Mr. Haynes, the able manager of his establishment." Report of Select Committee of the House of Commons.

† We should observe that the great success of the experiment is chiefly attributed to the system of checks pursued by Mr. Haynes. It is of too elaborate a character to justify us in describing it; but he will readily afford every requisite information to any person desiring to establish a similar institution either in Ireland or England. His advice and assistance would indeed much facilitate the object; and we cannot doubt that he would gladly school any learner into the whole process upon which the Limerick Mont de Piété is conducted.

whence it flows in a broad and majestic volume to the ocean for about sixty miles: running a distance of upwards of 200 miles from its source to its mouth—between Loop Head and Kerry Head (the space between them being about eight miles), watering ten counties in its progress, and affording facilities for commerce and internal intercourse such as are unparalleled in any other portion of the United Kingdom. Yet, unhappily, up to the present time, its natural advantages have been altogether neglected; its munificent wealth having been suffered to lie as utterly waste as if its blessings were offered only to an unpeopled desert*.

To render the Shannon a navigable river has long been a cherished object; but the difficulties appeared insurmountable. So far back as 1638, the subject excited the earnest attention of the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, then viceroy of Ireland; and a letter has been preserved addressed by him, and signed by the Privy Council, to the Earl of Thomond and others, stating that "heere is one that offers to make the river Shannon navigable from Lymericke to above the foord of Killalow, and hee demands for his payment and charges therein £3000." Until very recently, however, no effort was made to improve it; and so recently as 1832, Mr. Rhodes (civil engineer, member of a commission appointed in 1831) reports that "the grand designs of nature have been in a great measure frustrated; and the river (an odd simile, by the way) may not unaptly be compared to a sealed book†." It

* "Taking a view of this majestic river, its lakes and lateral branches, which receive the drainage of a considerable portion of Ireland, they also appear as if formed and designed by *Nature* as the great arteries of the kingdom for facilitating its agricultural and commercial purposes, by marking out a splendid line of intercourse for an expeditious and cheap mode of conveyance (through a populous country) superior to any in the empire, and only requiring a little assistance from *art* to render it beneficially useful to an unlimited extent; but her grand designs have hitherto been in a great measure frustrated, and may not improperly be compared to a 'sealed book.' This is caused by a few natural, but the greater part are artificial, obstructions, which dam up the water, and inundate the country to a formidable extent; this renders the navigation very imperfect by the great accumulation and expanse of its waters in winter, few beacons to mark out the course, and the detention by adverse winds, unless aided by steam power. In summer time, the water is too shallow at several parts for a laden vessel, or even with a moderate draft of water, to get over them, so that, taking it altogether, it almost amounts to a prohibition of any trade being carried on with certainty, (at present being very limited,) which is to be regretted, as it tends greatly to retard any general or permanent improvement taking place throughout this great extent of fine country, fertile, and abundant in its agricultural and mineral productions."—*Report River Shannon Navigation* (Mr. Rhodes), 1832.

† The second Report of the Commissioners for Improving the Navigation of the Shannon has been recently issued. It having been arranged with the Treasury that the ordinary expenditure for work shall not exceed 100,000*l.* a-year, nearly the whole of this sum has been absorbed by the necessary payments for compensation and purchase of lands, providing steam-dredging vessels, and other expenses, preparatory to the commencement of the principal works, several of the most important of which have been commenced during the spring of the present year. The Commissioners are also about to turn their attention to the plans and specifications necessary for entering into contracts for works on the Upper Shannon, the improvement of which appears to be of more pressing necessity than the Limerick division, as the navigation of the latter is

would be foreign to our purpose to enter upon the subject of the Government plans now in progress for removing the obstacles that have hitherto rendered the broadest, the longest, and the most beautiful of British rivers comparatively valueless; there can be no doubt that, if successful, they will amply repay the enormous sums expending upon them, by "effectually advancing the commerce, manufactures, agriculture, and population of Ireland, and the consequent strength of the empire at large*."

"The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea," thus answers to the description of Spenser; for a long space its course is so gentle that ancient writers supposed its name to have been derived from "Seen-awn," the slow river; and for many miles, between O'Brien's bridge and Limerick, it rolls so rapidly along as almost to be characterised as a series of cataracts. At the falls of Killaloe, it descends twenty-one feet in a mile; and above 100 feet from Killaloe to Limerick; yet there is scarcely a single mill at work all that way. Its banks too are, nearly all along its course, of surpassing beauty; as it nears Limerick, the adjacent hills are crowned with villas; and upon its sides are the ruins of many ancient castles. Castle Connell, a village about six miles from the city, is perhaps unrivalled in the kingdom for natural graces; and immediately below it are the Falls of Doonas (represented in the annexed engraving from the pencil of Mr. Creswick), where the river rushes over huge mountain-rocks; affording a passage, which the more daring only will make, for the current—narrowed to a boat's breadth—rushes along with such frightful rapidity, that the deviation of a few inches would be inevitable destruction†. This, although the most remarkable of the falls, is

already open. Several eel weirs, and other impediments to the navigation, have been removed with complete success. The Commissioners have also very properly turned their attention to the preservation of the eels and salmon with which the river abounds, and have, by the organization of water-bailiffs, &c., prevented much of the fry of both from being destroyed, as they used to be, wantonly. They have received the co-operation of the neighbouring proprietors, an association of whom have appointed watchmen to act under the water-bailiffs appointed by the Commissioners—the latter in no way interfere with fishing at the proper season. The actual expenditure for the past year has been 2,370*l.* for establishment, 87,628*l.* for works, and 44,714*l.* for loans to counties, which are to be repaid. They have received in rents, tolls, and wharfage, 3,960*l.*

* "The opening of the Shannon will be the certain means of physical improvement to the people along its banks and in its vicinity, and to the country at large, and is deserving the most serious consideration of the legislature; as the establishing of lines of intercourse, and promoting habits of industry amongst the people, would be the most effectual means of dissipating the present feelings of discontent, and of preventing the recurrence of those lawless acts which are so much to be regretted throughout this part of the country: but it is a work of too much magnitude, under all the circumstances, to be attempted by any individual interest; and I am of opinion that no great and really permanent system of improvement must be looked for upon the general line of the Shannon, but through the intervention of legislative enactment and superintendence."—*Report River Shannon Navigation* (Mr. Rhodes), 1832.

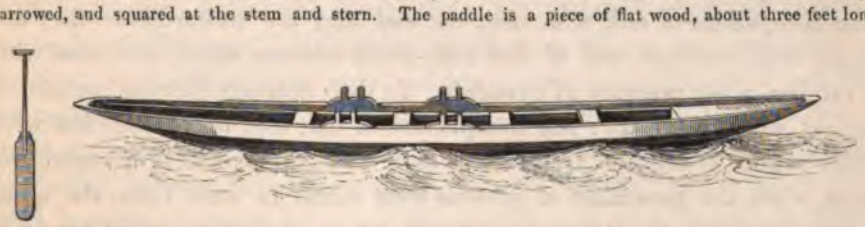
† We cannot easily forget our sensations of mingled alarm and enjoyment, while rushing along this course—at night, but by the light of a brilliant moon; it was exciting to the highest degree. We had confi-

succeeded by several others, between Castle Connell and Limerick — the whole scene, however discouraging to the Political Economist, as presenting a picture of wasted strength, being delicious in the highest degree to the lover of natural beauty.

The immediate environs of Limerick are not picturesque ; the city lies, as we have said, in a spacious plain, the greater portion of which is scarcely above the level of the water : at short distances, however, there are some of the most interesting ruins in the kingdom, in the midst of scenery of surpassing loveliness. Of these, the tourist should first visit Carrig-o-gunnel, next Adare, and then Castle Connell, the most beautiful of many beautiful places upon the banks of the noble Shannon.

In the immediate vicinity of Adare—but also in other parts of the country —a singular and peculiar race of strangers settled, a century and a half ago, and still keep themselves, to a considerable extent, apart and separate from the people. They are known as " the Palatines*." Early in the last century,

dence in our helmsman (if so we must term the man with the paddle-rudder he held in his hand) ; yet every now and then the voyage was a startling one ; and the danger quite sufficient to shake stronger nerves than ours. He had nothing to do, but to keep a keen eye upon the rocks, at either side, and guide his " cot " by pushing aside a wave with a strong arm, so as to keep in the centre of the current; and he did so with wonderful accuracy. We were afterwards convinced that there was in reality no more peril than there would have been upon the Thames ; for the boatmen are so skilful and so well practised that they govern their boats with absolute certainty. The boats are flat-bottomed (for often the stream is not above a few inches deep), narrowed, and squared at the stem and stern. The paddle is a piece of flat wood, about three feet long,



increasing from the handle to the breadth of about ten inches ; only one is used ; which the man changes from side to side according to the direction in which he desires to proceed—using it alternately to advance the boat, and as a helm to steer its course. We refer more especially to the boats used by the fishermen, in which the oars are seldom resorted to ; for they are pushed up the stream by a long and strong pole ; and the current takes them down it without an effort. The above portraits of a " cot " and the rudder-paddle will convey a sufficiently accurate idea of their forms—although the artist has represented them, as they no doubt are when they proceed from the docks of the builder.

* About sixty years ago, Ferrar, the historian of Limerick, thus wrote of the Palatines :—" They preserve their language, but it is declining ; they sleep between two beds ; they appoint a burgomaster, to whom they appeal in all disputes. They are industrious men, and have leases from the proprietors of the land at reasonable rents ; they are consequently better fed and clothed than the generality of Irish peasants. Besides, their modes of husbandry and crops are better than those of their neighbours. They have by degrees left off their sour-crout, and feed on potatoes, milk, butter, oaten and wheaten bread, some meat and fowls, of which they rear many. They keep their cows housed in winter, feeding them with hay and oaten straw ; their houses are remarkably clean, to which they have stables, cow-houses, a lodge for their plough, and neat kitchen-gardens :

Lord Southwell introduced into Ireland a number of German Protestants; placing them originally at Court-Matress.

Even now they are very different in character, and distinct in habits, from the people of the country. We visited several of their cottages, or, as they are better pleased to call them, "houses," in the neighbourhood of Adare; and the neatness, good order, and quantity and quality of the furniture—useful and ornamental—too surely indicated that we were not in a merely Irish cabin. Huge flitches of bacon hung from the rafters; the chairs were in several instances composed of walnut tree and oak; massive and heavy although rudely carved chests contained, as we were told, the house linen and woollen, and the wardrobes of the inhabitants. The elders of the family preserve, in a great degree, the language, customs, and religion of their old country; but the younger mingle and marry with their Irish neighbours. The men are tall, fine, stout fellows, as our Irish friend said, "*to follow;*" but there is a calm and stern severity and reserve in their aspect that is anything but cheering to a traveller to meet, particularly after being accustomed to the brilliant smiles, and hearty "God save ye kindly," so perpetually on the peasant's lips and always in his eyes. This characteristic is also remarkable in the cottages—the women are sombre-looking, and their large blue eyes are neither bright nor expressive; they are slow to bid you welcome; and if they rise from their seats, resume them quickly, and hardly suspend their occupations to talk with you; not that they are uncourteous—they are simply cold, reserved, and of that high-toned manner which is at ease with or careless of the presence of strangers. In their dealings they are considered upright and honourable: like the quakers of old, they do not interfere with either politics or religion, are cautious as to land-taking; and in the troublous times, when the generality of persons were afraid to walk forth, the quiet Palatine pursued his avocations without let or hindrance, being rarely if ever molested. Many of the old Palatines used to have their bibles buried with them; and this accounts for our being unable to find any other than English bibles in their houses. We failed, indeed, to discover any books in their own language; but one of the elders told us, they had given many of them to the soldiers of the German Legion as keepsakes, while that body was quartered in the neighbourhood. They are at present, both as regards their customs and traditions, only a relic of the past, and yet one so strongly

the women are very industrious, and perform many things which the Irish women could never be prevailed on to do; besides their domestic employments and the care of their children, they reap the corn, plough the ground, and assist the men in everything. In short, the Palatines have benefited the country by increasing tillage, and are a laborious, independent people, who are mostly employed on their own small farms."

marked and so peculiar, that it will take a long time before all trace of the "Father-land" is obliterated. Their superstitions, also, savour strongly of the banks of the Rhine; but they are careful in communicating them, which may proceed from their habitual reserve. A Palatine youth, we were told, retained a morsel of the Sacramental bread for the purpose of "charming" his gun. His father disapproving of such an experiment, and finding that the bread had really been rammed into the rifle, discharged it at the barn; and the peasantry declare that it left its mark *in blood* upon the wall, and that to conceal the fact, the old Palatine built a new wall against the old one, holding it irreverent to pull the stones out. They retain the names of their ancestors, such as "Fritz," "Meta," "Ella," "Ruth," "Ebenezer," which are common among them, and sound strangely when mingled with the more aboriginal Dinnys and Nellys. There was a famous "wise man" of the Palatines some time ago, called "Charley the Dutchman," who settled himself as orchard-man at Ballingrane, and after some years emigrated with "the native Irish." "He was mighty strong intirely," said our informant, a genuine Paddy, "at all sorts of devilment; stronger than ere another man in the counthry. He'd riddle a cat, (bad cess to them for cats—the Palatine cats know a dale more than the cats of the counthry, by rason of their ancestors having crossed salt wather,) he'd riddle a cat into a woman, and a woman into a cat, while you'd look round you; he'd open one of his father's books and fill the room with live crows; he'd bring young ducks out of hens' eggs, and change a barnacle into fish—asy. He'd take the likeness off one man and lay it on another; he'd sifflicate, and sign, and worry, and harry the whole counthry for nothing only just divarshin, and no one the wiser, barrin they *conceited it.* He'd change a hare into a white wolf—he'd charrum bullets out of guns—he'd fetch live men out of stone-walls; you see, we didn't care so much about that, because his people had fine steady larning, and are grate intirely at book knowledge, and so one would give them the good of it; but the great fault of Charley the Dutchman, was the way he had of turning the heads of all the women in the counthry—married and single; there were scores of boys in every town-land more *likely* than he—ay troth, a thousand times; and the way it was, he'd hardly, to all appearance, look at the same side of the road with them—and yet, one and all, you'd think!" continued the incensed Irish-man, with strong emphasis; "you'd think it was Venus, or Solomon, or Nicodamus, come among them; and sorra take me, if they wouldn't rayther have a dose of his medicine, than a *superscription* from the best doctor in Dublin. Never a boy in the counthry had any chance with him; and the weary on him, he did not care *three hairs of an ould wig* for one of them—

them Palantines don't take on about love and fighting, and divarshin of all kinds, like ourselves. I don't see what call they had to the counthry at all, though, by the same token, they behave mighty quiet and dacent now they are in it. Only," he added, slowly and solemnly, "it's a foolish thing to see such steady sensible men so sooperstitious."

We have frequently heard a similar remark from the peasantry. Any superstitions not peculiarly their own they invariably condemn; the person who sneered at Palatine "follies," would place implicit faith in those that distinguish his own district and his own people.

We are tempted to relate a characteristic anecdote brought to our memory by the remark. Our attention was some time ago directed to a very aged woman and a young girl sitting beside the wall of a half-roofed cabin. From the sketch we made of them, Mr. Weigall has produced the accompanying print. The aged crone appeared to be bent double by age; she clasped in her hand a long rough stick, which she used as a "divining rod" for the discovery of "spring water." The girl—who was remarkably handsome—was evidently watching until the oracle found voice—for it was sufficiently apparent that the consultation was one of no ordinary moment. The friend who was our companion knew the girl, and addressed her; she was prompt with a reply. "I stood at her door with the rising sun," she said, "to know who charmed away the cow's milk, that my mother paid her to find out; and to know also about a *little matther* of my own—that ain't much; and sorra a thing she did but eat her breakfast and come out in the sun, like the butterflies, and I tending on her."—"And why do you not come another day?"—"What! and *leave my luck?* which would be all as one as turning it. Och! sure that would never do. Maybe she'll spake at the change of the day, there'd be something in that!"

He very well knew the subject that had brought two such unsuitable associates together: the one was a famous dabbler in the "hidden art;" the

other was a rustic jilt as well as a rustic beauty. Our friend—who had the care of the village dispensary—easily divined the designs of the girl, and he communicated to us the secret of her purpose of telling the following anecdote of the last lover she had trifled with. A smart lad—Aby Arnold his name—had called upon him a short time previously, with the startling request, "Doctor, I'm come to ye, sir, to ask ye to raise my breast-bone off my heart, where it's troubling me, doctor dear." It is a common idea, that in cases of trouble, the breast-bone sinks and presses against the heart.

The doctor never attempts to reason with a patient under such peculiar circumstances; but by complying with his whims, saves his time and relieves the sufferer. "Very well, Aby, shall I do it with a knife?" — "No, doctor dear, iv you plaze, with a hot glass, sir; and iv you plaze, if that doesn't do—bedad! ye must turn my heart's blood the other way, sir, for it's bating and boiling it do be, and all on account of that Kate Cleary, and ould Nanny Lacey for her adviser; that's the way I'm in you see, and a dimness afore my eyes, doctor, whenever she's in my sight, and every drop ov blood in my body out of it in my head, and it's then my breast-bone presses hard and fast into my very heart. So, doctor, you'll raise it, iv you plaze." The operation was performed to the patient's satisfaction by a cupping-glass; and the doctor hoped that Aby had chosen another love, as he had not seen him for some days. One morning, however, upon the doctor's entering the surgery—there stood Aby.

"It's worse than ever, sir, on me; bedad it is. I'm sure she's given me something *not right*, for sport; I'm sure she has. See, doctor, I was altogether another man, quite a gay fellow! until late yesterday evening. You know Barney Gallagher; well, when I went into the dance-house, what should I see but her covering the buckle and heel on toe on the flure opposite him, and he, the ugly frosty-faced thief, flinging and rattling like murder. Well, whin I looked on the shine of her hair, and the shine of her eyes—you would not b'lieve it, but it's thruth I'm tellin ye—my breast-bone wint down upon my heart, worse than ever! and *staid there!* Ah, yarra! it never rose since; and doctor, sir, if ye can't give me something to make her *unasy*, the Lord love ye, and take her char'rum off me. Sure I was obligated to lave the dance-house, with the wakeness she put on me; and then to see her and that flattering deceiver coming out together for a breath of fresh air, and she having the impedence to ask me 'how I felt?' and such a skit of a laugh upon her purty mouth—bad luck to it—the Lord forgive me, but sure it's hard for me to be wastin' into my grave, for a slip of a girl like that. So, doctor, if ye'd bleed me this turn, may be that some of the char'rum would

come away with the blood; and, anyhow, I know one that can punish *her* with it: so, iv you plaze, you'll rize it again for me." The doctor did not argue with the man, for he knew that if he did, he would immediately go to some "wise man or woman," and so lose both his time and money; but he forthwith complied with his request. Several weeks elapsed, and Aby did not return; but at last one morning he made his appearance with a basket of eggs. "Long life and success to yer honour, doctor dear, and it's fine health I have, sir, praised be the Lord and yer honour—*that last finished it, yer honour.* —Kate Cleary missed the boy she was afther, and thought to put the comether of her shining hair, and her shining eyes, on me, no later than last night; but sure a little colleen-das, little brown-eyed Shelah Nevil, that I'm under a promise to next Monday for the priest to spake the words, she was with me, and though I felt my blood going a little faster—and asthray like — sorra a taste of har'rum it done me; and 'Good evenin' to you, Miss Cleary,' says I; and 'I'll be happy of the pleasure of seein' you, at my place,' says Shelah; and the craythur hadn't power to say more, on account of the blushes; and so, doctor dear, I'm cured now, and hope the eggs will prove fresh; and sure if I know any boys with the same ailment, *I'll recommend them to yer honour.*"

As a large majority of the ruins of old castles, abbeys, and churches in the county of Limerick had their origin in the wealth and power of "the Desmonds," it will be desirable that we give some history of that family; we must therefore intreat our readers to make a step across the county—from north to south—and visit the chief seat of their state and power, the fallen "city of Kilmallock."

Kilmallock has been termed "the Balbec of Ireland;" it is a place of high antiquity, and is said to have been a walled town before the invasion of the Anglo-Normans. A monastery was founded here in the early part of the seventh century by St. Mochelloc, who died between the years 639 and 656. The place is now a mass of ruins; miserable hovels are propped up by the walls of stately mansions, and "the ancient and loyal borough"—for so it was styled so recently as 1783, when it retained the privilege of sending two members to Parliament—is as humiliating a picture of fallen grandeur as may be found in any country of the world:

> "The peasant holds the lordly pile,
> And cattle fill the roofless aisle."

The ancient houses, or rather the remains of them, are of hewn stone, and appear to have been built on a uniform plan; they were generally of three

stories, ornamented with an embattlement, and tasteful stone mouldings; the limestone window-frames, stone mullions, and capacious fire-places, are carved in a bold and massive style, and retain nearly their original sharpness. Unfortunately, however, there is no care for the preservation of these interesting remains; they are daily becoming less and less; much of the fine materials may be found built up in the neighbouring cabins, and much more has been broken up to repair the street. A few—very few—of the massive and elaborate residences of the ancient burghers still endure; and the castellated gate houses, which guarded the entrances to the town from the Limerick and Cork sides, still stand in tolerable preservation. The walls, although rather ruinous, still surround the town, harmonising in their dilapidation with its altered fortunes. The engraving appended is a copy of one of the few remaining doors, braced with iron. The abbey and church, being held sacred by the peasantry, are in a better state of preservation than the houses *.

* "The most remarkable of all the ruins, because the most uncommon, are the remains of a wide street with a range of houses on each side, the walls of which, built of hewn limestone, are as fresh as the day they were finished. The plans of these houses are nearly all the same; they present two or more gable-ends to the street, and are divided into three stories. The entrances, by spacious portals with semicircular arches, open into small halls, which communicate with broad passages, that probably contained the stairs, whence there are door-ways leading to the principal apartments. The windows, of a square form, and small in proportion to the size of the rooms, are divided into compartments by one or more uprights, and sometimes by a cross of stone. The chimney-pieces are large and lofty, and the fire-places calculated for containing huge piles of wood. All the ornaments are of a very simple kind." We have copied this description from Weld's "Killarney;" it was sufficiently accurate in the year 1812; but, as we have stated, the beauty of these ruins is gradually departing—a spoiler more constant in labour at their destruction than even the queen's deputy or the general of Cromwell being continually at work among the marvels of the old city.

"Tradition relates," (we again borrow from Mr. Weld,) "that when the Commander of the Parliamentary army entered Kilmallock, he was so struck with its uncommon beauty that, contrary to the dictates of that cruel policy which led to the destruction of every fortified town and every castle and habitation of the Irish, he resolved to spare the place; but having afterwards learned that nearly the whole of the inhabitants bore the same name, he judged it imprudent to leave so powerful a confederacy in quiet possession of their property, and, adding another to the numerous examples of vengeance which had already been exercised to strike terror into the enemy, he gave orders to demolish the city." At this period, however, Kilmallock had risen phœnix-like from its ashes, for it had been previously destroyed during the reign of Elizabeth, by order of James Fitzmaurice. The following extract from a letter addressed by the council of Ireland to the queen relates the particulars of that event:—"After Gilberts departinge, the governtment of that countrie being committed to the Earle of Ormonde,

The former, which stands within the town walls, and adjoins the river, was dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul. It consists of a nave, choir, and south transept. The choir is still used for divine service, whilst the nave and transept are unroofed. The former (the nave) is subdivided by a range of four pointed arches, springing from three square columns of plain masonwork. There are several old tombs within the body of the nave and transept. Standing in the centre of the west wall is a circular belfry, rising, in two unequal stages, to some height above the church. It is perforated by several pointed windows, and seems to be coeval with the church of which it forms a part. Strange to say, however, the late Henry O'Brien, the author of a very remarkable work on the Irish Round Towers, adopted, with respect to this, the mistake of some preceding tourist, whose imagination converted it into one of the ancient round towers. St. Mochelloc he changes into

wee understood by an advertisemente sent from the earle the continuance of the rebells weakness, till of late that gatheringe a force of naked rascals unto him, (as the earle writethe,) the copy of whose letter we hearewith send unto your Majestie, uppon a sodaine hathe assailed the town of Kilmaloge, the second of this present" (March 15), "skalinge the walles abowte the dawinge of the daie, and not beinge resisted in eny sort by the inhabitants of the towne of Kilmaloge, hathe taken it (being as we are enformed encouraged to come thether partelie for that it was made knowne unto him (as it shoulde seeme by secret advertisments) how slenderlie and necligently the towne was garded), and as some suspecte, and not altogeather without cause, he was alured and brought thearunto by the drawghte of some of the inhabitants or their neighbours neir abowtes. So that enteringe the towne as afore we have declared he bourned the most part of it, a fewe castles excepted, the walles yet remaininge standinge and with no great chardge to be repaired, and made gardeable: the thinge seemed to be so sodaine, that neither the earle who had chardge of the countrye, nor the townes men themselves whom it semethe to toutche neerest, never suspected eny suche matter; for if they had advertised eny suche daunger or increase of rebel's power, thear had bene sufficient supplie of men sent to have prevented that attempt. And thus muche oure dier Sovereigne, we thought it oure bounden dewties to advertise yor highness of the trouthe of the surprise of Kilmaloge, knowinge how apt theise people be to spred slanderous and sedicious brutes, and to sowe vaine and faulse rumours, wch are not unlike maye be by some report brought to youre Majesty's ears." This curious historical extract, from the MSS. of the State Paper Office, and other particulars respecting the history of Kilmallock, have been copied from the "Historical Illustrations of Kilmallock," in 4to, by Mr. Crofton Croker, of which *one* copy only of the letterpress was printed, with fifty copies of the illustrations for distribution among his friends.

Malloch, who, he says, adopted his name from the city of Malloch, that is, the sun, or Apollo; and this city was the Macollicum of Ptolemy, *hodie* Kil-mallock! To Mr. Crofton Croker we are indebted for our view of the ancient structure, taken nearly from the entrance to the present one, which is fitted up in a small part of the old building. It was here that the "Sugan" earl of Desmond made his abject submission to the chivalrous Sir John Perrott, with the point of that lord deputy's sword resting upon his heart. The original record of this singular transaction exists in the State Paper Office.

The Dominican friary, of which we also give a view, is situate at the north-east side of the town. It is subdivided into a church and convent. The former is again separated into a choir, nave, and transept, a tall steeple standing at their intersection; the west wall of which, as well as the south wall of the steeple, has fallen down. A distinguished English antiquary, the late Sir Richard Hoare, observes of this Friary, "it surpasses in decoration and good sculpture any I have yet seen in Ireland; but does not," he adds, "seem older than the reign of King Edward the Third." The east window is "in a chaste and elegant style;" and there are many parts of the building that merit notice, and furnish good subjects for the pencil in a variety of points of view. A great part of the cloisters still remains; but it was never of an ornamental character, the ambulacrum having been formed only of timber. In the choir is a handsome canopied niche. A fragment of the tomb of the White Knights also lies on the ground; a small hollow in the middle of which is said by the peasantry to be never without water. This they call the *Braon shinsher*, i. e. the drop of the old stock.

The history of the once famous race of the Desmonds, or Fitzgeralds of Desmond or South Munster, is, as we have intimated, inseparably interwoven with that of Kilmallock, which for so long a period was the chief scene of their power and splendour. The family is of Anglo-Norman origin; the

founder of it as well as that of the house of Kildare (now Leinster) being Maurice Fitzgerald, one of the followers of Strongbow; from him descended the Desmond "Geraldines," a race, the relation of whose career in every succeeding reign, until eventually broken and scattered, is "stranger than fiction," many parts of it possessing the character of high romance. A work now very rare, by the Father Rosario O'Daly, bishop of Coimbra, entitled "Initium, Incrementum, et Exitus familiæ Geraldinorum," and published in 1665, traces the name up to one of the companions of Æneas who settled with him in Italy; and brings down its fortunes to their close, in the person of the young protestant earl, in whom was broken the spell that had so long bound the populace of south Munster to the name of the Geraldines. The Desmond branch alone, with a territory of nearly four counties, extending above one hundred miles, and containing more than 570,000 acres, were at all times subjects of distrust and suspicion to the existing government.

Maurice Fitz Thomas, the fourth Lord of Decies and Desmond, a descendant and namesake of the invader, was ennobled by the title of Earl of Desmond on the 27th of August, 1329. For about a century afterwards, the two branches, the Kildares and Desmonds, seem to have been more bent upon extending their possessions, erecting castles to secure them, and strengthening and confirming their power, than in interfering with the petty contests of the period. The chieftains of this powerful family, however, were repeatedly intrusted with the government of Ireland. An Earl of Kildare, during the reign of Henry the Seventh, having been attainted of rebellion, was sent a prisoner to London, where, after a year's confinement, he was permitted to plead his cause in the presence of the king. It is recorded that when the sovereign advised him to get good counsel, the earl replied, "I will have the best in England, even the king himself;" and when accused of burning the church of Cashel, he acknowledged the act, alleging as his apology, that he "thought the archbishop had been in it." Yet the daring chieftain so far succeeded in impressing the monarch in his favour, that when his accusers closed their charges by passionately exclaiming, "All Ireland cannot govern this earl," Henry replied, "Then this earl shall govern all Ireland." He was forthwith restored to the royal favour, and the government of the country was confided to his hands. The rebellion of his son, "Silken Thomas," is the most prominent event in the succeeding reign: he was sent in custody to England; but, less fortunate with the eighth Harry than the Earl had been with his predecessor, the chieftain, with five of his uncles, perished on the scaffold, while his youngest brother, a child in his twelfth year, was with difficulty preserved from the same fate. The boy was at the time ill of the small-pox, at Donore, in the county of

Kilkenny; and when search was made for him, he was conveyed to the custody of his aunt, the widow of Mac Carthy Reagh, Prince of Carbery, who, in order to secure him safety from his enemies, married O'Donnel, the powerful dynast of Tyrconnell; but the lady having reason to apprehend treachery on the part of her husband, had the young heir removed to France, where he was sheltered until after the king's death, when he returned to England, and by the beauty of his person, fascinating manners, and remarkable accomplishments, captivated the daughter of Sir Anthony Browne, by whose intercession with Edward the Sixth the earl was ultimately restored to his honours and estates*.

But Gerald the sixteenth Earl of Desmond occupies so prominent a page in the history of the wars of Elizabeth, that the memory of his fortunes has vividly descended to the present day in the history of the swarms of English adventurers who preyed thereon: Spenser, Raleigh, Boyle, and a host of illustrious and noble names are among the number. Dr. Leland extracts a passage from the queen's letters, in which the Earl of Desmond is characterised as "a nobleman not brought up where law and justice had been frequented." He became conspicuous as "ingens rebellibus exemplar;" and his power is thus referred to in Baker's Chronicle: "Desmond possessed whole countries, together with the county Palatine of Kerry, and had, of his own name and race, at least 500 gentlemen at his command, all whom, and his own life also, he lost within the space of three years, very few of his house being left alive." It is certain, however, that he was driven by wrong and oppression to take up arms,—and there is as little doubt that his "vast estate was a strong inducement to the chief governors of Ireland to make or proclaim him a rebel," with a view to the partition of his lands among themselves and their dependents; a project that was eminently successful; his great rival, the Earl of Ormond, having the Lion's share, and subsequently overcoming and taking him prisoner at Affane. In 1573, the Earl of Desmond was liberated from custody, or rather from surveillance, and he soon appeared at the head of his followers, having, as he stated, "entered into a league with the King of Spain for the defence of the Catholic religion, under the sanction of the Pope." His ancient and hereditary enemy, the Earl of Ormond, was given the military command of Munster, with directions to crush his powerful opponent; and the struggle was conducted "with all the vindictive bitterness of a

* It was a daughter of this earl who inspired the muse of Surrey. He made, it is said, in conformity with the chivalric spirit of the age, the tour of Europe, proclaiming the unparalleled charms of the ladye Geraldine; issuing a defiance against any knight who should presume to question her superiority; and proving his prowess and knightly skill, by overcoming aspersers of her beauty, at Florence and at Windsor:

"Fostred she was with milke of Irish breast;
Her sire an erle."

personal quarrel:" one of the earliest results of the contest was the total destruction of Kilmallock, by order of James Fitzmaurice, brother of the earl.

The war was continued with various alternations of fortune for several years*, until, in the end, the unhappy chieftain was reduced to the direst

* A romantic incident of the war is thus recorded in the life of Sir John Perrot. It is so striking an illustration of the character of the age, that we do not hesitate to give it at length. "James Fitz Moris, (the brother of the earl,) knowing that the Lord President did desier nothing more than the finishing of those warres, and the subduinge of those rebells, made shew that he was willing to finish the same with combate or single fight, and did send the Lord President word thereof, as believing that the Presidents longinge for a speedie yssue and expectation thereof would keepe hym for a time from farther action and proceeding agaynst the rebells; and soe indeede it tooke the same effect, for James Fitz Moris did first offer to fight with fiftie of his horsemen agaynst the Lord President and fiftie of his, which the Lord President willingly accepted, and made choyse of soe many, whereof most were his owne servants. But when the time of performance came, James Fitz Moris made excuse, and sent word that he would willingly fight with the Lord President in single combate, hand to hand. To which message the Lord President sent answer, that although he knew there was a difference betwixt theyr persons and theyr places, yet he would willingly accept his challenge for the finishing of the warres. "Then the time, place, and manner of this combate was concluded on, the place appointed at Amely, an old toune six miles from Kyllmallock. The weapons that were assigned to fight withall, was by James Fitz Moris appoyntment, sword and targett; and they should be both clad in Irish trousses, which the President did provide of scarlett, and was redie according to appoyntment, saying—'That although he knew James Fitz Moris to be his inferior in all respects, yet he would reckon it a life well adventured, to bereve such a rebell of his life.' Thither came the Lord President, and thither came most of the nobilitie and gentlemen of that province to see this combatt performed. When the time of performance came, James Fitz Moris came not, but sent a cunning and subtle excuse by one Cono Roe Oharnan, beinge an Irish poet, saying, that he would not fight with the Lord President at all, not soe much for feare of his life, but because on his life did depend the safety of all such as were of his party. 'For,' said he, 'if I should kill Sir John Perrot, the queene of England can send another President into this province; but if he do kyll me, there is none other to succeede me, or to command as I doe, therefore I will not willingly fight with hym, and so tell hym from me.' When the Lord President herd this, he was much discontented that he had suffered hymself to be thus abused, and that he had lost so much time and opportunitie, therefore he vowed without delay to 'hunt the foxe out of his hole,' as he sayd."

The tragical fate of this James Fitz Moris, who, after many encounters with the best troops of Elizabeth, was slain in a petty broil, may bear transcribing. "He had advanced some distance into the county of Limerick, when his carriage horses (which they terme garons) waxed faint, and could not travell anie further: wherefore he commanded some of his men to go before and look what garons they first found in the fields, they should take them and bring them unto him. And as it fell out, they espied a plow of garons plowing in the field, which they foorthwith tooke perforce from the poore husbandmen, two of them, and carried them awaie. Whereupon, according to the custome of the countrie, the hobub or the hue and crie was raised. Some of the people followed the track, and some went to their lord's house, which was Sir William Burke, being neere at hand to advertise the matter, who having three or foure of his sonnes and very tall gentlemen at home with him, they tooke their horses and a few kernes, and two shot with them, and followed the track, and overtooke them at a fastenes fast by the wood side, where they found James Fitzmoris, whom before they knew not to be come into those parties to make head to answer them. But when he saw that it was his cousine Theobald Burke, and his brother, and his companie, who had beene his companions in the late rebellion, when Sir John Perot was Lord President of Mounster, he spake ouer unto them and said, 'Cousine Theobald (who was the eldest son to his father), two carriage horses shall be no breach betweene us two; and I hope that you which doo know the cause that I haue now in hand, you will take my part therein, and doo as I and others will doo:' and so continuing some speeches, did what he could to draw him and all his companie to be partakers in this rebellion. But he answered that he and his father had alreadie dealt too much that waie with him, and that he will neuer doo the like againe; for his father, he, and all his brethren had sworne to be true, obedient, and faithful to the queenes majestie, and which oth they would neur breake, cursing the daie and time that euer they joined

necessity, his enemies being incessantly on the alert "to hunt the fox out of his hole."

Several of his narrow escapes are recorded; "trustinge to no house nor castle, he did shrowde himselfe in the woods and bogs;" and on one occasion he and his countess escaped by standing almost naked up to the chin in water, while his pursuers passed by, "putting to the swoord as manie as they found," and so returning to Kilmallock. In the extreme of his adversity, he received intimation that if he submitted to the queen's mercy his life would be spared, but that pardon could not be accorded to his followers. With the resolute energy that characterised him when he made at Affane his memorable reply to the taunts of the Ormonds, he sent for answer—"Tell the lords justices that I would rather forsake my God than forsake my men." The last scene of his eventful history was a fitting termination to the turbulence and waywardness of his career. He had taken shelter in a wood near Tralee; when his necessities having compelled him to seize some cattle belonging to a poor woman, "a hew and crye" was raised. A party of English soldiers went in pursuit, and having tracked the cattle into "a little grove, in a lonely and mountainous glen," at midnight they entered a ruined hovel: crouched beside the embers of a fire sate an old man; his venerable aspect was no security against assault; an Irish soldier, "one Daniel Kelly," made a blow with his sword at the powerless solitary, and wounded him severely in the arm. "Spare me, spare me," exclaimed the aged man, "I am the Earl of Desmond." The appeal was made in vain; the ruffian struck off his head, and conveyed it to the Earl of Ormond, by whom it was sent, "pickled in a

with him in so bad a cause against hir majestie; and therefore required to haue his garons againe, or else he would come by them as well as he could. James Fitzmoris standing upon his reputation, thought it too such dishonourable unto him to depart with that which he had in hand, and, therefore, utterlie denied the deliurie, and thereupon each partie set spurre to the horses and incountered the one the other. The skirmish was verie hot and cruell, and Theobald Burke and one of his yoonger brethren were slaine and some of their men. James Fitzmoris likewise and his companie had the like successe, for he himselfe was first hurt and wounded, and then with a shot stricken through the head, and so was slaine, with sundrie of his companions; wherein he found that the popes blessings, and warrant, his *Agnus Dei*, and his graines had not those vertues to saue him, as an Irish staffe, or a bullet, had to kill him." "Thus," says Leland, "the ambitious schemes of this aspiring and turbulent Geraldine ended with his life in a petty brawl unworthy of a soldier." Smith states that FitzMaurice being remarkable by a yellow doublet was shot in the breast, and died in the arms of Doctor Allen, and these particulars occur in an Irish manuscript, from which source, although he has not referred to his authority, they were probably derived by that writer. It is also related by Smith, that "after Fitz-Maurice's death, his cousin, Maurice Fitz-John, caused his head to be cut off, and left it wrapped in a blanket under an old oak; the body without an head being brought to Kilmallock, and there hanged upon a tree." His mangled remains were afterwards, according to the barbarous fashion of the time, cut into quarters, which were set upon the gates of the town. Hooker says, "After he was thus dead, and the same made knowen to the Lord Justice, he gave order that he should be hanged in the open market of Kilmallocke, and be beheaded and quartered, and the quarters to be set upon the towne gates of Kilmallocke, for a perpetuall memoriall to his reproch for his treasons and perjuries, contrarie to his solemne oth."

pipkin," as an acceptable present to Queen Elizabeth. The body, after having been concealed for eight weeks, was at length interred in the little chapel of Killanamana in Kerry; and Daniel Kelly, "the well-beloved subject and soldier of the Queen," received an annual pension of twenty pounds for the act, which he continued to enjoy until for some less "honourable" deed he was hanged at Tyburn.

James, the young Earl, the son of the unhappy Gerald, had been consigned as a hostage to the Queen; and was for several years kept a close prisoner in the Tower. His cousin, meanwhile, known in history as the "Sugan Earl," still continued the war; and in 1586 a bill of attainder was passed against the late Earl, with one hundred and forty of his kinsmen and adherents, whose honours and estates were declared forfeit to the crown. Out of this gigantic forfeiture arose the queen's favourite measure of establishing an English colony in Munster; and the younger branches of various English families of distinction were invited to become "Undertakers*."

The Sugan Earl of Desmond, after an ineffectual struggle with the English power, became, like his uncle, a wretched fugitive among the mountains and morasses of the family estates; but was subsequently taken, endured seven years' imprisonment in the Tower of London, where he died, and in the chapel of which he lies buried†; owing his life less to the mercy of the

* The estates confiscated contained nearly 600,000 acres, in the counties of Cork, Limerick, Kerry, and Waterford: more than one half were restored to the "pardoned traitors;" the remainder was divided into seigniories of 12,000, 8000, 6000, and 4000 acres. The English undertaker was to have an estate in fee-farm, yielding for each seigniory of 12,000 acres, for the first three years 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* sterling, and after that period double the amount. The undertaker was to have for his own demesne, 2100 acres; for six farmers, 400 acres each; six freeholders, 100 acres each; and the residue was to be divided into smaller tenures, on which thirty-six families at least were to be established. The lesser seigniories were to be laid out and peopled in the same manner, in proportion to their extent. Each undertaker was to people his seigniory in seven years; he was to have license to export all commodities duty free to England, for five years—the planters were to be English, and no English planter was permitted to convey to any *mere Irish*. Each undertaker was bound to furnish the state with three horsemen and six footmen armed—the lesser seigniories in the same proportion; and each copyholder was to find one footman armed; but they were not compelled to serve out of Munster for seven years, and then to be paid by the crown.

† The hair-breadth escapes of the Sugan Earl were as remarkable as those of his predecessor. On one occasion he was tracked to a wood near Kilmallock, and a party sent to arrest him. He was in company with Mc Craghe, "the Pope's bishop of Corke;" and they were both "lodged in a poore ragged cabbin." Desmond fled barefoot, "having no leisure to pull on his shoes:" but Mc Craghe was met by some of the soldiers "clothed in a simple mantle, and torne trowsrs, like an aged churle; and the soldiers neglecting so poore a creature not able to carry weapon, suffered him to pass unregarded—not thinking him worth a hanging." The Earl's capture was at length effected thus:—we condense the account from the 'Pacata Hibernia.' One Desmond Odogan, a harper, dwelling at Garryduffe, used to harbour this arch-rebell; upon one occasion of some stealth in the country, the thieves making towards this fastnesse, the soldiers pursued them into the wood, where the supposed Erle was ready to goe to supper, but discovering the soldiers, he and his companions left their meate and made haste to shift for themselves. The soldiers finding the provision and a mantle, which they knew to be his,

sovereign than to a policy of state; for "whilst he lived his brother John could not make any pretext to the earledome."

In order to work a counter-charm by the name of Desmond, the son of the late earl was released from the Tower, where he had been a prisoner since his infancy; he was restored to the honours of his family, created Earl of Desmond by patent on the 1st of October, 1600, and sent into Ireland, where he took up his residence at Kilmallock, under the surveillance of the Lord President of Munster, and in the immediate charge of Master Boyle—afterwards Earl of Cork. The project, however, failed utterly. On his arrival at the seat of his princely ancestors, "there was a mighty concourse of people, insomuch as all the streets, doores, and windowes, yea, the very gutters and tops of the houses, were so filled with them, as if they came to see him whom God had sent to be that comfort and delight their soules and heartes most desired; and they welcomed him with all the expressions and signs of joy, every one throwing upon him wheat and salt, as a prediction of future peace and plenty." The next day was Sunday; the flocks of the Desmond followers soon learned that the young heir of their hopes and hearts had renounced the faith of his ancestors; on his way to the church the people "used loud and rude dehortations to keepe him from it; unto which he lent a deaf ear:" on his return, he "was railed at and spet upon by those that before were so desirous to see and salute him." He remained. therefore, but a few months in Ireland; returning to the court of London, where he soon afterwards died.

With the death of the young heir and the imprisonment of the Sugan Earl, the power of the Desmonds—either for good or evil—terminated.

We have devoted no inconsiderable space to the history of this once powerful family; because, throughout the south, and in Limerick county more especially, it will be difficult to travel a dozen miles in any direction without encountering some ruin that tells of their former greatness.

followed the chase of the stag now roused. By this time the harper had conveyed the Sugan Earle into the thickest part of the fastnesse, and himselfe with his two other companions of purpose discovered themselves to the souldiers, and left the wood with the lapwings policie, that they being busied in pursuit of them, the other might remaine secure within that fastnesse; and so indeed it fell out. The Earl was supposed to have fled into the country of the white knight, his near kinsman; and the knight was rebuked with sharp words and bitter reprehensions for not having apprehended the traitor, for which he was threatened to be called upon to answer both with life and lands. Upon which the white knight vowed with his soule that he would give the President a good account of him alive or dead. Forthwith he made known unto some of his faithfullest followers to help him in the perill he stood; upon which one of them which loved him dearely compassionating the perplexity he was in,—But would you indeed (said he) lay hands upon James Fitz-Thomas, if you knew where to find him? the Knight confirmed it with protestations; Then follow me, said he, and I will bring you where he is. They were guided to a narrow cave, in the mountain of Slewgort, which had but a narrow mouth yet deepe in the ground, where the caitiff Earl was then lurking: and so he was taken.

We shall now conduct the reader along the southern shore of the mighty Shannon to the borders of the county of Kerry—a distance of about thirty miles along an excellent road constructed about thirty years ago, and which is the general route of travellers proceeding from Dublin through Limerick to the Lakes of Killarney. Within a mile or two of the city, attention will be directed to the venerable ruin of Mungret Priory—said to have been founded by St. Patrick, and bearing evidence of high antiquity. A few broken walls only remain; insufficient to bear out the testimony of "Cormack Mac Cuillenan in the Psalter of Cashel," that it formerly gave shelter to "one thousand five hundred monks," five hundred of whom were devoted to preaching and instruction; five hundred more being so classed and divided, as to have a perpetual full choir day and night; the remainder being old men, who devoted themselves to religious and charitable works*.

About four miles farther, will be reached the singular ruin of Carrig-o-gunnell—the "rock of the Candle;" one of the most striking, romantic, and interesting to be found in Ireland. Its site is remarkably commanding; it covers the summit of a huge rock, overlooking the broad Shannon, the "lively" city of Limerick, and miles upon miles of a richly-cultivated country

* A whimsical legend in connexion with the priory is still current among the peasantry; a saying "as wise as the women of Mungret" being common to this day. It arose, as it is said, from the following circumstance:—The fame of the learned and musical monks having widely spread, a deputation was sent from the famous college at Cashel, in order to ascertain which of the two monasteries might claim the honour of being most perfect in the dead languages. The monks of Mungret became alarmed, lest they might be beaten in the contest, and so their reputation be ruined. They, therefore, hit upon an expedient to escape the danger of defeat; and having dressed up some of the junior students as women, and others as peasants, placed them at convenient distances along the road, by which their rivals of Cashel must necessarily travel. As the deputation advanced, they naturally inquired the way to Mungret, and put to the persons they met other questions—each of which was immediately answered either in Greek or Latin. The worthies, consequently, held a conference; and disliking, also, to encounter the risk of being worsted at their own weapons, they very wisely resolved to retrace their steps, and avoid a battle in which they would of course be overcome—inasmuch as so impregnated was the whole neighbourhood with learning, that even the women and workmen thereof could speak fluently the languages they came to make the subject of battle.

—filling the mind with vivid images of past power and strife; while the deep dark woods of Cratloe in the distance summon to memory legends of banded outlaws, who sheltered there during years of turbulent foray on the one hand, and melancholy mismanagement or oppression on the other.

It was a soft balmy day in the full sunshine of summer, when we called at the care-taker's cottage, snugly sheltered by some tall trees, by the side of a private road that leads to the castle. We found Collins an agreeable, good-tempered, and, what was more to the purpose, talkative, fellow, with a most communicative expression of countenance; and certainly we never listened to romantic legends with greater pleasure than we did to his beneath these broken walls. At first he seemed to fear we might laugh at him; but when he saw that we were really interested, his cheek flushed, his eye brightened, and he passed from St. Patrick to the fairies, from the fairies to the spirits—touching upon every exciting theme, except "Whiteboyism," which, after a little time, he told us frankly, "he would rather not discoorse about."

We paced up the richly-wooded ascent, and at last arrived where the prospect was most glorious. It looked, as our guide said, borrowing unconsciously a phrase attributed to William the Third, "a country worth fighting for." East, south, north, west, the scene was, indeed, magnificent. Limerick county, and this portion of it more especially, is famous for the richness and fertility of its soil. "It had a fine command of country, surely," said Collins, "and a candle lit here now would be seen as far as *Beamon's**. Lord save us! every miracle St. Patrick did had the 'humanities' in it—not done out of grandeur, or a love of power. Now, putting out the candle, sure *that* was a blessed act. You see, any one who caught a glimpse of the candle between sunset and sunrise (and what other time would a candle be seen?)—any one who caught a blink of it would be a corpse before morning; and Saint Patrick, having something else to think of besides such things, was benighted, and knocked at an old woman's door near Cratloe. 'Let a poor traveller in,' says the Saint. 'I'd let you in and kindly welcome,' answered the woman, 'only through the dread of Beamon's candle—life is as sweet to me at threescore and seven, as it was at fifteen; and if I am to go, I should wish to go according to the will of God—not the power of Evil." The Saint then looked towards where the old woman said the candle burned; and by the power of

* The legend of Beamon's candle—said to have given a name to the "Rock"—is a very famous legend. In ancient times, a hut stood where the castle now stands; and the only dweller in it was an old witch named Beamon. Every night a candle flung its gleams around the adjacent country; and whoever chanced to see it became a corpse before morning. Even to this day the peasant when he passes it, after the sun is down, will turn his eyes in an opposite direction. The power of the necromancer was destroyed in the manner described to us by our guide.

his holiness he extinguished the candle: and when the light was put out, the witch Beamon *knew* that a greater power than her own had entered the country—and great was her outcry; it troubled the waters of the Shannon, rising them up into high waves, and shook the branching woods of Cratloe, so that the trees ached again: but St. Patrick was too good and too holy a man to be satisfied with doing things by halves, and so he caused the evil spirit to pass out of Beamon; and the evil spirit was so linked with her life, that they both went out together. No blame to St. Pathrick for that; and then, in the name of the holy Evangelists and the knowledge of St. Peter's keys, he took possession of Carrig-o-gunnel, and turned it into a monastery, or something of the kind; and some wanted him to change its name. But 'No,' says the Saint, 'let it be called the Rock of the Candle, while Ireland is green,' he says; 'for a token of the power of God through me—that when future ages ask the reason of the name, they may know what strength was given to Saint Pathrick, to extinguish the false light of witchcraft.' He was a wonderful Saint for certain," persisted our guide, "and would walk along the road like any common man, without pride; and some not able to see the difference between meekness and meanness, said on account of his plainness he was no Saint; and a company of them that were resting in a ditch saw him coming, and thinking in their foolishness to play the Saint a trick, agreed that one should lay across his path *letting on* to be dead. 'This poor man,' begins one, 'this poor honest boy is dead, plase your reverence.' 'Sure enough he is dead,' says the Saint; 'you are right;' and the mockers set up a loud shout of laughter; and the Saint feeling his power, took no heed, but walked on; he knew how they would be punished—he was quiet in his strength, like everything strong; so when the scorners went to lift up their companion, surely and truly he was really dead. And some said, 'Take him home to his own people, that the tears of his mother may fall like dew upon his cheek, and that the prayers of his sisters may lift his soul higher towards the throne of God.' But an old wise man made answer, 'Not so; the holy Saint has done this to prove your foolishness, to show *his* power, but not to slay to the uttermost; let the tree lie where it has fallen until his return, which will be to-morrow, and spend your time in fasting and in prayer.' And so they did; they knelt round the body, bewailing their own folly, and praying that it might be forgiven; and when the sun had risen, they saw the holy Saint under the strength of its beams walking towards them, and the birds of the air flying over his head—the speckled thrush, and the blackbird with the yellow bill, the robin, and the dove resting upon his shoulder, and the white-fleeced sheep and little trembling lambs following

his shadow; and it struck their hearts that men in their foolishness have not the wisdom of the birds of the air, and beasts of the field; and having so thought, they humbled themselves in the dust, and the Saint commanded the dead man to arise in the name of God; and so he did; and knowing their hearts were humbled, and the irreverent spirit passed out of them, he spoke no word of reproof, but blessed them, as he continued his journey."

We admired the feeling of this legend much, and we admired also the earnest simplicity of our guide, who told the tale with a quaintness, and at times a savour of orientalism, that was quite charming. "Ah!" he said, "the wise ladies and gentlemen laugh at me sometimes, but I do not keep such in discourse long; I know what I believe, and bear witness to what I have seen. It's no wonder that Ireland should be more haunted, more visited by holy things than other lands; blessed be the saints, who made it their dwelling for hundreds of years. I have seen corpse-candles walking the banks of the Shannon. I have heard the voices of the good people, and felt their music ringing in my ears; I've been bewildered by them *like a goose* in a fog, until I couldn't see my own hand; and yet there are many would think *I was no better than a romancer if I told them all I believed.*"

We agreed with him at least on this point, and proceeded to examine the "Rock." The castle must have been of amazing strength, and the out-

works evidently extended a long way down the adjacent slope, for some traces of the old walls may still be discovered. It is said to have been built by the O'Brien family, and was the seat of Donogh O'Brien in 1530, having been frequently "lost and won" during the contests with the Earls of Desmond. It became a ruin, however, only so recently as 1689; during the siege of

Limerick it was garrisoned by the adherents of James the Second, but they surrendered, without resistance, to Major-general Scravenmore—" which seems to have been," writes the historian of the period, " rather from a want of instructions what to do than courage to defend it, for, to give the Irish their due, they can defend stone walls very handsomely." This same historian, Dean Story, was intrusted with the office of destroying the castle, and received no less a sum than £160 for the purchase of gunpowder to " blow up Carrig-o-Gunnell and Castle Connell." The effects of the explosion are still sufficiently obvious, for huge masses of broken walls are scattered about in picturesque confusion; although one or two of the towers and portions of the ramparts still endure in a state of tolerable preservation. We ascended one of the towers with some difficulty; but our toil was amply recompensed —never can we forget the grand and beautiful scene that was then brought within our ken!

A noble ash-tree grows in the centre of the ruin; we took our seats beneath it, upon a moss-grown relic of the Olden Time, and again listened eagerly to the stories of our most pleasant guide. Now, however, he had changed his theme—and although still loath to " discoorse " of the daring men who, it is notorious, a few years ago, made the vaults and caves of Carrig-o-Gunnell their places of secret meeting, he was led to allude to them, indirectly, by reference to the fate of a young girl who, about twenty years ago, gave a name to the spot. From the information we gleaned from him, added to subsequent inquiries, we are enabled to tell our readers her sad history.

There is little more in the story than a development of the strength and durability of female affection—proof of reckless daring on the one hand, and of pure devotedness on the other. Old Jacob Bobenezer had commenced with that rigid discipline towards his daughter Rachel which he imagined would fortify her against all the Irish Whiteboys that ever galloped beneath the moonlight; and moreover every Sabbath day he invited to his table a young man, in whose sober manners, discreet conduct, and great worldly-mindedness, he exceedingly rejoiced. Adam Switzer, the only son of his most esteemed friend, had, upon being told by his father that Rachel would be a fitting bride for him in every respect, resolved to marry her; and her father contemplated the fast-growing crops, the plentiful increase, the well-fed kine of the Switzers, as if they had been already added to his stock. Rachel neither smiled nor frowned upon the youth; if she had done either, there might have been hopes that his suit would prosper; but of all things indifference is the most fatal to love. Young Adam did not know this

—or if he did, he did not heed it. How Rachel became acquainted with James Hennesey is not upon record; they never frequented the same places of worship or of amusement. James was known to be a fierce and restless fellow, full of those wild notions of liberty which eventually render a man either a hero or a slave; he was of a good but sinking family, handsome, and better educated than most young men of his time and station. Of all the youths in the neighbourhood, he was the most frequently spoken of in terms of strong disapprobation, by the Bobenezers and the Switzers.

"Any news to-day, good Adam?" the wife would inquire; "for truly Jacob grows so deaf that he hears but little, and Rachel and I never visit but amongst our own people."

"Nothing," Adam would answer, "but that James Hennesey grows worse than ever; he told a magistrate of his own people he lied!"

"Oh! to a burgomaster!" exclaimed the old lady.

"Perhaps it was true," suggested the maiden.

"And even if it was!—but such a thing could not be true—I wonder you do not see how impossible it must be, Rachel," continued the dame.

"It would be a great blessing if he were out of the country," said Adam; "he turns the heads of the men and the hearts of the women."

"I do not see what that is to thee," answered the dame, "as long as thy own head is steady, and this maiden's heart sure."

Rachel looked one way, and Adam another, but neither seemed pleased.

That very night, beneath the waning beams of a harvest moon, the Palatine girl was weeping upon the shoulder of James Hennesey—weeping as if her heart would break—weeping, not loudly, for her grief was heavy-hearted, so that its demonstration could hardly make way. She had met him that night, and too often before, in her own bower, over the trellis of which the aged hands of her father had trained woodbine and roses, that she might sew, and spin, and knit, and read her bible in the free and fragrant air—there she had frequently met her lover, and listened to the deep and passionate declarations of an affection which, to do him justice, he really felt.

"I daren't come again into the valley, darlint of my heart, my own cushla machree! it would be as much as my life is worth. I daren't do it, by night or day," he continued; "the storm may blow over, as storms have done before, or as people say they do, forgetting what they rive and wrack in their passing; and if it does, why, Rachel, I'll ask you boldly from your father, and if he refuse, we must take the leave he will not give; if the storm does not pass, why then, mavourneen, I must leave the country, that's all.

"And I with you—I with you," said Rachel, suddenly changing from the calm cold, patient, girl, to the wildly enthusiastic and devoted woman; "I will never leave you, James; the greater the shame, the harder the fate; but the more truly will I cleave to you."

James Hennesey was indeed, as the country people express it, "on his keeping;" his connexion with Whiteboyism had become notorious, and he could no longer walk abroad with impunity; he was a marked man among the marked—for he was well known to possess the hardy daring and the rude but powerful eloquence that enters, at once, into, and masters, Irish hearts.

Rachel clung to the hope that brighter times would come. She could not comprehend why her father would oppose her union with James, when he was made aware how (according to her belief) the youth was maligned and persecuted. She had often implored him to tell the truth to the Palatine; but James knew better than the unsophisticated girl, the horror that such a man as Jacob must feel at the idea of his child being the wife of a proscribed outlaw—for so in reality he was. He therefore trusted to his own influence over the affectionate creature who had so confidingly launched her heart upon a stormy and perilous sea; and well he might have trusted one so pure and so devoted. After many vows and little consideration, Rachel agreed to meet her lover under the ash-tree amid the ruins of Carrig-o-gunnel, the next Sunday, at midnight; he could know, he said, by that time whether it was likely he should be obliged to leave the country altogether; or, if his former errors were overlooked or forgotten, he swore to the weeping girl that he would enter upon a new life, and become anything, everything, she desired. With men like James Hennesey such resolutions are broken almost before they are fully expressed.

"I wish, Jacob," said Rachel's mother to her husband, on the following morning,—"I wish you would come into our child's room; it is near ten of the clock and she is still sleeping. I did not like to wake her, but she is so disturbed, that I cannot bear to look on her. She is little more than half undressed, her arms tossed over the coverlet, and her beautiful hair clings in heavy wreaths to her damp brow." The Palatine moved, with a lighter tread than was his wont, to the door, through which his worthy wife had passed; she pointed to their child, while the old man lingered on the threshold, gazing with a troubled countenance upon his fair daughter. "Leave her alone," said the confiding father, "leave her alone; even now her head has fallen from her pillow upon the bible that was half-placed beneath it—the child tarried too long at her prayers." If Rachel could but have heard the words, how bitter would have been the reproaches of her conscience!

The next Sabbath brought her common-place lover, and even he observed that "the maid Rachel seemed disturbed." She had received in the morning from the hand of a mountain-boy a feather from a wild-bird's wing—"Sich birdeens," said the urchin, "fly far, but remimber where they build their nests."

Rachel had not forgotten——she did not, however, meditate a far flight, for she took nothing with her, save the national cloak of their Irish serving-girl; and enfolding herself in its ample screen, she threaded her way across the meadows which lay between her dwelling and the Rock of the Candle. She was a fearless girl, and yet many things contributed, that night, to make her shudder, despite her confiding love. She knew she was doing wrong, and, as she flew past the gloomy spots that tradition had invested with a peculiar or fearful interest, she paused and trembled, every now and then; the ruins of the magnificent rock loomed in the distance, and frowned in mysterious grandeur over the moonlit meadows. At last, panting and breathless, she achieved the trysting tree, and stood with her hands clasped over her panting bosom beneath its shadow; the breeze sighing through the leaves, the rustle of the rabbit as it cropped the clover, the beating of the bat's wing upon the air, the heavy whir of the broad-faced owl—even the half-murmured bleat of a kid, as it nestled more closely to its mother's side, increased her fears; nor was it until she was clasped in her lover's arms and felt his warm breath upon her cheek, that she again forgot all the world in him. Whatever were his plans, he had no time to develop them—for the rolling first of one stone, then of another, down the ravine, told James Hennesey that footsteps unaccustomed to the rocky passes were approaching.

In an instant, before she had time to remonstrate, or even ask why or how, James had lifted her in his arms, and passed with her into the depths of one of the caves known only to the disaffected. It was the action of an instant; and the girl brought up with so much care, and in so much piety, was clinging to the most daring of the Whiteboys, in the midst of twelve or fourteen fellows, as daring, and more desperate than he. She heard the sharp, quick click of their pistols, and was nearly suffocated by the smell of the ardent spirit that stimulated them to so much evil; the light of one bogwood torch, shaded as it was, was sufficient to show her the glitter of pikes, and the more horrid expressions of fiend-like faces that glared upon her; suddenly even this light was extinguished, and James murmured she "was safe," for she was with him. Rude and harsh words were exchanged in whispers, which the firm authority of Hennesey suppressed. Rachel heard the heavy tramp of a strong man near her; it was the tread but of one

man—yet what child does not recognise a parent's footstep?—a horrid conviction that her father had tracked her flight came upon her: for a moment she could not speak, but at last terror lest any harm might come to him forced a word or two from her clammy lips.

"Stand here!" muttered Hennesey, "if you cling to me I cannot save him, if it be he. Rachel, his life will answer for this rashness, for he cannot live and we be discovered." Still, although fainting, she clung feebly to her lover: the footsteps passed away, but the girl was roused from her insensibility by a voice calling her sternly and heavily by name, far above where she lay.

"Rachel!—my child!—Rachel!"—she felt that James had quitted her, and she struggled in the darkness with those who would have held her back; it was a faint struggle—a feeble girl against strong armed men.

"Father, I am here," she cried, but her tones were weak—a pause—and then came a distant rush, and blows, desperate and determined. "They won't fire if they can help it," said one fellow to another, in the same suppressed tone. She heard no more; utterly exhausted, she lost all consciousness, nor did she revive until aroused by the rapid motion of a horse, and again a well-known voice whispered "Darling avourneen, you are safe with me."

Several months had elapsed after this occurrence; the old Palatine's garden bore a neglected aspect; the trees were untrimmed, the path overgrown with weeds; a light gleamed without its walls, for the night was dark; and through one or two apertures in the window the glimmer of a candle flickered over the flower-bed that *had* been Rachel's. Within, sat the Palatine and his wife; his hair was now white, his figure lean and dwindled; his eyes were weak and dim, as he bent over his bible—but the eyes of his wife were fixed on him. "We have heard God's word again and again," he said, "and we must be comforted. It was a memorable mercy that on *that* night no blood was shed, though mine was thirsted for: do not look so sad, wife—God is a wise God."

"I do not look sad," she answered, "for you are with me, Jacob; but when I think that you will not be so long—if—"

There was a slight knocking at the door.

"Who's there?" inquired the Palatine. The sound was repeated.

"Friends know it is not safe to open doors to a tongueless man," he answered; and then came a reply in tones that sent him staggering against the wall, while his wife, with a speed that marred her intention, endeavoured to undo the fastening. At last, Rachel crawled, rather than walked, to her father's feet; but he would not look upon her; she then took refuge on her mother's

bosom, who parted the hair upon her brow, while large, heavy tears dropped like hail upon the wasted features of her child.

"I have you here for ever now," said the poor woman, "here you will remain—no one will rive a crushed and faded flower—for ever now."

"For one hour," answered Rachel, "for one hour, and then I quit you, my mother, for a long, long time. Mother, in Heaven's sight I declare I had no thought of leaving you that night; and *he* saved my father's life, and will carry to his grave the mark he received in defending it."

Her mother declared she should not leave her.

"Let her go to her keeper," said the old man, sternly.

But Rachel arose, and answered, "Father, before the day was done, he was my husband; he has worked me no wrong, for the choice was my own; and I am thankful to bear shame with him, if it can lighten his heavy load. Mother, you would have done as much for my father."

"There is a curse, strong as well as deep, that sooner or later will overwhelm the children of disobedience," said her father, bitterly.

"I know it—I believe it—I feel it—but even so; I submit."

"The time will come," continued the old man, "sooner or later—the time will come, when he in whom you trusted will fail you in your uttermost need; when he will pour into the core of your breaking heart the poison you gave your parents. Oh, what fools are those who put faith in their own children! He will spurn you and desert you."

"He may do so," she replied, weeping, "he may do so; but I will never desert him."

"Jacob," interposed his aged wife, "Jacob, our child—she—given to our prayers after long years of expectation—she says she has but one hour to stay with us; do not let it pass thus. She is still our child, Jacob; but one hour to stay," repeated the mother, wringing her hands, "but one hour."

"Not an hour now," said Rachel, "not much more than half; you, mother, will listen to me; people spoke falsehoods of him; decoyed away he was: but he *is not* what they say; they will not hear him, will not pardon him; if he remained in Ireland, he must be as he is, outlawed and wretched. He has yielded to my prayers; and in a foreign land, where we are going, he may still be what the Almighty intended he should be—great and good; he gave me one hour to bid you farewell, to pray for your forgiveness; only one hour; and the minutes are flying while I speak."

"Will he come for you?" inquired her father; "Oh no, he cannot, he dare not venture here, nor would others let him," she replied. The old man rose steadily from his seat, and before either mother or daughter was aware of

his intention, he had seized Rachel in his iron grasp. "As the Lord liveth," he exclaimed, "you go not hence; I will bind you to the horns of the altar; I will not suffer even a tainted sheep of the true fold to become the prey of the ravening wolf: here you remain; vain will be your cries for aid; all vain: here will I stand; and whoever enters shall have the recompense he comes for, who would rob an old man of his child." Rachel implored, conjured, intreated, wept; even her mother's tears were added to hers; but all in vain. The Palatine shouldered one of the heavy muskets of his own country; and paced backwards and forwards, opposite to where he had bound his child with cords, which her mother dared not loosen. His eyes scowled upon the unhappy girl, while ever and anon he muttered between his clenched teeth such texts of Scripture as seemed to him to bear hardest upon her case—threats against disobedient children, and denouncements against the associates of the ungodly. When the first gleam of morning broke through the crevice of the window, Rachel spoke again.

"If harm come to my husband, his blood be upon your head!" It seemed after that as if a portion of her father's sternness had entered into her gentle nature. She would neither taste food nor drink; but sat with clasped hands, and eyes turned towards the mountains, the sun-lit tops of which were seen through the latticed window. "She will die, she will die," said her mother.

"Pray God she may," was the father's harsh reply, "that I may lay her in the grave, and then be gathered to my fathers."

She did not die; but a desperate and very dangerous fever came to her relief, for it took away her mind from present thoughts; weeks and months elapsed ere she was able to sit at the cottage door. But the lapse of time had wrought changes in many ways: the country was more tranquil; and people said that since James Hennesey had disappeared matters were become altogether different. The Palatine relaxed but little of his severity, except that, thinking himself secure in Rachel's weakness, he suffered her mother to move her from place to place in her arms. She took no interest in anything. Nothing amused, nothing drew from her a word or even a look of intelligence. All blessed her as they passed along the road, and the little children used to heap her lap with wild flowers. Her mother reconciled herself to the violence which her husband had practised when she found that no letter, no token arrived from James; that he had gone into exile was certain—but had he forgotten Rachel? Months rolled into years; two years had passed; and Rachel was still the same. Usually the Palatine preserved the most rigid silence towards his daughter, but sometimes he would give vent to bitter feelings, and reproach her in strong language; it was all the same, her features

remained unmoved, and she seldom shed tears. Once, indeed, when they were alone, and her mother wept over her, she desired her to be comforted, as she should be happy yet.

People wondered how she lived, how anything so heart-broken could remain so long in a torturing world.

One morning she told her mother she would lie down: and her father at the noonday dinner, looking into the room (where he had once been deceived), laid his hand upon her shoulder, as if to assure himself that she was there "in the flesh;" suddenly she opened her eyes, and raising her head, kissed his cheek; he was so unprepared for the act, that he had no time for consideration, and, as if by instinct, a blessing fell from his lips. When her mother came to her with some food, she said, "Father has blessed me at last; you do so too, then let me sleep."

When the evening meal was prepared, and her mother again sought her, she was gone; if the neighbours had seen her, they stoutly denied it, and declared that she was spirited away by the "good people." The old Palatine traversed the country like one demented, bending his way at last to the ruins of Carrig-o-Gunnell, not with any distinct hope of finding her there, but from the natural desire of seeking in every possible and impossible place for a thing cherished and lost.

There, under the ash-tree, he saw his child, her head reclining against its trunk; he called to her, in a voice tremulous from an emotion he would fain have suppressed; it was vain; he fell on his knees by her side; he turned her face towards him; the cheek upon which he had impressed the kiss of returning affection was cold, her heart had ceased to beat, her eyes to weep for ever! Then, indeed, the strong pent-up current of parental love, that had been so long congealed within his bosom, burst forth. He wept as only strong men weep; he lifted up his voice, exclaiming like the Royal Poet-Prophet of old,—"Oh! Rachel, my child! my child! would that I had died for thee!"

People say that the spirit of the Palatine girl wanders amid the ruins of the Rock of the Candle to this day; and there are few bold enough to approach the elm-tree after night-fall. "But, sure, your honours," said our guide, when he had closed the story, the leading points of which we have thus preserved, "a spirit so good as hers could harm no living mortal."

But superior in interest even to Carrig-o-gunnel, are the storied remains of Askeaton—distant from Limerick about sixteen miles. Askeaton is a populous and busy-looking town, situate on the river Deel, near its junction with the Shannon. A waterfall of considerable elevation, formed by a

barrier of rock stretching across the entire bed of the river and visible from the town, has given name to the place—*As-cead-tinne*, "The cascade of the hundred fires." The fires were probably in some way connected with the ritual of the Druids—the old Irish Ghebres. It was a holiday when we entered Askeaton, and its streets were densely crowded—business, or pleasure, or devotion, as well as the fineness of the day, having congregated together a very numerous population. This circumstance gave the place, to our minds, an aspect of cheering industry, which probably otherwise it has no claim to. At all events, its command of the tide-water, and its favourable position, ought to entitle it to a considerable trade: in England it would surely possess it. An excellent bridge of five depressed arches connects both sides of the town, for it lies on either bank of its river. The place was formerly surrounded with a wall and other defences. It was incorporated in the eleventh year of James the First. In 1642, it was for a while garrisoned, but afterwards abandoned by Lord Broghill, the commander at that period of the parliamentary forces, and in some time after temporarily held by the confederated Catholics. At the Limerick side of the town a new church has been recently built. It partly occupies the site of a far more ancient structure, founded in 1298 by the Knights Templars, and of which all that is now left is a portion of a tower, the lower part of which is a square, the upper an octagon.

The castle, an ancient residence and stronghold of the Earls of Desmond, stands at the foot of the bridge, and even in its extreme ruin shows that it had been a pile of great strength and importance. In 1574, it was attacked by Sir George Carew, when the garrison was withdrawn; but at their departure they blew it up with gunpowder, the effect of which was that the whole interior of the keep was exposed, and so continues, by the falling away of the wall at the river-side. It was originally arched, and the whole style refers its date to the period of "the Roses." At a short distance from the keep stands a long oblong building of two stories in height, and unroofed. The basement story is arched, and that above, an apartment of fine proportions (now used as a ball-alley by the villagers), was lighted by several broad mullioned windows, enriched with cuspated heads, weather-cornices, &c. This must originally have been a magnificent chamber, and seems to have been used either as a domestic chapel or a banqueting-room.

But the object of principal interest here is the abbey. It stands at the opposite side of, and adjacent to the river, near the Catholic chapel, and is a pile of very considerable extent and in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1420, by James, seventh Earl of Desmond, for conventual Franciscans, and was reformed in 1490, by the Observantine friars. James, the fifteenth Earl,

died and was buried here, in 1558. In 1564, a chapter of the order was held within it. At the suppression of monasteries, towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth, after the destruction of Desmond's power, this structure shared the general fate; but an abortive effort at its restoration was made in 1648, by the confederated Catholics; since then it has been gradually, though slowly, progressing to its present state. The church stands in the midst of the conventual buildings. It is a long oblong, from which a transept branches off at the north side, at the intersection of which formerly stood a tower, the ruins of which lie around in solid masses *.

The east window is a broad and lofty opening of five lights, the mullions forming intersecting tracery at head. The transept opens into the church by two fair, broad, and lofty arches. It is divided in its length by a range of three similar arches springing from plain pillars, and forming a lateral aisle. This portion of the building also contains some old tombs. The cloister, which lies at the south side of the church, is not the least beautiful portion of this interesting ruin. It is an area encompassed by low arched ambulatories opening on a central square in a succession of small, neatly executed, pointed arches, twelve to each side. An old white-thorn occupies the centre. The refectory, dormitories, hospital, and other offices are all in fair preservation, and, meet haunts as they are for "musing melancholy," are not without their due attraction to detain the footsteps of the curious visitor.

About two miles from Askeaton is the small village of Shanagolden, one mile south-east of which, and closely approaching the mountainous tract lying between Limerick and Kerry, stands out a prominent grassy hill of considerable elevation and steepness. It is unconnected with any other eminence in its vicinity; this is the hill of Shannid—quasi *Shanait*, "The old place." It terminates in a double peak, evidently artificial, each forming a truncated cone, fashioned in ages remote for purposes of defence. That to the north is surmounted by a castle, the area of which, 180 feet in circumference,

* There are several ancient tombs inscribed in Mœso-Gothic letters. Some handsomely-executed canopied niches, richly ornamented with crockets and finals, line the side walls, and near the altar end is a mural monument with the following inscription,—the first line a hexameter, the second a pentameter :—

Epitaphivm chronographicvm
Hic Oliverus inest genitus genitorque Richardus
Stephenson clericandor uterque choro est,
Año. 1642.
D. O. M.

Maritis suis Richardo Stephenson eivs et filio Dm. Olivero Stephenson ac posteris suis hoc bustum fieri fecerunt D. Margarita ni Brien et Elinora Browne. Año. Do. 1646.

We were told that the only living descendant of these Stephensons is now a poor weaver, residing in the neighbourhood.

covers the whole extent of platform. In height this structure is something between thirty and forty feet; the walls are ten feet in thickness. Its form is polygonal without, circular within. It contains neither vault nor staircase. An external wall about twenty feet in height, and but little in advance from it, surrounds the structure. Lower down a deep fosse, 600 feet in circumference, flanked by an earthen rampart, forms a girdle round the hill. Previously to the seventeenth century this castle was held by the Earls of Desmond, and the cry of "Shannid aboo," *i. e.*, "Shannid victorious, or hurra for Shannid," forms the motto of the knights of Glen, a still subsisting branch of the Geraldines, as "Crom-aboo," from the place called Croom, in the same county, has been adopted as the motto of another branch of the same spreading family—that of the Duke of Leinster*. The southern peak is crowned by one of the ancient Raths; a hill fort, formed of earth, and surrounded with deep fosses and ramparts. The area of this is extensive, and it possesses a

* Many of these war-cries are retained as family mottoes—that of the Fitzgeralds for example, "Crom-aboo," by the Duke of Leinster; others have been long since abandoned; and others have departed with the families who bore them. The O'Neal's cry was Lamh-dearg-aboo—Huzza for the red hand (his crest); O'Brien's, Lamh-laider-aboo—Huzza for strong hand; the Bourkes, Galraigh-aboo—Huzza for the red Englishman; the Fitzpatricks, Gear-laider-aboo—Huzza for strong and sharp—alluding to their crest, a lion and a dragon; the Mac Swineys, Battailah-aboo—Huzza for the noble staff; the Hiffernans, Ceart-na-suas-aboo—Huzza for the right from above; the Husseys, Cair-direach-aboo—Huzza for strict justice, &c. &c. In the tenth year of the reign of Henry the Seventh, an act was passed prohibiting the use of these family war-cries: "*Item*, prayen the commons in this present Parliament assembled; that forasmuch as there has been great variances, malices, debates, and comparisons between divers lords and gentlemen of this land, which hath daily increased by seditious means of diverse idle and ill-disposed persons, utterly taking upon them to be servants to such lords and gentlemen; for that they would be borne in their said idlenesss, and their other unlawful demeaning, and nothing for any favour or entirely good love or will that they bear unto such lords and gentlemen. Therefore it be enacted and established by the same authority, That no person, ne persons, of whatsoever estate, condition, or degree he or they be of, take part with any lord or gentleman, or uphold any such variances or comparisons in word or deed, as in useing these words, Com-abo, Butler-abo, or other words like, or otherwise contrary to the King's laws, his crown, and dignity, and peace; but to call only on St. George, or the name of his sovereign lord the King of England for the time being. And if any person or persons, of whatsoever estate, condition, or degree he or they be of, do contrary so offending in the premisses, or any of them, be taken and committed to ward, there to remain without bayle or mainprize, till he or they have made fine after the discretion of the king's deputy of Ireland, and the king's counsail of the same for the time being."—*Rot. Parl. cap.* 38.

feature peculiar to it, that of being subdivided into four equal portions by the intersection of a rather deep cut through the centre; with what object it is hard to determine. This structure is, of course, of greater antiquity than the adjacent castle. The utmost date that can be assigned to the latter is the commencement of the twelfth century, whilst that of the Rath may be lost in the clouds and mists of the remote ages*. The purpose for which it was

* There is no object which the peasantry regard with so much superstitious dread as the Rath, from the belief that it is the especial property of the fairies. It is almost impossible to find a labourer who can be tempted by any reward to put his spade into one of them. They have consequently remained undisturbed for ages; and often a large space is, therefore, suffered to continue an unprofitable waste in the centre of a fertile meadow. Stories in abundance are told of punishments that have followed attempts to open or level these raths, and of scenes and objects witnessed by persons who have unconsciously slept beside them, or passed them at night. We have a large collection of these illustrative stories, some of which we may hereafter print. One of them may, for the present, suffice. Several hundred years ago, long before Dane or Saxon had set foot on "the sod," and disturbed the viewless revels of its guardian genii, a man stood within the circle of a rath in that part of Ireland now called the county Kilkenny. He was a man who, through improvidence, had reduced himself to a state of utter destitution, and had probably sought that spot lonely as consonant to the state of his mind. It was midnight; and amidst the breezes that sighed in the long grass of the hill, he recognised aerial voices, and soon discovered that he was in the presence of no less a personage than the king of the fairies, who was holding a council of his tiny subjects as to the best method off carrying off the daughter of the king of Munster. The man immediately offered his assistance, which was as readily accepted; off they set for the court of the king of Munster; and before many minutes they were back again at the rath with the king of Munster's fair daughter among them, whom the fairies were about to take with them into the rath, when the man had the courage to ask her for his bride, and the fairy king generously complied with his request. But in bringing her to his humble dwelling, he found her to be only a breathing statue, beautiful indeed, and warm with life, but incapable of speech or motion. He once more repaired to the rath, and again heard two fairies conversing—"A man went with our host last night," said one of the speakers, "and carried off the king of Munster's daughter, who still lies in the cloud of death; but if he pulled the herb that is now under his feet, and gave it to her boiled in new milk, she would soon recover." The man accordingly acted on the hint, and his lovely bride was soon in full possession of all her faculties, and continued to live with him happily for some time, until the bridegroom began to dread the realization of the old adage, "When poverty enters the door, &c.," and had recourse once more to the rath. Here he overheard another conversation of the fairies, wherein they planned no less an enterprise than the carrying away of all the king of Munster's cattle. The child of earth again offered his services, which were as readily accepted; and the "creagh" was gallantly accomplished. But the king of Munster was a cunning old fellow, and, notwithstanding the precaution of the fairies in changing the print of the cattle's hoofs, he succeeded in following the course of his flocks and herds, and arrived at the dwelling of his unknown son-in-law, now a rich and happy man, the fairies having bestowed on him a large share of the spoil in recompense for his assistance (for Swedenborg's doctrine that spirits can only act on men by men, is an axiom in the philosophy of fairy land). The son-in-law, whom we shall call Kenneth, received the king very courteously, and having cautioned his wife against discovering herself to her father, got ready a very sumptuous entertainment. The king having first caught, through the casement, a view of the cattle, remarked that they were very like his own that he had lost. "There is nothing in the world," replied his host, "that has not some other thing exactly like unto it." "True," replied the king, and seemed satisfied. But when he beheld his daughter, nature could not be deceived, and he burst into tears. "Why dost thou weep, O king?" demanded Kenneth. "Because thy wife is the exact resemblance of my long-lost daughter," replied the king. "And what reward wouldst thou give to the man that would restore her?" demanded Kenneth. "Her hand." "Behold her, then, before thee." An explanation now took place, the happy result of which we may anticipate; and Kenneth had ever after good reason to bless the hour in which he first heard the fairy voices in the rath. That raths are structures of very remote antiquity is apparent from the circumstance of their being found in places where the Danes never settled; as also from the cromleachs and stone circles sometimes found on their summits, plainly identifying them with the age of heathenism.

erected was at once of a domestic and military character. In a country so subdivided as was ancient Ireland into clans or tribes of different descents, and almost perpetually harassed by internal dissensions, security of residence was not always easily attainable; but every means which the knowledge and experience of the time suggested was made available for the purpose. The site of course was a cardinal object—a hill, the neighbourhood of a river, a wood, or a morass, was sought out, and this being chosen, the fosse was hollowed out, the high embankment thrown up, and the interior of the inclosed area was wrought, in the style Cyclopic, into galleries of intricate maze, serving at once as repositories for valuables, as granaries, and sometimes as outlets in case of emergency, and often as places of interment. The form of these forts was generally round; the circle indeed appears to have been a favourite figure with the ancient Irish: it was adopted in their dwellings and their temples, whether these last consisted of stone pillars or lofty towers. Cæsar found the Britons attached to a similar form in the construction of their houses. The *square* fort is, however, often found, but made of similar materials. We are to presume that the buildings which occupied the area within the entrenchment, were generally formed of the same materials, still used by the peasantry in the erection of their "mud edifices,"—earth intermixed with rushes or straw, and the roof composed of thatch or shingle. Timber doubtless was also extensively used in these structures; indeed the ancient Irish are reputed to have been well skilled in what the venerable Charles O'Conor calls "lignarian architecture*."

Proceeding south-east from Askeaton—or journeying from Limerick to Kerry by another, and an excellent road, the Tourist will pass two places of great interest—Adare and Croom—the former on the direct route, the latter a mile or two away from it, but supplying an ample recompense to visitors, as containing the only round tower that now exists in the country. Adare is about eight miles from the city; a neat and apparently flourishing town; immediately adjoining which are the remains of several monastic edifices, the greater number of them being within the walls of the Earl of Dunraven's beautiful park. One of the old abbeys has been converted into a church, and another into a chapel; and both retain traces of their original grandeur, although modern "improvements" have essentially changed their character. The erections of these abbeys, churches, and a castle of the Desmonds, which "much incommoded the English" during the Elizabethan wars, are

* Of other fortified dwellings they possessed several kinds, as the *Dun*, the *Dangion*, the *Lios*, the *Cashiol*, the *Cahir*. These names are sometimes found combined, as Dundangion, near Cork (*corruptè* Dundannion), *Lois na ratha*, the Court of Forts, &c. The Cashiol and Cahir are generally of stone. Staigue fort, in Kerry, of which we have spoken at page 179, is one of this class.

not of very remote dates. A house was founded here, for friars of the order of the Holy Trinity, for the redemption of Christian captives, in the reign of King Edward the First, by John Earl of Kildare. The Augustinian Friary, called also the Black Abbey, was founded in 1315, and King Edward the Second confirmed the grants made to it A.D. 1317. The house of Grey Friars was founded in 1465, by Thomas Earl of Kildare, and Joan his wife—and they were both buried in the choir. The ruins of these, and others, have been recently put into complete repair at the charge of Lord Dunraven; and at the time of our visit, the new additions of mason-work were so apparent as considerably to impair the "beauty of age;" but within a comparatively short period, the ivy will grow over them, and they will have been secured from further dilapidations of Time for ages yet to come.

The whole central district of Limerick is, indeed, studded with remains, religious and castellated, still emphatically speaking of the former power of the Geraldines—now ruined and decayed. A chain of towers may be traced in continuous succession from the Shannon to Kilmallock indicating the territorial supremacy of the Fitzgeralds, whilst their numerous and elaborate ecclesiastical structures tell of the wealth, munificence, and taste of that noble race. Kilmallock, Askeaton, and Adare, are deservedly objects of pilgrimage to all who love the picturesque and relics of the magnificent. But this district is not alone interesting because of such remains and their associations. Its legends, its vestiges of a far older time than that in which the Geraldines predominated, are numerous and varied. The fairy marvels of Knockfeerena, and its enchanted chieftain *Donn**; the subaqueous wonders of the palaces and gardens of Lough Gur, where the last of the Desmonds is detained in thrall†,

* "Called by the people of the country 'Knock Dhoinn Firinne'—the Mountain of Donn of Truth. This mountain is very high, and may be seen for several miles round; and when people are desirous to know whether or not any day will rain, they look at the top of Knock Firinne, and if they see a vapour or mist there, they immediately conclude that rain will follow, believing that Donn (the lord or chief of the mountain) and his aërial assistants are collecting the clouds, and that he holds them for some short time to warn the people of the approaching rain. As the appearance of mist on that mountain in the morning is considered an infallible sign that the day will be rainy, Donn is called 'Donn Firinne'—Dnon of Truth."—Mr. E. O. Reilly.

† The legend is, that the last chieftain of the Desmonds—of course, excepting him who became an "apostate" and died in England—keeps his state under the waters of the lake, from which he rises at daybreak on the morning of every seventh year, and rides fully armed and accoutred, for contest, round its shores; and this duty he is compelled to discharge until the shoes of his steed, which are made of silver, are worn out; when the term of his enchantment will expire and he will return to earth to resume his station and regain his estates. About seventy years ago, Mr. Stackpoole Baylee made some attempts to drain the lake, and formed a channel to convey the water into ground still lower. The progress of the work was stopped by the sudden death of that gentleman, who was killed by a fall from his horse on returning at night from the house of a neighbour with whom he had dined. It is scarcely necessary to add that the peasants universally attributed the circumstance to an encounter with the Earl of Desmond, who killed the new proprietor of the lands

are of no less interest than the time-honoured fanes of the same lake, on the one hand, and those of the like druidical character near Croom, on the other. The very name of *Croom* is redolent of its heathen origin as a temple of the ruler of the Irish gods, the formidable Croom, or Tarran, the Thunderer.

Within a mile of this prettily-seated town, in the centre of an extensive valley stretching out from the eastern base of Knockfeerena, stand the remains of a small but very ancient church, whose era belongs to the very earliest period of Christianity in Ireland. It is a plain oblong, about forty-six feet in length and eighteen broad. The walls are rather of a Cyclopian construction, and are well coated with ivy. It was lit by two small windows, the arching of which, as well as that of the door, has been destroyed. The frame-work of the door and windows, as is usual in these very ancient structures, is of sandstone. On one of the jamb stones of the door are a number of scores, a circumstance worthy of remark, because such scorings have been frequently found on or near other Romanesque remains, and are supposed to have some affinity to the Ogham character. Ten feet north of the church stands one of those round towers so peculiar

for his presumption in attempting to disturb the chieftain in his dominions beneath the waters. There is another curious legend connected with this lake, but not peculiar to it; it is, that for many years no farmer could cultivate an acre of ground along its borders; for the moment the grass or corn sprung up, the young shoots were eaten off by some unseen and unknown animal. A sturdy fellow, however, set himself to watch, night after night; and at length he saw a fine fat milch cow, followed by seven milk-white heifers, emerge from the Lough, and enter his meadow; he ran between them and the water, and closed the gate of the field, but not before the old cow, more "cute" than her progeny, had rushed by him and made her escape; but the calves remained and became his property—and "mighty proud he was of them, for there wern't the likes of them in the barony." One night, he left the gate open, and next morning his singular visitors were gone. Sir Walter Scott, in a letter "to the author of the Fairy Legends," has this remarkable passage: "As for the water-bull, they live who will take their oaths to having seen him emerge from a small lake on the boundary of my property here (Abbotsford), scarce large enough to have held him, I should think. Some traits in his description seem to answer the hippopotamus, and these are always mentioned both in Highland and Lowland story; strange if we could conceive there existed, under a tradition so universal, some shadowy reference to these fossil bones of animals, which are so often found in the lakes and bogs."

to Ireland, and so fruitful of controversy to her antiquaries. It is fifty feet in height, and fifty feet in circumference, at its base. The door, which has a semicircular head, is sixteen feet from the ground. Above this are three windows at different heights. One of them is round-headed, and two others are pointed or lancet-headed, the arches consisting of stones placed diagonally. The upper portion with its conical cap and top windows has been destroyed. The floors were placed on rests, formed by diminishing the thickness of the walls. The peasantry call it *Clogawse na deesart. Clogawse* signifies the "growth of stones," and bears reference to its supposed sudden construction in one night*. No engraving of it has been heretofore published.

Lough Gur, of which we have just spoken, claims particular notice at our hands, because it has hitherto received so little attention from previous tourists and even from the county historians. This secluded lake is distant about ten miles south of the city of Limerick, is irregular in form, and the circumference is between four and five miles. From its bosom rise one large and three or four small islands. The principal island, which is connected with the eastern shore by a causeway, contains about sixty acres, and is called Knock-a-dun, or the fortified knoll. In the days of the Desmonds, two strong square towers defended the most accessible points of approach on the eastern and southern sides. One of these towers, called "the Black Castle," adjoins the residence of the Misses Baylee, whose ancestors once controlled a large portion of the surrounding district.

But it is the extensive assemblage of druidical remains on this island, and around the lake, that render it perhaps the most interesting spot in Ireland for an antiquarian visit; yet, strange to say, these gigantic relics, which extend over many miles of country, have been

* The peasantry have their legends in connexion with every round tower; in nearly every instance the tower is said to have been built in one night.

allowed to remain unexplored and undescribed. Three stone circles, close to the high road between Limerick and Cork, are mentioned for the first time by Mr. Twiss, in his tour through Ireland, published in 1775. Ferrar, who twelve years after this published a history of Limerick, merely quotes Twiss's brief account, although by a couple of hours' ride he might have seen these ancient temples with his own eyes, and noticed them from actual observation, and he then censures Dr. Campbell, author of the Philosophical Survey of Ireland, for omitting to mention "the druidical ruin near Lough Gur." In the more recent history of Limerick by Messrs. Fitzgerald and McGregor, these three stone circles are slightly described; but not sufficiently so, to lead the reader to suppose that, considerable as they are, they form only a very small part of perhaps the most magnificent druidical work, considered as a whole, that exists in the world. In 1830, Mr. Crofton Croker communicated to the Antiquarian Society of London the observations made by him during an investigation of three days, and "so obvious," he states, "is the connexion between the various circles, pillar-stones, altars, and other works, that an examination of one leads the eye to discover others;" and thus was he led on from one remain to another, over a space of country, the circumference of which he estimates at not less than ten miles. "Beyond this," he adds, "even at a distance of fifteen miles in a direct line from the lake, I found stone circles and other druidical works, between which and those at Lough Gur I was unable to establish a connexion, although it appears probable that such once existed."

As the three stone circles on the west side of the lake are close to the high road, the tourist will perhaps act judiciously in making them his starting-point, and proceeding round the lake by a road which branches off at a place called Holy Cross. This road will lead him by the ruined church, which stands on an eminence that descends to the southern shore of the lake. The roofless and deserted walls represented in the annexed print, still retain the name of "the New Church." It was built by Lady Bath, as appears by the chalice and patine now preserved in the neighbouring church of Knockaney. From this

point, various stone circles and other ponderous remains may be seen, and a serpentine passage of considerable length, formed by parallel lines of huge masses of stone, can be traced from the shore, terminating in the Red bog, a tract of low ground at some distance. The opposite side of the road from that on which the church stands, is crowded with druidical works, which it is impossible for us to particularise; one, however, called by the country people "Labig yer-muddagh a Grana," that is, Edward and Grace's bed, is here represented.

This was probably a tomb. It had been a complete oblong chamber, formed by great stones, and covered over with vast flags. The length of this sepulchral chamber was thirteen feet and a half, the breadth six feet. An old woman resided in it for many years, and on her death the covering stones were thrown off, and it was left in its present state by "money-diggers, who found only some burned bones in an ould jug, that surely was not worth one brass farthing." Above this tomb a tabular rock, upwards of ten feet in circumference, rests upon four supporters. And not far distant, there is a singular natural formation called "Carrignanahin, or the Mass rock." It is full of chasms and hollows,

and is said to have received its name from a priest having regularly celebrated within one of its recesses the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church, at a period when that religion was proscribed.

The eastern shore of Lough Gur abounds also with mighty vestiges of

druidical power. One eminence, particularly, called Carrickgalla, has two remarkable circular works of Cyclopian masonry, termed by the country people "Danish forts*;" and in all directions branching off from the once sacred shores of this beautiful and romantic lake, evidence exists of an assemblage of altars, temples, caves, and tombs, much too numerous for us even to notice in the most rapid manner. This chain of druidical works extends into the county of Tipperary. A cromleach, the largest we have ever seen, stands on Galtee More, and on Cromwell Hill, a sepulchral chamber called Labig yermuddah, or Edward's bed,

here represented, and similar to that upon the southern side of Lough Gur, which we have just depicted.

In the low ground throughout this district of ancient druidism, in swampy hollows, now surrounded by bog, and which bog there can be little doubt was formerly richly wooded, the antlers and bones of that gigantic animal, the Moose Deer, long since extinct in Ireland, have been dug up in considerable quantities. A complete skeleton of the animal exists in Dublin procured from this locality, and between the measurement of the antlers of which and a pair in the hall of Kilfrush, the seat of Mr. Gubbins, the following is a comparative view :—

	ROY. DUB. SOC		KILFRUSH.	
	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.
Distance between the extreme tips, measured by the skull	11	10	12	6
Ditto in straight line across	9	2	8	8
Length of each horn	5	9	6	1¾
Greatest breadth of the palm	2	10	2	6
Length of the beam	1	9	0	0
Ditto brow antler	0	8¾	0	9
Ditto sur antler	1	4	1	7⅛
Circumference of the beam at the root of the brow antler	1	0¾	1	0¾

* The vulgar tradition which attributes so many of the antiquities of Ireland to the Danes, has probably arisen from a mistranslation of "Tuatha-de-danaun"—the Danonians, one of the oldest tribes of the aboriginal Irish, who were supposed to erect all their works by magic.

In 1825 Mr. John Hart, by the desire of the Royal Dublin Society, drew up a description of the skeleton of the fossil deer of Ireland (*Cervus Megaceros*). He was sent down by the Society to put the bones of this animal together, in consequence of a communication from the Rev. William Wray Maunsell, Archdeacon of Limerick, dated the 7th of April, 1824. The Archdeacon had several of these remains in his possession, which were found in a hollow between Rathcannon and Knocktoo in 1818 or 1819; two of the best antler specimens having been forwarded to the representatives of Lord Northland and Lord Buckinghamshire, as joint proprietors of the district.

"The valley in which these remains were found," says Mr. Hart, "contains about twenty plantation acres, and the soil consists in a stratum of peat about a foot thick; immediately under this a stratum of shell marl, varying from one and a half to two and a half feet in thickness; in this many of the shells retain their original colour and figure, and are not marine; under the marl there is a bed of light-blue clay; through this one of my workmen drove an iron rod in several places twelve feet deep without meeting opposition. Most of the bones and heads, eight in number, were found in marl; many of them, however, appeared to rest in clay, and to be merely covered by the marl. The remains were deposited in such a manner as to prevent the possibility of ascertaining the exact component parts of each skeleton; in some places portions were found removed many yards from others, and in no instance were two bones found lying close to each other. The position also was singular; in one place two heads were found with the antlers entwined in each other, and immediately under them a large blade-bone; in another a very large head was discovered, and although a most diligent search was made, no part of the skeleton was found: within some hundred yards was another; the jaw-bones were found, and not the head."

Mr. Crofton Croker, to whose active researches in this very curious district in 1829 we are chiefly indebted for having called our particular attention to it, has placed his note-books and sketches at our command, but the space to which we must confine this work prevents our making any use of them beyond extracting the subsequent memoranda *.

* The pair of moose-deer horns at Kilfrush were found east of Slieveriagh at Garryspillane. Another and a larger pair was discovered in the same locality, and are now at Beavor Castle, having been given to the Duke of Rutland by Mr. Gubbins; another pair was given by that gentleman to Sir David Roche, of Cahiras. Several bones were also found, but have not been preserved. Three pair of horns were found at Castle farm bog near Hospital, two of which hang up in the hall of Kilballyowen, the seat of the O'Grady; the largest of these measures from tip to tip about eleven feet, the other is much smaller. Mr. Lowe, of Castle Jane, has two pair of moose-deer horns, which were found east of Slieveriagh, under the mountain. At Castle Jane, a

We must content ourselves with this brief description of one of the most singular and interesting districts of its class to be found, perhaps, in the world; but we here avail ourselves of a fitting opportunity for supplying some account of the ancient mythology of Ireland, and of the druidical monuments—of which so many remain, in every part of the country. For the information we supply we are chiefly indebted to Mr. Windele—to whose researches into the antiquarian lore of Ireland we have, on several occasions, referred—and to Mr. J. B. Wright, of Clonmel, a gentleman deeply learned in early Irish antiquities.

pair was used to stop a field-gate. The late Mr. Oliver, of Castle Oliver, had a noble pair of moose-deer horns, which were thrown away. At Mr. Harrison's, of Castle Harrison, there is a pair which was found at Ballingaddy. At Mount Coote, the seat of Mr. Coote, there is another pair. Three pair were found at Kippane, about a mile from Charleville, and were in the possession of Copley, an innkeeper there. A pair of horns was turned up in Ballyhay bog, in making the new line of road, by a man who flung it in again. At Derk, near Pallasgrane, a pair of moose-deer antlers is in the summer-house of Mr. Beary's garden. Another pair are at Mr. O'Donnell's, of Killredagh, who has also several bones. At Elton, the Rev. Standish O'Grady's, there were two pair of moose-deer horns, one pair of which have been given by Mr. O'Grady to Lord Dunraven. At Mr. Considine's, at Derk, there is a pair, which were found close to the house. Mr. Gubbins, of Kenmare Castle, near Hospital, gave a pair of moose deer horns to Mr. Ginnis, of ——— near Devonport, said to measure from tip to tip sixteen feet. From the bog of Garrycahira, under Cromwell Hill, an imperfect pair of horns were taken out, which must have been of prodigious size, as the beam at the root of the brow-antlers measured fifteen inches. In 1829, Mr. Crofton Croker raised in Ballingaddy bog a pair of moose-deer horns, but as they were near the surface, the ground in drying had cracked them into several pieces; one horn, however, measured twelve feet and three-quarters of an inch from the tip to the root of the brow-antler; and he was told that no less than nine or ten pair of moose-deer horns had been dug up about the same place, within the previous sixteen years, by a man named Cleary. We might readily extend this catalogue, but we have done enough to show how abundant this noble animal must have been in the county of Limerick; indeed, although such remains are more numerous here than in any other county, they are found in all parts of the kingdom; few of the mansions of the aristocracy are without a pair.

"*When* and *where* did this gigantic species of deer exist? Such is the question which arises at once to every man's mind—yet nothing but mere conjecture can be given in reply. No tradition of its actual existence remains: yet so frequently are bones and antlers of enormous size dug up in the various parts of the island, that the peasantry are acquainted with them as the 'old deer' and in some places these remains are so numerous and so frequent that they are often thrown aside as useless lumber. A pair of these antlers were used as a field-gate near Tipperary. Another pair had been used for a similar purpose near Newcastle, in the county of Wicklow, until they were decomposed by the action of the weather. There is also a specimen in Charlemont House, the town residence of the Earl of Charlemont, which is said to have been used for some time as a temporary bridge across a rivulet in the county Tyrone. Now, though similar remains have been found in Yorkshire, on the coast of Essex, in the Isle of Man, in different parts of Germany, in the forest of Bondy near Paris, and in some parts of Lombardy, it is evident that the animal had its favourite haunts in our fertile plains and valleys, and has some claim to the title of the *Irish* fossil deer. Thus one part of the question is answered—we can tell *where* the animal existed, as far as extreme probability can go, but as to *when*, it baffles our investigations. There is presumptive evidence that MAN existed at the same period with this animal —one proof of which seems to be in a rib of the deer (presented to the Dublin Society by the same gentleman who presented the skeleton), and which has evidently been perforated with an arrow, or some similar sharp pointed instrument. It is not improbable that the chase of this gigantic creature formed part of the business and pleasure of the then inhabitants of the country, and that amongst its enemies might be included the wolf, and the celebrated Irish wolf-dog."

The two great religious systems of pagan antiquity were *Sabæism*, or star-worship, and *Fetichism*, or the worship of animals. The first, the more ancient of the two, at one time pervaded the whole ancient world. The heathenism of the Irish was an admixture of both systems. Its mythology consisted of a plurality of deities, in which *Crom*, or *Taran*, or *Ti-mor*, held the supremacy. From him we have places named Macroom, Baltimore, Galtimore, &c. The planets and the elements, under personifications, formed a principal portion of the objects of this creed; and then there were a host of subsidiary Genii under the name of *sidhe*, answering to the minor deities of Greece and Rome, and the elves and fairies of the Teutonic nations*. The belief in the *sidhe*, or good people—Eumenides—still survives in popular superstition, and in Well-worship, originally referable to the genii of fountains.

Ana, or *Aine* †, as the *mater deorum*, was one of their deities of the first class —Anaites was the Persian Venus. *Toth* they worshipped in common with the Britons and Egyptians. He was the Irish *Deus locorum*. *Gaoth*, the wind, was another principal object of their adoration. In all this mythology we see traced a connexion with the religious systems of early Greece, Hetruria, Phrygia, Phœnicia, Egypt, and India. The Samothracian *Cabiri* were the *succouring Gods* of Ireland. Their mysteries were known in Gaul and Britain. Diodorus, v. 56; Strabo, iv.

But of all their deities, the sun, or *Baal*, appears to have been accounted in highest popular esteem. And of all heathen superstitions, surely, to adopt the language of Milman, sun-worship was the most beautiful and natural. It is said they recognised this planet under *forty* different appellations; but he was best known under those of *Grian* and *Baal*, or Belus,—from which the classical Apollo was derived by corruption.

Fire was consecrated to Baal as his emanation. Like the ancient Persians, they originally worshipped fire without temples. Zoroaster reformed the Persian ritual; who introduced his reformation amongst the Irish is not

* The Sidhe (pronounced Shee) were called spirits of the hill, because supposed to come out of pleasant hills (vid. O'Flaherty's Ogygia). They were also supposed to come in the breeze, the musical sighing of which was thought to be their voices. Among the divinities of the Tutha-de-dananns, it is mentioned that "Storm, *Wind*, and Breeze (Sidhe) were their three horses." Many allusions are made to them in Macpherson's Ossian, which are all genuine, as they correspond to passages in old Irish poems.

The genii of the fountains correspond to the angel of the waters in the Revelation, ch. xvi. 5. The question asked St. Patrick and his companions by Eithne and Finola, the daughters of Laoghre, was whether God dwelt "in the hills or the valleys, in the fountains or the rivers?" It is also observed that they took the apostle and his companions from their *white garments* to be *men of Sidhe*, or gods of the earth. It may be worthy of observation, that the notions of the Irish and other ancient nations concerning the world of spirits wonderfully harmonise (allowing for the colouring of unenlightened fancy) with the intimations of Scripture.

† Aine, in Irish, signifies a ring or circle.

known; but undoubtedly such a change was effected, when the *Round Tower*, which has its prototype *only* in Syria, Persia, and India, was introduced as a *fire temple*. Down to the period of the fall of Paganism, fire was differently lighted up in Ireland, by two apparently opposing sections of the old religion; by one on the mountain summit, by the other beneath the cover of their *Tur-aghan* or fire tower. A further sectarian difference prevailed between the ignicolist and the worshipper of water; the latter holding fire as the genius of evil:—"et ignem habebat ut infestum" (Colgan).

Four grand festivals in honour of fire were held within the year, viz. in the beginning of spring, in May, at Midsummer, and on the first of November. The May and Midsummer fires are still kept up; the former under its old denomination of *Beal tinne* or Beal's fire; and the universality of ignicolism is evidenced by the observance of that day as a festival still by many nations. The Beltain of Scotland is but the *Calendi maggio* of modern Italy. In 1644 the May-pole was denounced by Act of Parliament in England. The Sclavonians and Bohemians still light up a midsummer fire. In Ireland, candles, a kind of feast of the lanterns, have been substituted for the November fire—who is ignorant of the mysteries and superstitions of "*All-hallow eve?*" They possessed many places of sacrifice, such as *Magh adhair* (the field of adoration) in Thomond; *Bealach magh-adhair*, near Cork, still marked by the remains of a cromleach; several pillar stones inscribed with *Ogham;* and caves of various forms and sizes. Their principal periodical offering of victims was at Moy Sleacht, or the plain of slaughter, in the county of Leitrim.

They believed in a temporary future state, and held the Pythagorean doctrine of the Metempsychosis*, which taught a return again to a terrene existence after a certain lapse of years. A remnant of this belief still lingers in the superstition of the peasantry, who regard moths and butterflies as embodiments of the souls of their departed relations. Their Elysium was *Innis na n'oge*, or Tir na n'oge, or the Island of Youth. It was also called *Flath-inis*, or the noble island, and *Hy Brasil*. This belief was the origin of all those fabled Islands that have been luring dreamers, from the days of Saint Brendan, down to the discovery of Brazil, aided probably by some of those optical delusions, called *Fata Morgana* by the Italians.

* Some are of opinion that they did not hold the Metempsychosis exactly in the Pythagorean sense. They believed that the body went to the formation of other bodies, but that the spirit hovered in the air watching over the destinies of earthly friends, frequenting groves, woods, and valleys in summer, and rocks, caves, and mountains in winter—that they all followed their favourite sports, associated together, and fought many battles with the spirits of their former enemies, and in defence of their friends on earth. That their enmity to each other caused them to abuse, sometimes to kill, and carry away their enemies' relations, haunt their houses, disturb their rest, injure their cattle, &c. Hence the origin of fairies, Banshees, Pookas, &c.

It may be regarded as a distinguishing feature in the Celtic mythology, that its views of the spiritual world are not so gloomy and terrific as those of the *Gothic*, and we do not find any idea of a future state, or place of punishment, among its cheerful dogmas, as in the Edda and other Scandinavian monuments. Hence there is no indigenous word in the Irish language to express *hell;* whereas the word for heaven is strictly indigenous, and literally signifies "the isle of the noble,"—*Flath-inis*—as we have already said; to which there is the following allusion in the song of an ancient bard, preserved in the Highlands of Scotland.

Come thou mildly o'er the deep,
Oh friendly gale! that movest slow,
And bear my shade upon thy wings,
With speed unto the *nobles' isle.*

This island was said to be situate off the western coast of Ireland and generally invisible, except to some gifted individuals, who occasionally descried it through the grey mists of the distant ocean. It was said to be a region of perennial spring and endless pleasure. And they even appear to have considered the very *scene* of their sepulture as affecting their state after death, from their anxiety to be buried in places remarkable for beauty. Thus, in the poems of Ossian, (we mean the Irish Ossian,) and other ancient bards, we read of "the grey stone rising amidst beauteous verdure," the warrior sleeping "beneath the green sunny hill," "the pleasant airy hill," "on the margin of the blue-rolling lake," with "the *warm beam of the sun* above him," "by the course of the blue winding stream of the verdant field," &c. A similar custom seems to have prevailed in the East, in the remotest ages; as for instance, Abraham bought for his sepulture, from Ephron, the Hittite, *a field bordered with trees*, and the ancient Arabians loved to be buried in a *verdant valley by a running stream*—which is supposed to be alluded to in Job xxi. 22, 23.

Their priesthood consisted of the celebrated Druidic Hierarchy. The propriety of the name has been disputed by some modern Irish antiquaries, who would substitute for the term *Druid* that of *Magus;* but the latter word is never found in ancient Irish writings, whilst *Draoi* is invariably used*. It is a curious coincidence that the name of the Parsee priest is also *Daroos.* The order embraced numerous subdivisions, as bards, &c. Religion with them was essentially connected with medicine. To the use of medicinal herbs, administered with much mummery, were added amulets, charms, spells. The

* The simple solution of the difficulty is this, that those who wrote in Latin on the Druids, finding a resemblance between them and the Magi of the East, very properly adopted Magus, as the fittest word for translating the Irish Draoi.

herbs were collected with great ceremony. The misletoe, vervain, black hellebore, &c., were deemed specific, and gathered at appointed seasons.

The costume of the Faid (Vates) or prophet, and the chief Druid in the accompanying sketch, is delineated from a description in a curious manuscript (in the possession of Mr. Wright) of the late Dr. Paul O'Brien, Irish Professor at Maynooth. The chequed under-garment is conformable to the ancient Irish law, which ordained that an ollamh (to which class the druids belonged) should have six colours in his garment. The white mantle was common to all the druids of the British isles. The grey or sky-blue hooded mantle on the Vates is also mentioned on the Welsh triads.

The fan-shaped ornament representing the sun and the half-moon under it, in the chief druid's head-dress, are not only found on sepulchral urns, but have actually been dug up in bogs, and have been accurately described from ocular observation by General Vallancy and others. In a figure of a druid in Montfaucon, he is represented with the half-moon in his hand, as if it had been at times used as a talisman. The same author has another druid with a *wand,* and in Ireland there is still a tradition concerning the "druid's wand," which they say some possess, and are thereby rendered very knowing and successful*.

* In Ireland, where the ancient laws distinguished the different ranks by the number of colours in their garments, the bard wore a garment of five colours; the Druid—strictly so called—one of six colours; and the three degrees were further distinguished as follows. The bard, or properly speaking, the File, wore a white mantle and a blue cap ornamented with a gold crescent. The Faid or prophet wore a mantle of grey, or sky-blue (the original word may signify either; or, properly speaking, a hue or tint compounded of both), and a white hood, called prophet's hood: his badge was a golden star, with the inscription "The judgment of Heaven will severely punish iniquity." The Druids, or highest degree of the order, wore a long robe of crimson, and a shorter one of white, and each had suspended at his side his Druid's knife: they wore white caps ornamented with gold plates, in shape and appearance like fans. The Arch-druid, in addition to these garments, wore a white mantle edged with gold: around his neck was a golden chain, from which was suspended a gold plate, inscribed with the words "The gods require sacrifice: on the front of his Draoi-bearc or Druid's cap, was a golden representation of the sun, under a half-moon of silver, supported by two druids, one at each cusp, in an inclined posture. That this is a correct representation appears from the number of gold and silver ornaments which have been found in Irish bogs. Many of these are of exquisite workmanship, having in some of their devices a resemblance to those described above: we may instance, in particular, the

The druidical *Temple* consisted of a *circle* of large upright stones. The area was of various dimensions. Circularity in their stone monuments was a favourite form with the pagan Irish. It is observed not only in their temples, such as these circles and fire towers, but even in their dwellings, their Cathirs, forts, &c. The circular form of the ancient Irish edifices appears to have its origin in sun-worship; and their being generally *open*, arose in all probability from an opinion similar to that of the ancient Germans, that it was unworthy of the Author of all space to circumscribe his presence by walls and human architecture.—Vide Tacitus. It may probably be traced up to the ancient Zabian religion, which spread from India over Canaan, Greece, Etruria, and Scandinavia, under various modifications. The circle served at once as a place of worship, a court of justice, and as a rude sort of astronomical observatory, wherein they marked the rising and setting of the sun, moon, and stars, the seasons, and periods of the day, &c. It is curious that in the Scottish Highlands they still express going to church as going to the *clachan* or stones. Circles are sometimes concentric. At Rathmichael, county Dublin, we have three of them, one within the other. Stone circles are common in America; they are also found in Persia, in the province of Coimbatoor in India, and over all northern Europe, as well as in several of the islands of the Mediterranean.

The altar known to English antiquaries by the Greek name of *Trilithon* received in Ireland the appropriate name of *Cromleac*, or stone of Crom, and a particular class of the priesthood was named *Crumthear*. It consisted of a great incumbent rock or flag, in its rude state, untouched by chisel or hammer, and rested on a number of pillar stones, as at *Altoir* in the west of the county of Cork: however, we sometimes find the altar-stone resting at one end on the ground, whilst the other was lifted upon a single supporter. And again, but rather rarely, the natural rock is adopted as the basis. This is exemplified at *Carrig a Choppeen*, near Macroom, in the County of Cork, where the stone rests on the point of the rock, and is held in its place by

crescents and fan-shaped ornaments said to be worn by the Druids; the former were, as we have said, very probably used also as talismans, as Montfaucon represents a Druid with one of them in his hand. The most judicious antiquaries have referred these ornaments to a very remote period. Dion notices the art of dyeing a beautiful crimson among the Irish; and garments of various colours were much worn among the Celtic nations, as appears from Diodorus Siculus, and others.

wedges. Their erectors were rather curious in the formation of their monuments. In the County of Limerick is an altar stone which must have been conveyed several miles, no similar stone being found adjacent to its present site. The same may be observed of two altars near Kenmare; the incumbent or tabular stones are red, whilst the supporters are the natural limestone. The Cromleac was at once sacrificial and sepulchral; urns have been found beneath some that have been opened, thus proving their sepulchral uses. Their erection proves a knowledge, by those who raised them, of the wedge, the lever, and the inclined plane. The Hindoos raise such blocks by an inclined plane of solid earth, inclosing the upright stones on which the superincumbent one is intended to be placed. Sir William Ouseley saw a Cromleac near Fassa, in Persia. At North Salem, near New York, is a very fine monument of this description. The *Stele*, or pillar stone, in Ireland called a *Dallàn*, stands generally single; but often it is found in groups of various numbers, from six to two, often in straight lines, and sometimes forming quadrangles and triangles. The Dallan was set up for several purposes; sometimes as an object of worship—a Phallus—at others as monumental, marking the site of a battle, the grave of a chieftain, or serving as a terminus. Some had an astronomical purpose; on many of them inscriptions in the Ogham character have been found; circles are inscribed on more, within which the Christian has inscribed the figure of the Cross. One stone, near Bealahamire, already mentioned, has on it two circles, one above the other, designed

apparently to represent the sun and moon. That given in the sketch is found at Durrus, near Bantry. The single pillar stone was worshipped by more nations than the Irish. The *Elgabal*, which Heliogabalus adored at Emesa, was a cone-shaped stone. Eusebius, from the Phœnician annals, relates that *Usous* consecrated two columns to *fire* and *wind*—a very Irish practice. The Romans swore "per Jovem lapideum." The original Mercury and Bacchus of Greece were unhewn stones. The Paphian Venus was a white pyramidal stone. In addition to the other objects of the *Dallàn*, above noticed, it should be mentioned that it was used also on the inauguration of the princes and chieftains of Ireland. Spenser has recorded this their use down to his own times; and many of them still bear on their upper surface the imprint of something like the form of a human foot, fancied by the old natives to be the impression of the foot-mark of the first chieftain, who had been raised to the rule of his people. These marks were also connected with the celebration of religious rites, oil having been poured into the cavities which they formed. It is stated that stones capped with gold were dedicated to the sun, others with silver to the moon; and so it was of old in Israel: "Wo unto him that saith to the dumb stone, Arise, it shall teach: behold it is laid over with gold and silver." Hab. ii. 19*.

* Divination, according to Livy, was very common among the Celts, and we see from Tacitus how much it was practised by the Germans; and in Ireland the same word signifies a Druid and a diviner. In an ancient poem ascribed to Ossian, we find the Druid of Tara directing the attention of Fingal to "the signs of the air," and drawing omens from the aspect of "the sun in the field of the clouds." Fingal (or as he is called in Ireland, Fin Mac Cool) appears from the same poem to have belonged to the degree of Faids or Vates. But it is in that part called the Lamentation, and sometimes the Song of Omens, that we find a distinct enumeration of the various omens observed by the Druids. Ala (who appears from another part of the poem to have been a Druidess) lamenting the death of her husband and her two sons, who fell in battle with the Fenians, says—

I knew by the mighty hosts
In the clouds above the summit of the tower,
By the forms in the valleys of the air
That danger was not far from my three (heroes).
I knew by the fairy voice in the breeze,
Resounding from the spirits of the hill, surely in my ear,
That not far from me was the rending news
Your fall—my deep, bitter sorrow!
And I foresaw on the dawn of the day,
When my three fair heroes parted from me,
By the appearance of tears of blood on your cheeks,
That you never would return to the fort.
I knew by the deep voice of the raven,
Each morning since you departed from me,
That some of you would fall,
And, alas! too true was the warning.
I foresaw, oh! lights of valour,
From the foam of the torrent beside the fort,

We may now quit the county of Limerick—in many respects the most interesting and important county of Munster, not only in reference to the number and magnificence of its ancient remains, and its grand and picturesque scenery, but also as regards those modern improvements in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, by which it is rendered honourably conspicuous among the counties of the south of Ireland.

It is bounded on the north by the Shannon, which divides it from the county of Clare; on the south by the county of Cork; on the west by the county of Kerry; and on the east by the county of Tipperary. The population in 1821 was 218,432; and in 1831, 248,800. It is divided into ten baronies—Owneybeg, Coonagh, Clanwilliam, Small county, Coshlea, Coshma, Pobble-brien, Upper Connello, Lower Connello, Kenry, with the liberties of Limerick and Kilmallock. Its principal towns are those of Kilmallock, Askeaton, Newcastle, Rathkeale, and Bruff.

The aspect of the county is generally flat, and its soil is proverbially rich; a considerable portion of it, stretching from the city, south-east, to the borders of the counties of Cork and Tipperary, being so fertile as to have received and merited the title of the Golden Vein; and few districts in Ireland are more abundantly supplied with rivers—the munificent and beautiful Shannon ranking transcendently above them all.

Like blood at the time of your departure,
This deceit which was ever with Fingal.
I foresaw when the great tree withered
Between the branches and verdant leaves before the tower
That victory would not attend your course,
From the wiles of Fin, the son of Comhal.
I knew, when looking after you
On the day you departed from the court,
By the flight of the dark raven out before you,
That it was not a good sign of your return.
I knew by the hound of Ciardan
Mournfully baying at evening,
That it was not long till I'd find grief,
Your fall, my three heroes, under sorrow.
I knew by the vision of my dream,
That show'd to me its awful form,
My head and my hands cut from me,
That you were without power.
I knew in the appearance in my vision,
A lake of blood in place of our tower,
That my three heroes were kill'd
By the wile never absent from Fingal.

WICKLOW,
CARLOW, &
WEXFORD.
DUBLIN
KILDARE
WICKLOW
CARLOW
WEXFORD
KILKENNY
QUEENS CO.
WATERFORD
IRISH CHANNEL
GEORGES
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London: Published by Jno. & Parsons.

CARLOW.

THE inland county of Carlow is of small extent, being about twenty-six Irish miles in length, from north to south, and twenty-three in breadth, from east to west: and it possesses no feature of a peculiar, or exclusive, character. We have, therefore, chosen to close with it the first volume of our work, because—as it will require but a limited notice—we shall thus be enabled to introduce other topics, of more importance, or that are likely to have greater interest for our readers. Our print—from a drawing by Mr. Harvey—represents the town; with the fertile and beautiful country that surrounds it.

It is in the province of Leinster; bounded on the north and north-west by the Queen's county and the county of Kildare; on the west by the county of

Kilkenny; and on the east and south-east by the counties of Wicklow and Wexford. It comprises, according to the ordnance survey, an area of 219,863 acres, of which 196,833 are cultivated land, and 23,030 mountain and bog. The population was in 1795, 44,000; in 1821, it had increased to 78,952; and in 1831, to 81,649. It contains six baronies—Carlow, Forth, Idrone, east and west, Rathvilly, and St. Mullins; and its principal towns are Carlow, Leighlin-Bridge, Tullow, Bagenalstown, and Hacketstown. The county is thickly studded with the seats of resident gentry—very few of its "landed proprietors" being absentees.

The town of Carlow is seated on the east bank of the river Barrow, the "goodlie Barrow*," as Spenser terms it; its source is in the Slieve Bloom mountains, in the Queen's county, and passing through the towns of Portarlington, Monastereven, Athy, Carlow, Leighlin-Bridge, and Graigue-nemanagh, it forms a junction with the Nore, and both join the Suir, a few miles from Waterford. The Barrow is navigable for a distance of forty-three miles.

The town is modern in its general aspect, presenting a singular contrast to its neighbour, the city of Kilkenny—so full of magnificent castellated and monastic remains. The only ancient relic in Carlow is "the Castle." It is situated on a gentle eminence, overlooking the river; and is said to have been erected by Hugh De Lacy, who was appointed lord-deputy of Ireland in the year 1179. It was built after the Anglo-Norman style of architecture; a square area, surrounded by thick walls, fortified and strengthened at each corner by a large round tower. Until the year 1814, it had bravely withstood the attacks of time and war; but its ruin was effected by the

* It is said to have been called, by the ancients, Bergus, or Bargus, and by the Irish, Bearbha; but some writers consider its present name to be merely a slight alteration of Barragh, the boundary river; as it was for several centuries the boundary which divided the English pale from the Irish clans.

carelessness of a medical doctor, into whose hands it came, and who designed to put it "in order" for the "accommodation" of insane patients. In the progress of his work he applied gunpowder, with some unexplained object, to the foundations, and in a moment completed its destruction, leaving but two of its towers, and the wall between them. Their present height is sixty-five feet; and the length from one tower to the other is one hundred and five feet; as the ruin is but one side of a square, it affords a correct idea of the large space the castle formerly occupied. Our engraving is from a drawing, taken before it was so effectually ruined. As it was built to protect the English of the Pale, it occupies no minor station in Irish history; in the reign of Edward II., it was made the head quarters of the seneschalship of the counties of Carlow and Kildare, instituted in consequence of the disturbed state of those districts. In the year 1361, Lionel Duke of Clarence established the exchequer of the kingdom in Carlow, and expended £500 in fortifying it with walls, of which at present there is not a vestige. In 1494, James Fitzgerald, brother of the Earl of Kildare, besieged the castle. The lord-deputy, Sir Edward Poynings, proceeded at once to oppose him, when, after a brief siege, it was surrendered. In 1534, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, who with others rebelled, had possession of six of the principal castles of Ireland, amongst which was that of Carlow. In 1641, the castle was invested by a strong party, and reduced to great extremity. A number of Englishmen had taken refuge within its walls, and the garrison was about to surrender, when it was relieved by Sir Patrick Wemys, on whose approach the insurgents raised the siege, and fled, after burning the town; but upwards of fifty were killed in the pursuit. Finally, in 1650, it was surrendered by Captain Bellew, commander of the garrison, to Sir Hardress Waller, after having been bombarded with cannon. A field about half a mile distant, on the opposite side of the river, in the Queen's County, is still pointed out as the place where Waller planted his artillery on the occasion. Ireton had previously summoned it to surrender, but in terms more than usually courteous; informing the governor that "we have been your gentle neighbours hitherto, doing little more than looking upon you. But the time being come now that we are like to deal in earnest with your garrison, as effectually and speedily as God shall enable us; that I may not be wanting on my part to save any of the blood which may be spilled therein, I am willing, upon a timely surrender, to give terms to so fair an enemy." The garrison was suffered to march out with the honours of war; but there are grounds for suspicion that its surrender was effected by treachery. "This treachery," says Carte, "was now grown universal, arising sometimes from the fears of the inhabitants, and sometimes from the corruption, avarice,

or cowardice of the garrisons of the towns, and was the cause of the loss of the castle of Catherlogh *."

Carlow is one of the most fertile and best-cultivated of the counties of Ireland, and has been termed "the garden of Erin;" it is almost exclusively an agricultural county, its soil being admirably adapted for the production of corn of every description—a fact that may account for the number of flour-mills to be found in every district of it, the Barrow affording great facilities for export through the towns of New Ross and Waterford, the river having been rendered navigable for boats of considerable size; but the navigation requires still farther improvement. The principal mills are those of Mr. Alexander, at Milford, and the Lodge mills, at Bagenalstown, of which Mr. Crosthwaite is the present proprietor. The grain raised in this county bears

* We have been favoured with the following, as among the most popular of the many legends connected with the ancient castle. It is given in the words of a gossiping old man, whom our informant had the good fortune to meet as he stood to take an admiring view of the venerable ruin. "Do you see that large round breach, in the middle of the wall opposite there, sir?" was the question demanded of us, in reply to an inquiry respecting the origin of its present dismantled appearance. "Yes," we answered. "Pray can you tell us how or by whom it was effected?" "To be sure I can. 'Twas Crummel—Oliver Crummel, sir, who did it," replied the man, warming as he spoke, and assuming a tone of no small importance, as it were, to show how fully he was acquainted with the subject. "Now, sir, if you were to see the castle on the other side, or to enter it, and climb its walls, as I have often done in my youth, you would see that the spot in which the breach is, is the weakest and least thick of any in the entire building; and well the crafty, cunning Crummel knew that, when he planted his cannon right *fornenst* that very part." "But how did he become acquainted with the fact of its being so?" we asked. "Why, then, I'll tell you that too, sir," rejoined our friend. "Well, you see, when the castle was besieged, the poor fellows who were shut up within it, after a short time had nearly consumed all their provisions; and water, which you know will not keep fresh for any length of time, was the first to fail them. There happened to be in the castle two or three old women, servants of the governor, and as the loss of these was to be preferred to that of a single soldier—of whom there were barely enough to maintain the siege—recourse was had to the sending one of them during the night to the river, which, as you may see, runs hard by, for the purpose of drawing water to the castle. Well, as chance would have it, some of Crummel's soldiers wandering about at the time, fell in with the old woman, and carried her off to their camp, determined to have some sport out of the 'Hirish hag.' Learning, however, the object of the errand in which they had surprised her, and that she had been an inmate of the castle, they resolved to turn the circumstance to their best advantage, and accordingly promised her restoration of freedom and a reward, provided she could conduct them into the fortress, or inform them of any way by which they would be likely to succeed in their designs. Frightened almost out of her wits by their threats, and now encouraged by their promises, she acquainted them with the fatal secret that that portion of the front wall to which, on the inside, the staircase was fixed, was, in fact, the only point that would yield at all to their artillery. In short, after some time, they agreed on the following terms—that she, being sent back to the castle, should, about the middle of the ensuing night, ascend the stairs that conducted to the battlemented parapet surrounding the summit of the walls, and standing by its edge, should hold forth a burning torch to signify the place where the frailty lay. Like a fool, as she must undoubtedly have been, and like a wretched dupe, as she proved herself, she kept her word, and exhibited at the appointed hour the signal agreed on; and Crummel, who had been most anxiously awaiting her appearance, instantly discharged his shot in the direction where the light was seen, and continued the battery until he succeeded in compelling the garrison to surrender. And now, let me tell you, that *she* was the first to meet her death on that occasion—the old hag, as she deserved, having been blown to atoms—the victim of her own treachery."

a high price in the markets of London and Liverpool; its butter also is famous, competing with that of Cork and Kerry, and large tracts of rich pasture-land are occupied as dairy-farms.

The establishment at Milford is one of the most extensive and celebrated in Ireland. It is situated about four miles from Carlow, on the Barrow, in the centre of a lovely valley, through which the river runs, surrounded by hills and with the magnificent mountains—Leinster, Blackstairs, and Brandon, in the back-ground. The roof of the mill is flat, covered with terceira formed of chalk, tar, and sand; the walls are castellated, so that it has, from a

distance, a very pleasing and striking effect. Plantations of fine trees are growing up around it, and the aspect of the whole neighbourhood is remarkably cheering, comfortable, and encouraging; all giving tokens of the improvements that are proceeding under the direction of its enterprising proprietor and his sons. Roads have been opened through several of the adjacent mountains, and cultivation has naturally followed; the hedge-rows in every direction are as neatly and carefully trimmed as those of England; the cottages are exceedingly clean and well-ordered,—for they are frequently white-washed, the material being supplied "gratis" to every applicant;—many of them are covered with climbing plants, and, together with their sober and industrious occupants, bear unquestionable evidence of the vast

importance of resident landlords in improving the face of the country and the social condition of its population.

The mill was originally established in 1790, and was commenced on a large scale; the neighbourhood was propitious, the soil being very rich and based on a bed of limestone, which gives an inexhaustible supply of manure. The corn to be converted into flour is invariably purchased from the farmers or the peasantry, many of whom grow only some eight or ten barrels, and sell it in order to purchase materials more necessary to satisfy their own wants—rarely or never grinding it for their own use. Mr. Alexander carries on his trade in corn at eight different places in Carlow and the adjoining counties, from whence it is transported to Milford, to be converted into flour, and thence distributed through the country or exported to the English markets; and he largely manufactures oatmeal, the character of which stands very high in the principal mart—Manchester, where it bears the best price. He has also a malting-house, now in active work, although this branch was abandoned soon after the introduction of the existing malt-act, familiarly known in Ireland as "the measure for making smuggling easy."

Ireland has been termed "the granary of Great Britain," and it is so to a considerable extent; its manufactures are very limited, and almost its whole population are employed in the cultivation of the soil; yet it is notorious that in this country there are more acres capable of raising food, unemployed for any beneficial purpose, than are to be found in any other country of Europe. But every day increases their extent and their power; new systems of farming have been universally introduced; in many instances they have doubled the produce; and in many more they have led the proprietors to convert into arable land whole tracts of formerly barren mountain and bog. Irish farmers are now losing their prejudices in favour of "old plans;" the consequence is an enormous addition to the natural resources of the kingdom.

The entire works at Milford are driven by water power, Nature having bountifully supplied a force far greater than that which can be derived from steam, and at a cost infinitely less: it is, indeed, so great as to be commensurate with the want of it, even in the hottest day of summer; and an immense quantity is, at all seasons, suffered to run idly to waste*. The Barrow is

* Here is an invitation to the cotton-spinners of Manchester! But not to this particular locality alone; there are hundreds of places in Ireland where the water power is as great or greater, giving sure promise of fortune to the employer, as well as profitable labour to the employed. It is the calculation of an eminent English engineer, that in a space of two or three miles, between Lough Corrib and the Bay of Galway (the opposite neighbour of America, be it remembered), where there are several flour-mills, there runs, unemployed and to waste, a water power sufficient to turn every spindle in Manchester—a counterbalance for all the steam force employed there, which may be fairly estimated to amount to above 100,000 horse power.

navigable, not only south to Waterford, but north to Dublin; through the former a large quantity of flour is exported to England; and through the latter a supply, chiefly for home consumption, by the river, to Athy, and thence, by the Grand Canal, to the capital; a lock connecting both, so that there is no necessity for transferring the loads from one boat to another during its transit.

The Milford works have been constructed under the superintendence of Mr. William Fairbairn of Manchester; and the chief water-wheel made by him, of iron, cast, hammered, and plate, is, we believe, the largest and most powerful in the kingdom; taking the water on twenty-two feet—its breadth. It is equal to one hundred and twenty horse power. In the two establishments for producing flour and oatmeal, there are twenty-two pair of millstones in constant work; thirteen of which, with all the attendant machinery, are driven by the one wheel. The concern is able to manufacture annually 60,000 sacks of flour—"without," as one of the workmen expressed it, "lighting a candle:" the quantity actually produced is between 40,000 and 50,000 sacks; but in the oatmeal establishment, which is separate and distinct, and where the water-wheel is eighteen feet wide, 30,000 sacks are the average annual produce: estimating the flour at 60*s.* per sack, and the oatmeal at 30*s.*, we have the aggregate of one concern yielding to the country no less than £195,000 each year; and this without taking into account the manufacture of malt in the same concern. The refuse of the oats is extensively used, for firing, by the neighbouring peasantry; it makes a remarkably strong and durable fire. Mr. Harvey has supplied us with a sketch of a group around one of the grates of the establishment.

We have dwelt at some length upon this peculiar and very interesting feature of Ireland, in the hope that we may thus exhibit its great capabilities for adding to the wealth of the nation. It was said by Mr. Emerson Tennent, in the House of Commons, that there are in Ireland 1850 corn-mills—very few of which are worked by steam.

The county of Carlow was made shire-ground by King John, under the name of Catherlogh, which signifies "the Castle by the Lake;" and it comprehends the ancient territories of "Hy Cabanagh and Hy Drone, being the northern part of the principality of Hy Kinselagh." The representatives of many of the earliest English settlers, and some few of the descendants of the ancient Irish families, still live upon their hereditary estates in this county; among the most distinguished of the latter is that of Kavanagh of Borris-o-kane *. Their present seat—and it has been their chief seat for ages—is about twelve miles from Carlow; a noble and stately castellated mansion, in the centre of a magnificent domain, where to natural advantages have been added all that could be supplied by art; and where its late estimable owner, the representative of generations of remarkable men, sustained the old hereditary claim of his race to pre-eminence in hospitality; at the same time, receiving from all parties the character of a just man, a liberal landlord, a firm friend, and a true patriot †.

* Among the English names, it has been remarked that a large proportion of them begin with the letter B—as the Bruens, the Butlers, the Bagenels, the Bests, the Browns, the Bunburys, the Burtons, and many others. Hence the sayings were common in Carlow, "Beware of the B's," and "the B's of Carlow carry a sting"—alluding to the "good old times," when "a duel at daybreak was considered necessary to procure an appetite for breakfast."

† The descent of this very ancient family has been "attested" by Sir William Betham, and an outline of it is given in Mr. Ryan's history of the county; who extracts it from "the pedigree of the ancient, illustrious, noble, and princely house of Kavanagh, in ancient times monarchs of all Ireland, and at the period of the invasion of Ireland by Henry II., king of Leinster; deducing their descent from Bratha, the great grandfather of Milesius, who flourished fourteen hundred years before the Christian era, down to the present day." Whether or not sufficient data have been obtained for tracing back the progenitors of the Kavanaghs to a period so very remote, it is certain that safe authorities exist for establishing their claim to an uninterrupted succession for many centuries. "On the 4th of November, 1550, Charles or Cahir Mac-Art-Macmorough Kavanagh, chief of the name, in the great council-chamber of Dublin, and in the presence of the lord-lieutenant, Sir Anthony St. Leger, submitted himself and publicly renounced the title and dignity of Macmorough, as borne by his ancestors." Stories, legends, and traditions of various members of the family—who took active parts in all the several wars of ages—of course abound in the county of Carlow. One of the most interesting we transcribe from Hardiman's "Minstrelsy." He lays, however, the scene of the incident in Connaught, which, says Mr. Ryan, "must certainly be an error, as the Kavanaghs were always a Leinster family." Tradition relates that it occurred at Clonmullin, a castle in the barony of Forth. It was in existence about fifty years ago; but the plough has since passed over the site. "Caroll Moore O'Daly was brother to the celebrated Donogh, a turbulent chieftain in Connaught, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his day, and particularly excelled in poetry and music. He paid his addresses to Ellen, daughter of M. Kavanagh, a lovely and amiable lady, who returned his affections more favourably than her friends wished, who disapproved of the connexion. It happened that an affair of consequence drew O'Daly to another part of Ireland, and the friends of Ellen seized the opportunity of his absence to promote the suit of a rival. By a variety of reports, artfully conveyed to her, she was induced to suspect the attachment of her lover, and was finally persuaded he had left the country to be married to another. The afflicted Ellen, indifferent now to every object, was prevailed on by her friends to acquiesce in their choice. His rival was favourably received, and a day was fixed for their nuptials, which were to be as splendid as the hospitable manners and the social propensities of the Irish called for on such an occasion. The report of these pre-

The early history of Carlow county is of great interest; long prior to the Anglo-Norman invasion it was the scene of innumerable contests between the kings and chieftains of the country; and between them, again, and their insatiate foes, the Danes; and many singular anecdotes illustrating the uncivilised character of the times are recorded, upon the somewhat apocryphal authority of Keating and O'Halloran*.

The history of the struggle between the native Irish and the handful of

parations soon reached the ears of the unfortunate O'Daly; he hastened his return, and arrived in Connaught on the evening before the appointed day. Under the impression of his feelings, he sought with his harp a wild and sequestered spot on the sea-shore, and, inspired by the enthusiasm of the occasion, he composed the song of "*Eibblin A'Ruin*," which remains to this time an exquisite memorial of his skill and sensibility. Disguised as a gleeman or minstrel, he next day gained easy access among the crowd of company that thronged to the wedding; and after exercising his talents in a variety of ways for the amusement of the guests, he was called upon by Ellen herself to play. It was then that, touching his harp with all the pathetic sensibility this deeply interesting occasion inspired, he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his softened strain the very soul of pensive melody. The sympathetic heart of Ellen instantly felt its force; she recognised her lover in his disguise, and by that secret communication of sentiment that needs not the aid of words to convey it, intimated her unalterable attachment, and her readiness to fly with him from her reluctant engagement. The plan of escape was instantly concerted, the guests were more liberally supplied with usquebaugh than even the festivity of the occasion called for; they were reduced to a state of insensibility, and the happy lovers easily effected their escape."

* The former relates that A.D. 375, Eochaidh, a usurping sovereign, being exiled to Scotland by "Niall of the nine hostages," killed a Druid when on the eve of embarkation; for which crime Niall invaded his territory and "much distressed the inhabitants." The father of the Druid pitying the innocent, who thus suffered for the guilty, proposed to check all hostilities, provided Eochaidh were delivered into his hands. The people, reduced to the last extremity, acceded to the proposal, and placed the Prince at the disposal of his enraged enemy, by whom he was chained to a large upright stone, with a view of exposing him to all the pains of a lingering death; but after some time the Druid resolved on depriving him of existence by a more summary process, and ordered nine soldiers to destroy him, not being without a well-grounded apprehension that Eochaidh, who was possessed of great bravery and strength, would make a formidable resistance. Nor was he mistaken. Rendered desperate by the approach of his executioners, the Prince made a superhuman effort to obtain his liberty, which he effected by forcing one of the rivets of the chain by which he was confined. He immediately attacked the soldiers, possessed himself of arms, slew some of them, and finally effected his escape. Keating points out the place in which the stone "may still be seen;" but Mr. Ryan gives it another locality, and accompanies his assertion with a "full description" of it—at the expiration of the fifteen hundredth year of its celebrity! We extract Mr. Ryan's note:—"Cloch-a'-Phoill (literally the *hole-stone*, in Irish).—Two miles south of Tullow, in the parish of Aghade, is a huge piece of granite of singular appearance. It is about twelve feet in height and four in breadth, having an aperture through it, near the top. There is a tradition, that a son of one of the Irish kings was chained to this stone, but that he contrived to break his chain and escape. This tradition coincides exactly with our historical notice. There are marks left, caused by the friction of the iron on the stone. We would at once conclude that it was a bull or some other animal that was chained here, and not a human being, were not the tradition confirmed by written history, the verity of which we are not disposed to controvert. This stone is now thrown from its perpendicular, and it was a practice with the peasantry to pass ill-thriven infants through the aperture in order to improve their constitution. Great numbers formerly indulged in this superstitious folly, but for the last twenty years the practice has been discontinued. My informant on this occasion was a woman who had herself passed one of her infants through the aperture of this singular stone. She informed me, that some of the country people talked of having it cut up for gate-posts, but a superstitious feeling prevented them. Every antiquary would regret the demolition of the cloch-a'-phoill."

Welsh invaders, however, rests upon more authentic documents; Carlow was for a considerable period the battle-field of the contending parties; and here Strongbow was assailed by a formidable force under the command of O'Ryan, a native chieftain, who would have gained a decisive victory but for the fall of their leader, who was killed by an arrow from the bow of "a monk named Nicholas," an attendant upon the English army. The scene of the rencontre was subsequently called "the Earl's Pass;" and it is memorable as the place where the most tragic incident of the war occurred. Strongbow's only son, it is said, a youth of seventeen years of age, was so dismayed by the numbers and savage demeanour of the Irish, that he fled in terror to Dublin; but learning that his friends had escaped, he returned to congratulate them on their safety; when his father—emulating the old Roman—after upbraiding him with his cowardice, ordered him to be immediately executed: some historians assert, indeed, that he actually slew the boy himself by hewing his body in two parts with a single blow of his sword.

When matters had been comparatively settled, and King John had elevated Catherlogh into a county, he granted the principality of Leinster to William, Earl Marshal, whom he created Earl of Pembroke, and to whom the erection of many of the castles, besides that of Carlow, may be traced*.

* A singular instance, characteristic of the age, is related of the immediate descendant of this Earl. William, the eldest son, succeeded to the possessions of his father; on his accession, the bishop of Ferns (a Cistercian monk) made a formal complaint to the king, that William, the late earl, had forcibly taken possession of two manors or lordships belonging to his church, and held them by the sword. Having frequently remonstrated with the earl, but to no purpose, the bishop thundered against him the sentence of excommunication; which the earl completely despised, and alleged his determination to retain the lordships by the law of arms. "On which declaration, one Melckeria, we are told, wrote the following distich, personating the earl Marshal:

Sum quem Saturnum sibi sensit Hibernia, Solem
Anglia, Mercurium Normannia, Gallia Martem.

Thus anciently Englished:

I am whom Ireland Saturn hight, and England Sol me calls;
Amidst the Normans Mercury, and Mars among the Gauls."

The Earl died in full possession of the disputed territory; which descended to his son William, earl marshal the younger. On the death of the earl, the bishop journeyed to London, and laid his case before Henry; entreating him, in regard to the earl's soul, to use his sovereign authority, and issue his princely mandate for the restoration of the two manors; adding, that on their delivery to him, the earl might though dead obtain the benefit of absolution. The king (then about twelve years of age) was moved at this appeal of the bishop, and desired that he would repair to the earl's tomb, at the Temple, and absolve him, when he would endeavour to have the matter satisfactorily adjusted. The king, accompanied by the prelate, proceeded to the tomb of the earl marshal, when the prelate, in a loud voice, delivered himself as follows: "O William, that here liest interred and wrapped in the bonds of excommunication, if the thing which thou hast injuriously taken away from my church be restored by the king, or by thine heir, or by some one of thy kindred or friends, with competent satisfaction, I absolve thee; otherwise I do ratify the said sentence, that thou being ever wrapped in thy

The native Irish, "the pestilent infesters of the Pale," as they are generously termed by contemporary historians, continued for centuries to make Carlow their "harbour," from which they continually broke out to worry their unwelcome neighbours; and they reduced the county to such straits that the return to the writ summoning a Parliament, in 1332, contained this remarkable passage—"Having, by virtue of this writ, called before me the Commons of the County, they unanimously allege that there is no layman able, by reason of poverty, from the frequent robberies and depredations of the Irish enemies, to meet our sovereign lord the King in his Parliament in England." Out of this state of things, and in this county, is said to have originated the custom of "Coygne and Livery,"—for so long a period a fertile source of misery to the inhabitants of Ireland. It is thus described and characterised by Sir John Davis:—"The most wicked and mischievous custom of all others was that of *coygne* and *livery*, often before mentioned; which consisted in taking man's meat, horse-meat, and money, of all the inhabitants of the country at the will and pleasure of the soldier, who, as the phrase of Scripture is, did eat up the people as it were bread, for that he had no other entertainment. This extortion was originally Irish, for they used to lay bonaght (billets) upon the people, and never gave their soldiers any pay. But when the English had learned it, they used it with more insolency and made it more intolerable; for this oppression was not temporary, or limited either to place or time: but because there was everywhere a continual war, either offensive or defensive, and every lord of a county and every marcher made war and peace at his pleasure, it became universal and perpetual,

sins, may remain damned in hell." The king was much incensed at this language of the bishop, and sharply reproached him for his immoderate rigour. The prelate answered, "My lord and dread sovereign, marvel not, though I be out of patience, for he hath spoiled my church to his great commodity." The king then privately conferred with William, the eldest son of the deceased earl, and some of his brethren, and urgently recommended them to restore the manors unjustly obtained, and thereby deliver their father's soul. To which William replied: "I do not believe, neither is it to be credited, that my father took them injuriously, for that which is gotten by the sword may lawfully be enjoyed; and if that old and doting bishop hath given a wrong sentence, let the curse light upon his own pate. I will not weaken my estate, nor diminish the inheritance wherewith I am trusted, my father died seised of, and I have rightly entered." To these words all the brothers yielded their concurrence. The king being then young, and under the guardianship of a tutor, was not disposed to severity against a personage of so much consequence as the earl; who was, moreover, the son of his best friend. When the bishop perceived that his suit was fruitless, and observed the favour shown to the sons of the late earl, he was greatly excited, and turning to the king, confirmed his malediction in these words, which he spoke aloud: "What I have said, I have said; what I have written, I have written; never to be blotted out." He then departed, prophesying all manner of ill success to earl William and his brothers. In allusion to this affair, Keating says, "Out of five sons not one survived to enjoy the cursed acquisitions of the father, who died childless." But the angry historian is in error; for the excommunicated earl left ten children, through whom his possessions were handed down to succeeding generations.

and was indeed the most heavy oppression that ever was used in any Christian or heathen kingdom."

In later times, the county of Carlow has occupied no prominent position in the history of Ireland; nor have any of its towns been at all remarkable. There is, however, one of them that ranks among the most interesting of the kingdom.

Leighlin—"Old Leighlin"—although now dwindled to a small village, was in ancient times a place of great importance, and is still an episcopal see, but united, in the year 1600, to that of Ferns, in the county of Wexford. The bishopric is said to have been established so early as the year 632; and it is stated by Archdall, that its founder, St. Laserian, had "at one time 1500 monks under his jurisdiction *." "The cathedral (which is of the plainest Gothic architecture) consists of a nave and chancel. The length of the nave is eighty-four feet; that of the chancel, sixty feet; breadth, twenty-one feet. In the nave is a large stone baptismal font, sustained by a pedestal which rests upon a raised foundation six feet square. The font is at the height of about five feet from the floor of the nave. A very curiously-worked arch of stone may be observed over part of the nave. The entire side is, with the usual bad taste, whitewashed. The belfry tower is about sixty feet in height, and has a mean sort of slated spire on top; which from its pigmy size, and general unsuitableness to the building on which it is erected, has the worst possible effect. Winding stone steps are continued to the summit of the belfry; forty steps lead to the first landing-place, after which twenty-two more, of very narrow construction, conduct to the top." In the immediate vicinity of Leighlin, is a remarkable and very picturesque "Rath," of which we

* A curious anecdote connected with Old Leighlin is told by Ware:—"On a certain time there was a great council of the people of Ireland held in the White-field; between whom there arose a controversy concerning the order of celebrating Easter. For Laserian, abbot of Leighlin, who presided over 1500 monks, defended the new order, which was then lately sent from Rome; while others adhered to the old form. But St. Munnu did not immediately appear at this council, though every one waited for him. He stood by the old order, and came to the council the same day before evening. Then St. Munnu said to the abbot Laserian in the presence of all the people thus: It is now time to break up this council, that every man may depart to his own place. You have three options given you, O Laserian: let two books, one of the old order, and another of the new, be cast into the fire, and let us see which of them shall escape from the flames. Or let two monks, one of yours and another of mine, be shut up in the same house, and let the house be set on fire, and we shall see which of them shall escape unhurt. Or let us both go to the sepulchre of a dead monk, and raise him up to life; and he will show us which order we ought to observe in the celebration of Easter. To which St. Laserian answered: We will not proceed to judgment with you; because we know, that if you commanded Mount-Marge to be changed into the White-field, and the White-field to be removed to the place where Mount-Marge stands, that on account of your infinite labours and great sanctity, God would immediately do this for your sake. Afterwards the people returned every one to their own houses."

present a copy; and close to the cathedral is the well of St. Laserian; it was a few years ago a famous resort of the peasantry on the Saint's day, the 18th of April; but Mr. Ryan informs us that the patron was very properly prohibited by the parish-priest, and it is now "no longer the scene of gambling and intoxication." Two very old ash trees and a whitethorn, which formerly overshadowed the well, were cut down (about 1823) by the late Capt. Vigors, of Erindale, who leased a considerable tract of land here from the see of Leighlin. The whitethorn was formerly hung with all sorts of rags by the devotees, pilgrims, or visitors to this holy spot. At present the well is almost choked up with mud, and is hardly distinguishable from the marsh by which it is encompassed. About ten yards from the well stands a rude stone cross, five feet in height. The whole is surrounded by a low straggling ditch.

As the other towns of Carlow county afford us little matter for description or comment, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity to supply the information we have gathered in reference to the existing "Constabulary Force" of Ireland.

During our latest visit to Ireland we had frequent opportunities of testing the advantages that had accrued to the community at large, from the admirable mode in which this Force is conducted. Our attention was first attracted by the exceedingly neat and clean-looking houses, fitted up as their barracks, in many instances built expressly for them, and the remarkably soldier-like air and manner of the fine-looking young men who compose the corps*. The closer our inquiries, the more we became convinced that

* The first police-station we visited was at Ballyneen, a village near Dunmanway; we were merely passing through it, and of course our inspection was quite unlooked for, and, consequently, unprepared for. The sergeant, a remarkably fine and intelligent young man, Alex. Hewston, readily complied with our request to be permitted to examine his barrack. It contained five men; strong and active fellows; the rooms were all whitewashed; the little garden was well cultivated and free from weeds; they slept on iron bedsteads; and the palliasses, blankets, pillows, &c., were neatly rolled up and placed at the head of each. The fire-arms and bayonets, polished as a mirror, were hung up over each bed; and the floors were as clean—to adopt a familiar

we must attribute to the skilful and wise system under which it is managed, no inconsiderable portion of that improvement we have noticed as evident in all parts of the country; and we soon arrived at the conclusion that it need excite no surprise to find government enabled to withdraw the army from Ireland, when its place is supplied by a force much more shrewd, active, and intelligent, and far more effective for the purpose which it is intended to answer *. Soldiers were at all times available for quelling disturbances; but the constabulary have acted upon the principle of the adage "prevention is better than cure;"—as one of its officers very forcibly expressed it to us, they "*take off the match before the shell explodes.*" This design is, indeed, thus distinctly laid down in one of the earliest of the printed "regulations." "In the performance of their duty as peace officers, they are distinctly to understand that their efforts should be principally directed to the *prevention* of crime, which will tend far more effectually towards the security of person and property than the punishment of those who have violated the laws; and the very best evidence that can be given of the efficiency of the police is the absence of crime."

As the subject is one of very great interest, yet one with which the public, generally, is by no means well acquainted, we may be pardoned for treating it at some length.

simile—"as a new pin." Each man had his small box at his bed-foot. All was in as perfect order as if all had been prepared in this little out-of-the-way place for the accustomed call of the inspector. The sub-inspector, we learned, visited the station once a month—the inspector once a quarter. In this barrack the men were all bachelors; but it is usual to assign one married man with his wife to each—the wife, of course, arranging the rooms, and providing the meals of the men, who always mess together. We afterwards examined many other stations, and invariably found our first impressions borne out.

* The dress of both the cavalry and infantry is, the coat of rifle green, with black facings, and the trowsers Oxford grey; black belts; caps with leather tops; the arms, carbines and bayonets; and each man wears at his belt a handcuff case, in which handcuffs are always carried. When on duty in courts, the men carry batoons, and deposit their arms in the police-barracks. When their duty is discharged, "they are to return the batoons to the head or other constable, authorised to receive them, and resume their arms." Each man is required to have, at all times, twenty rounds of ball-cartridge in his pouch.

The first introduction of an *armed* police force into Ireland was in 1787: prior to that time, constables were appointed by *courts leet*, and by magistrates in quarter-sessions. By the 27 Geo. 3., cap. 40, the lord-lieutenant was empowered to divide counties into districts, consisting of one or more baronies, and to appoint a chief constable to each district, with an annual salary not exceeding fifty pounds. The grand juries were empowered to appoint sixteen sub-constables, "being protestants," in each district, and to present a salary not less than ten pounds, nor more than twelve pounds, for every sub-constable. An allowance to constables conveying prisoners, and "armed protestants" assisting them, of threepence per mile, was also made. This act was only carried into effect in thirteen counties. In 1792, another act was passed (32 Geo. 3, cap. 16), authorising the grand juries of the remaining counties to appoint not more than *eight* constables in every barony or half barony, and to present at each assizes * four pounds for every constable. The grand juries were also to raise two pounds per man once in twelve years, for arms and accoutrements, with the same allowance to "armed protestants," as in the former act.

The constables appointed under the above acts, although armed, wore no uniform, and in general, if not universally, followed their ordinary occupations: they were found so very inefficient, that in 1814, Sir Robert Peel, then chief secretary, introduced, what is generally termed, the "Peace Preservation Act," (54 Geo. 3, c. 131 †), by which the lord-lieutenant was empowered to appoint for any district comprising a county, or one or more baronies proclaimed by the privy council as in a state of disturbance, a chief magistrate ‡, a chief constable, and fifty sub-constables, whose functions *were to cease* on the district being declared *tranquil*. By this act, provision was made for the continuance of the *baronial constables* appointed under the acts of 1787 and 1792.

The Peace Preservation Act having been found to answer to a certain extent the object for which it had been framed, induced the government to introduce a more general measure; accordingly, in 1822, the Constabulary Act was passed. By this act, the lord-lieutenant was empowered to appoint four general superintendents (one for each province), and one chief constable; and

* Increased to ten pounds by 55 Geo. 3, c. 158.

† The force employed under this act were universally known by the cognomen of "Peelers;" and for a considerable time afterwards the name was so obnoxious to the peasantry, that the service became one of great danger, as well as odium; it was therefore found exceedingly difficult to induce men of good habits to join it.

‡ Chief magistrate's salary, seven hundred pounds per annum, besides allowance for a house, horses, &c. Chief constable, one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, with allowances. Sub-constable, fifty pounds per annum, with clothes and lodgings.

the magistrates, sixteen sub-constables for each barony, half-barony, or other division of a barony (being double the number of constables allowed by the act of 1782). The lord-lieutenant was also authorised to appoint "Resident Magistrates," and an extra number of constables in certain cases. On this act coming into operation, the chief constables and constables under the acts of 1787 and 1792 ceased to act. But the "Peace Preservation" force of 1814 continued in *certain disturbed districts* until October 1836, when the constabulary and peace preservation establishments were consolidated by the 6th Wm. 4, c. 13, and placed under the control of one head (the Inspector-General). Such a measure had long been in contemplation, and different bills were from time to time brought before Parliament, but not proceeded with beyond a second reading until Lord Normanby's government took the matter in hand and carried the present act (6 Wm. 5, c. 13.) By this act, the lord-lieutenant is empowered to appoint one inspector-general, two deputy inspectors-general (to be resident in Dublin), four provincial inspectors, thirty-five sub-inspectors (now called county inspectors)—one for each county and riding, one chief constable (now called sub-inspector), two head constables, and sixteen constables and sub-constables for each barony, half-barony, or other division of a barony; also one receiver and eighteen paymasters, and also an unlimited number of paid magistrates.

It is only necessary to contrast, briefly, the existing with the late establishments, to gain the ready admission of every impartial mind, that the present is a decided improvement on the former. Under the old system there were, first of all, *two distinct* establishments, somewhat analogous to the line and militia, the one being a permanent force, the other (the Peace Preservation) co-existing with "disturbance." These establishments were totally independent of each other, *each* acting under *several* heads, and upon different systems. Thus the constabulary was divided (by the number of provinces in Ireland) into four *distinct* bodies, *each* under the superintendence of a provincial inspector-general. The power, however, of appointing the subordinate members of the force, that is, constables and sub-constables, and of framing rules and regulations for the control and management of the establishment of the several counties, was vested in the *magistrates*, subject, in the latter case, to the approval of the lord-lieutenant Again, amongst the officers of each county force there was no gradation of rank, and of course no one having any superiority; consequently, each chief constable acted independently within his district; a *few* maintained, in some degree, a show of discipline, but the majority preferred living *quietly*, or, in other words, they permitted their men to act pretty much as they pleased, and did not interfere

to prevent the magistrates from employing them as they thought fit. To meet, in some measure, this obvious defect in the act, and the inconveniences resulting therefrom, the government of the day, as a first step towards improvement, appointed one officer in every county (under the name of sub-inspector) and who was also the paymaster, to superintend the force of his county. Several of these officers were subsequently placed in the Commission of the Peace, and continued to perform, in addition to their peculiar duties as inspectors and paymasters, those of a magistrate, efficiently and satisfactorily to the public, without any increase of pay, until the passing of the act in 1836.

With respect to the Peace Preservation force, it was, in like manner, subdivided into several distinct parties, each party (not exceeding one chief constable and fifty constables and sub-constables) being under the superintendence of a chief magistrate, who had the complete and sole control of it, and with which, under the special provisions of the act, the local magistrates had no authority or right to interfere. Thus, with two separate establishments, *each* divided under several and distinct heads, *all* acting under different systems, and under a variety of inconsistent regulations, it could not be expected that the public service should be properly or efficiently conducted. Indeed these manifest disadvantages were not altogether unnoticed, nor left without an effort being made to remedy and counteract them. In the majority of the counties the magistrates themselves were among the first to desire a change, and commenced a most wise and salutary reform by surrendering to the inspectors-general of their respective provinces the right to appoint constables, which, to say the least of it, had not been very judiciously exercised. In some counties a man's religion formed a principal consideration whether he should be admitted into the force or not. The number of persons too, generally known by the name of "*Followers*," who obtained appointments, was numerous, and as a consequence, these individuals were more the servants of their patrons than of the public, in many instances acting as their stewards, gate-keepers, game-keepers, or wood-rangers, &c. On the other hand, the men nominated by the inspectors-general were selected without reference to their religious faith, and not until after strict inquiry into their characters and general fitness for the service, as regarded both their literate and physical* qualifications; and, as a further improvement, they were removed from among their own relations and friends, and from local *influence*—the bane of all

* The act requires that every sub-constable should be able to read and write, and be an able-bodied man. No man is taken under five feet eight inches in height; upon a late occasion, when a hundred men were sent on duty to a distant county, out of fifty from one county there were twenty-seven six feet two inches and over.

discipline. It should be observed, that some persons entertain the opinion that, inasmuch as local knowledge is of the first importance to a policeman, "no man should be removed from his *native* county, with the localities of which he is supposed to be well acquainted." But it will be obvious that the objections against so fixing them are numerous and strong, especially in Ireland, where the claims of relationship and "party" are frequently paramount to all others; and it will be equally apparent that greater confidence will be placed by *all* the inhabitants of a district in a body known to have no predilections towards *any*. Indeed, those who are acquainted with the Irish character will have no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion, that the arrangement, by which the natives of one part are located in another part, was exceedingly rational and judicious.

The propriety of the measure adopted by the magistracy of the majority of the counties, in surrendering to the inspector-general their right of appointment, was soon manifested in the improved appearance, description, and discipline of the men selected by the inspector-general, over those of the counties in which the magistrates still retained the right of appointment. There was altogether a great change for the better in the order and cleanliness of their barracks, which before this period were not paid much attention to. But a much more important result was produced by this change of system, and its consequent effect on the discipline of the establishment; namely, *confidence* on the part of the people in general in its members, and which has continued to increase as the discipline of the force has advanced, and all religious distinctions in the selection of its members have disappeared. The consequence is, that from having been an unpopular force, it is now quite the reverse. It is a remarkable fact that, interspersed as the Protestant and Roman Catholics are, in about 1400 barracks all over the kingdom, it is of extremely rare occurrence indeed that any difference has arisen on the score of religion *.

Thus, then, in a national point of view the constabulary force has been, and is, of the greatest advantage to Ireland, whether considered socially or morally.

* We desired to form some estimate of the relative numbers of Protestants and Roman Catholics employed in the force; and found that, in Ulster, there was a greater proportion of the former; but that the latter greatly preponderated in the other provinces. We took, at chance, two returns—one from the Ulster list, the other from that of Munster; and ascertained that in Antrim county, in one district, there were twenty-three Protestants and six Catholics, and in Cork, in one district, twenty-two Catholics and seven Protestants: we believe a nearly similar result would have been exhibited by all the other returns from the north and the south. We inquired from many of the men, of both religions, whether their opposite principles prevented their living in harmony or acting in concert; and were assured that the subject was seldom canvassed among them, and very rarely indeed led to "ill-blood." It is notorious that in the army difference of religion never leads to discord: we rejoiced to find it was the case, also, in this force; and we were thus furnished with another gratifying proof that religious distinctions—as a ground of jealousy or hatred—are growing every day less and less influential in Ireland.

In the first place, it is a comfortable and respectable provision for 10,000 of her natives, who, from the lives which they are obliged to lead, acquire orderly, sober, cleanly, and respectful habits and manners; the prospect, too, of rising by good conduct and intelligence to the rank of officers, is not only an incentive to the former, but has induced the sons of very many highly respectable gentlemen to enter the establishment: and as no person is eligible to enter it who cannot read and write, it has, from this circumstance, effected more towards the education of the people than is perhaps generally known.

The great desire to obtain appointments in the force, and the disgrace attached to a dismissal from it, show the value the people set on a situation in it*.

With respect to the appointment of officers, the present government have made a regulation that no appointment is to be considered *confirmed* until the individual nominated has served a probation of six months to give the inspector-general an opportunity of judging as to his fitness, &c.: this has only reference to original appointments. All *promotions* in the force are made on the recommendation of the inspector-general.†

These arrangements have had a powerful effect in stimulating the force, generally, to an upright, impartial, and zealous performance of their duties, and have diffused an "esprit" through the entire establishment, which did not before exist, and which has added much to its efficiency, as well as to its respectability.

The good temper, forbearance under great provocation, patience under fatigue, and strict impartiality, exhibited by the constabulary at riots, contested elections, and other occasions, have frequently been the subject of just commendation. A stronger proof cannot be adduced to sustain this assertion, than the fact, that it has very rarely occurred, particularly of late years, that a life has been lost in any affair in which the constabulary have been

* The resignations are principally of men who have obtained better situations (members of the force being very much sought for by gentlemen and others requiring steady and efficient servants or assistants) or of men wishing to avoid the disgrace of dismissal.

† The present inspector-general is Colonel Duncan M'Gregor, an officer of great experience derived from services in various parts of the world. It is admitted on all hands, that no man is better calculated to occupy so important a position; and he has succeeded—a task by no means easy—in governing the force without incurring the charge of recognising the existence of any party. Indeed, the great efficacy of the establishment arises to a considerable extent from the fact that its chief officers have been enabled to remove all suspicion of its being biassed by undue motives, and to the respect and esteem in which the inspector-general is universally held. He is emphatically "popular" among all classes. In every instance in which we consulted either the officers or the men, upon the essential point whether they had confidence in their "commander-in-chief," we received but one answer—generally given with a feeling akin to personal affection. Colonel M'Gregor had been known to the world previously to his appointment in Ireland; it was this officer who published an account of the "Loss of the Kent Indiaman by fire, in the Bay of Biscay"—and to whose own share of exertion on the melancholy occasion testimony has been borne by every survivor except himself.

concerned, which is saying much for an *armed body*, or that any member of that body has been brought to trial, or reported, for intemperance in the execution of his duty *.

The duties of the constabulary are multifarious and onerous, and are becoming, every day, more and more so. In fact, whatever is to be done is expected to be performed by it. The constabulary is now the great machine by which almost every measure is worked, and there is no doubt that it is becoming gradually of greater political importance; therefore, the greater care should be taken not to make its members politicians, or to depend on political influence. It should, as much as possible, be kept a distinct body—that is, distinct from all political considerations. Besides the ordinary and more legitimate duties as peace preservers, the constabulary are employed in various ways, which creates, indirectly, a vast saving to the public: for instance, they have been, and continue to be employed under the Poor Law Act, in escorting convicts from all parts of Ireland to Dublin (a duty heretofore performed by the military and county jailers at a very heavy expense); in serving notices under various acts of parliament; and at this moment they are engaged in taking the census of the population. They attend at all large markets, fairs, "patrons," and public meetings within their

* We quote a few passages from the "Introduction to the Rules and Regulations for the Government and guidance of the Constabulary Force." "The Inspector-general is particularly desirous in the outset to impress on every member of the constabulary, from the highest to the lowest, how very incumbent it is on them to act in the discharge of their various duties with the utmost forbearance, mildness, urbanity, and perfect civility towards *all* classes of Her Majesty's subjects; and that upon *no* occasion, or under *any* provocation, should they so forget themselves as to permit their feelings to get the better of their discretion, and conduct themselves rudely or harshly in the performance of their respective offices; for nothing will serve more to create a kindly feeling, and cause the force to be respected and looked up to, than a mild, conciliatory, moral, and decorous line of conduct, and a general readiness on the part of all classes to render kindness or assistance to every member of the community, whilst an opposite course and bearing could only engender in the mind of the public an angry or hostile feeling towards the members of the force, and consequently bring the establishment into disrepute. But, above all, both officers and men are studiously to avoid, in every respect, the most remote appearance of partisanship, or the expression of sectarian or political opinions.

"It is very difficult to make men fully understand the totally new position in which they are placed on becoming members of the force. They become peace officers, and are in an entirely new situation; they are invested with certain powers by law which they must exert with great caution and prudence, and it is most essential that they keep under complete control their private feelings. It is totally inconsistent with the situation in which the law and their office places them that they enter into altercations or squabbles of any kind; if wantonly assaulted they have a legal power to arrest the assailant, or if that be imprudent or impossible at the time, to take proceedings against him afterwards. As to altercation or squabbling, they are altogether inadmissible in a peace officer; he has the power to avoid them, and must do so. There must be two parties in an altercation, and nothing can justify a constable's being one of them, or joining one of them. On all occasions in which men of the force are placed under circumstances tending to create feelings of irritation, they should maintain the utmost self-possession, self-control, and calmness. The position in which the constabulary force is placed makes it particularly desirable that their conduct should be marked by civility, and that they should show kindness, and render assistance, on all occasions when they see proper opportunities for doing so."

respective districts, to preserve order; as well as all assizes, quarter and petty sessions, bankrupt courts, contested elections, &c. They also render essential service on occasion of wrecks, in the recovery of fines and estreated recognizances (now a great source of revenue, but heretofore consumed by the sheriff), and in the check they keep upon illicit distillation, and the suppression of unlicensed houses, which could never be effected, without their aid, by the revenue officers. They are patrolling at all hours of the night; and the knowledge that they are invariably on the alert to detect crime has been naturally efficacious in preventing it.

The latest returns give the actual force at present employed as amounting to 8903, *i. e.*, county inspectors 35, sub-inspectors 217, head constables 258, and constables and sub-constables 8393; independent of the staff, which consists of one inspector-general, two deputy inspectors-general, three provincial inspectors, one receiver, and eighteen paymasters.* There is on an average one policeman (including head constables) to every 1000 of the population throughout Ireland, including the cities and towns, with the exception of Dublin, where a distinct force is employed; and one policeman (including also head constables) for every four square miles throughout the country. We were curious to ascertain, indirectly, the condition of the various counties of Ireland, as exhibited by the amount of the force stationed in each, and looked with some interest through the list that gave its distribution; the result was illustrative of the comparative tranquillity of the north as compared with that of the south—in all the counties except the southern county of Kerry. Thus, in Antrim county there is one policeman to every 1730 inhabitants and every six square miles; in Londonderry county, one to every 2344 inhabitants and every $8\frac{3}{5}$ square miles; in Kerry, one to every 1599 inhabitants and every 10 square miles; in Louth, one to every 272 inhabitants and every $1\frac{7}{8}$ square miles; in the Queen's county, one to every 430 inhabitants and every $1\frac{9}{11}$ square miles; in Cork county, one to every 1178 inhabitants and every $4\frac{4}{5}$ square miles; and in Tipperary county (strongly

* By the 2nd and 3rd Vic. chap. 75, a reserve force of two sub-inspectors, one surgeon, four head constables, and two hundred constables and sub-constables is to be formed in Dublin. A barrack is now building in the Phœnix Park for that body, and for a general depôt for the whole kingdom. The object of the reserve force is to enable the government to reinforce at once any county or place in temporary want of additional aid. At present, if a reinforcement be required, men must be taken from other counties, where perhaps their services can be ill spared; or the county requiring the men must wait until they are trained and equipped: the delay caused thereby is often seriously injurious to the public peace, and in other respects extremely embarrassing to the public service; even the collecting of men from other counties to march on a particular point is attended with great loss of time, and is very expensive,—whereas the reserve can be moved at a moment's notice to any part of Ireland, north or south, by steamers, and inland by canals; and as promptitude is of vast moment in such cases, the importance of this force is manifest.

[illegible] the peace in the district in which the other [illegible] in the northern district one to every 11½ miles and every 1½ square miles: and in the southern district one to every 13½ miles and every 1½ square miles. The number of stations where a sub-inspector is stationed amounts to 220; the number of stations where a party of the force is stationed throughout Ireland amounts to 1451: the number quartered in each being of course dependent upon peculiar circumstances, but averaging generally from five to ten. We insert in a note the "effective strength of the Force in counties, cities, or towns, in 1845;" a trifling addition has since been made to it*.

[illegible] and Towns.	[illegible] Inspectors.			[illegible] Inspectors.				[illegible] Constables.		[illegible]	[illegible] Constables.	
	First Class.	Second Class.	Third Class.	Fourth Class.	First Class.	Second Class.	Third Class.	First Class.	Second Class.		First Class.	Second Class.
Antrim County	—	—	—	—	4	1	1	1	5	26	152	36
Armagh	—	1	—	—	1	1	1	1	5	13	98	13
Carlow	—	1	—	—	1	1	—	1	4	17	77	30
Carrickfergus Town	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	4	—
Cavan County	—	1	—	—	4	1	3	1	8	22	123	32
Clare	—	1	—	—	3	1	4	1	5	45	231	65
Cork, East Riding	—	1	—	1	4	2	2	1	8	41	184	78
Cork, West Riding	—	—	1	1	5	1	1	1	7	25	144	37
Cork, City	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	1	14	75	9
Donegal County	—	1	—	—	2	2	4	1	9	25	183	15
Down	—	1	—	—	4	—	2	1	6	20	107	20
Dublin	1	—	—	1	4	—	1	1	6	34	142	49
Drogheda, Town	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	1	12	—
Fermanagh, County	—	1	—	—	2	—	3	1	4	15	83	13
Galway, East Riding	—	1	—	1	1	2	2	1	6	40	197	48
Ditto, West Riding	—	1	—	—	5	—	3	1	9	26	118	97
Ditto, Town	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	1	4	13	1
Kerry, County	—	1	—	—	1	1	4	1	6	22	111	30
Kildare	—	1	—	—	4	—	1	1	5	35	117	34
Kilkenny	—	1	—	—	3	3	3	1	10	54	263	58
Ditto, City	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	1	2	17	—
King's, County	—	1	—	—	1	3	1	1	4	36	182	43
Leitrim	—	—	1	—	1	2	2	1	5	17	97	18
Limerick	—	—	1	—	2	3	1	—	6	45	221	53
Ditto, City	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	10	43	10
Londonderry, County	—	1	—	—	2	1	1	1	4	10	69	8
Longford	—	—	1	—	—	2	2	1	3	27	147	46
Louth	—	1	—	—	—	2	3	1	5	25	124	32
Mayo	—	—	1	1	5	1	3	1	9	36	194	35
Meath	1	—	—	—	3	1	2	1	7	45	201	66
Monaghan	—	1	—	—	2	1	1	1	4	13	93	40
Queen's	—	—	1	—	3	2	3	1	9	42	226	49
Roscommon	—	—	1	—	3	1	2	1	6	34	160	40
Sligo	—	—	1	—	1	—	4	1	5	23	119	30
Tipperary, North Riding	—	1	—	—	1	3	2	1	6	49	184	94
Ditto, South Riding	—	1	—	—	3	1	3	1	9	60	297	76
Tyrone, County	—	1	—	—	1	1	3	1	5	19	110	19
Waterford	—	1	—	—	1	1	3	1	5	18	103	20
Ditto, City	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	1	8	45	—
Westmeath, County	1	—	—	—	2	1	3	1	6	38	166	68
Wexford	—	1	—	—	3	2	2	1	7	31	178	31
Wicklow	—	1	—	1	2	—	3	1	5	24	110	7
Totals	5	22	8	6	86	47	82	36	220	1092	5510	1451

The cost of the force to the country, and the salaries received by the officers and men employed, are subjects of some interest*.

The expense of 8590 officers and men (the number given by the return for 1840) is £419,142 15*s.* 3½*d.*—including, however, the pay of 56 magistrates, averaging £600 per annum to each; of which £249,946 16*s.* 2½*d.* is paid out of the consolidated fund, and £169,195 19*s.* 1*d.* is the amount borne by counties, cities, and towns. The salaries are, to the Inspector-General £1300, Deputy Inspector-General £1200, second do. £800, Provincial Inspectors each £500, County Inspectors (first, second, and third rate) averaging £260 each; sub-inspectors (first, second, and third rate), averaging £130 each; head constables, first rate £60, second rate £50; mounted constable, £32 7*s.*; constable, £32 7*s*; sub-constable, first rate, £27 14*s.*; second rate, £24. There are, however, sundry allowances, the principal of which are "while attending assizes or quarter sessions, while marching from one county to another; or on any duty causing a necessary absence from home during the night."

* It is to be observed that the counties or cities, &c., are not charged more than one-third of the whole expense. The *staff*, Inspector-General, Deputies, Provincial Inspectors, Receiver, Paymasters, Surgeon, expense of horses, transfer of officers and men, arms, appointments, and ammunition, &c. from one county to another, are all paid out of the *Consolidated Fund*. The stipendiary magistrates are likewise paid —not by the counties, but *out of the Consolidated Fund*. It is also to be remarked, that neither the pay of the officers generally, nor of the men, nor the *number* of officers or head constables, is as high as the Act allows. It is only fair to deduct from the expense of the force the saving created by its efficiency—the reduction of the army to *one half* in Ireland; the escorting of convicts, which used to cost a large sum annually; the indirect saving in the performance of the other duties already noticed, and in various other matters of a minor nature. With respect to the stipendiary magistrates, it may not be out of place to state, that these officers, like all others, *when efficient*, are of the greatest benefit to the community. The unequal and injudicious manner in which counties are divided into petty sessions districts, and the inefficiency in general of the petty sessions clerks, who, from the circumstance of their being paid by *fees*, which induces these functionaries to promote litigation (and not by fixed salaries), prove subjects of very general and just complaint, and demand the special consideration of the government. At present a person living within a quarter of a mile of a petty sessions court, will perhaps have to travel several miles to the petty sessions court of his district, owing to the arrangement referred to. They insure a more punctual holding of Petty Sessions Courts, which was not heretofore the case; for in many districts the poor people have had to come, *week* after *week*, long distances, and at heavy expense, without being able to have their disputes, &c. heard and decided upon, in consequence of the *non-attendance* of the *local magistrates* in such districts: the result was, they were driven to refer their disputes to their Priests, or, in civil matters, to those abominable of all abominable courts, which are a curse to the country—*Manor Courts*.

The pay of the force, including the salaries of the Inspector-General, his deputies, and the Provincial Inspectors, as well as the Receiver and the numerous clerks attached to both the Inspector-General and the Receiver's offices, is about £1600 a year less than that of a corresponding number of troops. At first sight it may appear anomalous that men who are better paid than soldiers should prove on the whole a less expensive force than regular troops; yet upon a careful review of the organisation of the Constabulary force it will be observed that the saving is effected in the officers—the number attached to it not being above half the number of officers for an equal number of men in the army. With respect to clothing, it may be remembered that while the annual price of clothing for the Dublin and London Police as well as the Rural Police of England is said to be from £5 to £7, that of the Constabulary is only £1 19*s.*

We have thus entered at length into this subject, because no measure introduced into Ireland of late years is so calculated to influence the character and condition of the country. That, at present, the system is working well, in all respects, we have the evidence arising from our own very minute inquiries, made in various quarters, and from various classes; as well as the testimony of many persons better enabled, from longer residence in Ireland, to prove safe and satisfactory authorities. We have, in the course of our observations, referred to many circumstances that lead to a conviction of the great practical good arising to the public from the employment of this force—governed and disciplined as it is at present; enabling government to station elsewhere a large body of military, almost indeed to do without a single soldier in Ireland; to introduce habits of order and subordination, as examples and encouragements to the population; to promote education by manifesting its advantages; and, above all, to *exhibit the law as acting for the protection of every class of the community*. Upon this latter point, we would lay especial stress. A few years ago, the feeling was almost universal among "the people" that justice was within the reach of but a privileged few, and that the primary, if not the exclusive, duty, of all persons in the service of the law, was to protect the rich from the encroachments of the poor. Unhappily, this opinion was not entirely imaginative; for centuries, the aristocracy failed, either from disinclination or want of sympathy, thoroughly to mix themselves with the people; the former were for the most part of English descent, and the latter the aboriginal Irish; and it was the policy of England to strengthen rather than to remove the barriers that kept the two distinct and apart. The one class had entire confidence in the power and will of the law; the other class depended mainly on themselves—on their banding together to resist aggression, not unfrequently to become aggressors. Hence, a most unhappy state of things, which, having endured for ages, is only now undergoing a change. The dregs of the noxious draught still remain. But the people generally have learned to respect the law, and to look to it for protection and not oppression. The existing "Constabulary," created by themselves and of themselves, has their CONFIDENCE; which, until within the last few years, was never given to any force employed by government. We have not formed this opinion without instituting the closest inquiries. We derive it from consultations with persons of all parties and all stations—but, more particularly, from the small farmers and working men, the least likely to be biassed in its favour. We do not, therefore, hesitate to assert that a better Constabulary never existed in any country; and that for every additional man appointed to it, two soldiers may be safely removed from Ireland.

It seems not unnatural that some account of the ancient distinguishing characteristic of Ireland—"The Faction Fights"—should follow our notice of the Constabulary force; for we are mainly indebted to that body for their extinction as a national reproach. Their history belongs to OLD Ireland; for, of late years, their occurrence has been very rare; and since the establishment of Temperance they have been made to appear in the eyes of the peasantry as revolting as they were formerly exciting. Previously to the prevalence of sobriety, however, they had "gone out of fashion;" murder having for some time ceased to be a necessary epilogue to a fair. A primary instruction to the Constabulary—keeping carefully in view the principle of "taking off the match before the shell explodes"—thus refers to the subject:—

"The law defines that three persons in a state of quarrel constitute a "riot," and they or any of them, may be indicted accordingly, upon the evidence of one or more credible witness or witnesses, although the rioters themselves may not lodge informations against or prosecute each other: and therefore it becomes a paramount duty of the force not only to suppress all riots, but also to identify and lodge informations against rioters, in order to vindicate the law, and to neutralize any arrangement or compromise which might be entered into by such rioters.

"Officers in charge of districts are to keep exact memoranda of the dates of all fairs, markets, races, and other periodical meetings, in their several districts, and are to attend at such meetings with a sufficient force for the preservation of the peace; and in the event of any breach of it occurring, it will depend upon the officer's discretion and firmness, the strength of his party, and the several circumstances of the case, whether the rioters are to be arrested, *or merely identified so that they may be afterwards brought to justice.*"

It was the clause we have marked in italics that settled the matter; for although in the heat of a fight, the Factions would have despised the Police, and both, probably, (as they often did,) have postponed their own affair to beat the common enemy, this "identifying" for after punishment was a plan they could not contrive to overreach. The Constabulary were everywhere; it was almost impossible for a contest to take place without their knowledge; and they were invariably upon the spot—to "identify." The natural consequence was that the system gradually vanished; and Temperance effectually—and for ever—destroyed it.

It is unquestionable that it originated in a want of popular confidence in the administration of the law; and it is equally certain that the endeavours of the Police to put an end to it—although at first facilitated by the dread of punishment—were greatly assisted by a growing consciousness that the law was now administered, not for public oppression, but for public protection. When the peasant became satisfied that his wrongs were assured of redress, and that satisfaction for either insult or injury was to be had at all times, it was comparatively easy to induce him to abstain from "taking the law into his own hands" and fighting out a quarrel.

Quarrels descended from father to son. There was scarcely a district in Ireland that did not recognise some hereditary dispute; and it became a sort of duty for a member of one family to insult the member of another family, whenever they chanced to meet. Every relation of each, no matter how distant, was expected to "stand by his faction;" and times and places were regularly appointed where they might meet to "fight it out;" the majority of the combatants in nine cases out of ten being utterly ignorant what they were fighting for, and the leaders being very seldom acquainted with the original cause of the quarrel.

The magistrates were, generally, totally unable to interrupt a fight when it had begun, and usually failed to prevent it after the arrangements for it had been made; and we have more than once seen a parish priest—respected and beloved by his flock—labouring as vainly to establish peace among them as if he talked to so many stocks or stones.

Many years have passed since we witnessed one of those disgusting scenes. Unhappily, with their brutality and cruelty was frequently mixed up so much fun and humour and physical courage, that their revolting character was not immediately perceptible, although generosity was a rare ingredient in a fight, and women too frequently mingled in it. We must observe, however, that, in the most ferocious encounter, a woman was seldom struck—we might almost go the length of saying, never—except by accident. We recollect seeing one of "the gentler sex" striking right and left with a terrific weapon —a huge stone in a stocking-foot—and noting several men knocked down by her blows without either of them aiming at her a single one in return. It used to amaze us that more lives were not lost in such contests; but a man was frequently saved in consequence of the number of his adversaries, all beating at him with their sticks, which generally interfered so much with each other that few of the blows reached him. We call to mind one fair in particular; it took place in the vicinity of Ballydehob, about thirty miles west of the county of Cork, and at a time when there was little dread of interruption. We shall endeavour to describe it—briefly, however, for the subject is not pleasant, and, now, cannot be useful—with the "introductory scene" which the artist has pictured from our description. Towards the afternoon of a fine spring day, the rival factions began to assemble—each armed with his stout shillalah*. The leaders parleyed somewhat before they began—not a very

* The shillalah derives its name from a famous wood, near Arklow in the county of Wicklow, where the best oaks and black thorns were grown. It was generally about three feet long: sometimes a smaller one was used, called "a Kippeen," or "Cla' alpeen;" and occasionally one of eight or ten feet long, called "a wattle." The peasantry were very choice in the selection of their national weapon, and especially careful in

frequent course; they were surrounded by women and children; and an old hag seemed determined there should be no chance of peace, for she rated one of them with the term "coward." Actual hostilities were, however, commenced by a huge fellow running through the crowd and stopping before each man of the opposite party, whom he greeted with the foul phrase "liar:" his purpose was soon answered; one, less patient than the rest, struck him a blow; their sticks were crossed, and in a moment hundreds had joined the mêlée. They fought for above an hour—and, at length, one party was beaten off the field. But, in truth, we can do little good by entering into minute explanations of a scene so revolting; and we shall prefer leaving them to the reader's fancy; communicating the attendant consequences in the less disagreeable form of a story; telling it, however, as nearly as we can call them to mind, in the very words in which we heard it; and so carrying out our plan of varying dry details by the introduction of matter more attractive.

"The faction fights, plaze your honours," said an intelligent countryman when spoken to by us on the subject, "the faction fights are a'most, and maybe more than a'most, gone off the face of the country. The boys are beginning to talk about them as things they have seen—like a show or a giant. We ask each other how we were ever drawn into them, what brought them about; and the one answer to that, is—Whisky!—No gun will go off until it is *primed*, and sure whisky was the priming. That made more orphans and widows than the fever or starvation. Thanks be to God, if death come upon us now, it is by the Lord's will, and not our own act."

It was encouraging to hear such a remark from one of "the people;" and this was by no means a solitary instance.

its preparation after it was cut. Sometimes it was tempered in a dung-heap; at others in slack lime; but the more usual mode was to rub it over repeatedly with butter, and place it "up the chimney," where it was left for a period of several months. We have in our possession one that we have pretty good evidence had been actively engaged in every fair in the neighbourhood for above twenty years, and at length came into the hands of a magistrate, from whom we received it, in consequence of its owner having been transported for manslaughter at a fight.

The man had, he confessed, many a time when a mere child, incited by the example of the faction to whom his parents belonged, nerved his little arms to cast heavy stones into the mêlée, not caring how or where they fell. We usen't to mind *a bit of a shindy in those times:* if a boy was killed, why we said it was "his luck," and that it couldn't be helped; if a fellow trailed his coat over the fair green and *dared* any one to stand a foot on it, we enjoyed the fight that was sure to follow, and never thought or cared how it would end. Sure I remember my own brother—and now since he's been a Temperance man, he hasn't raised a finger in anger to any living creature—sure I mind him well, *feeling the tents for heads*, and when he'd get one to his liking, giving it first a good rap, and then calling on the owner to come out and fight him; sure he'd never have done that but for the whisky." "Ah," he continued, "that was a foolish *divarshin*, but there was no *heart* bitterness with it; nothing to *lay heavy* to the end of one's days. But the faction fights war the bitterest of all—black hatred descending from father to son, against the opposite faction, as if poor Ireland hadn't enough enemies without turning—worse than a wild beast—to murder and destroy her own flesh and blood. Now there's a poor woman," he said, pointing to a pale patient-looking person who sat knitting at her cottage door; "there's a poor creature! Mrs. Lawler knows what factions come to, and so she ought; she'll tell the lady her story and welcome, if she has any curosity to hear it. Good morrow-morning to you, Mrs. Lawler, and how's your girleen ma'am? the lady would be glad to rest while the gentleman and I get up the far hill; and you have always a welcome, like your people before you, for the stranger."

"Kindly welcome," said the widow. "Mary, dust the chair, avourneen."

The cabin was clean and neat, and bearing no evidence of the presence of that sad poverty we had so frequently seen, though it did not dim the smile or lessen the welcome—nor was it difficult to lead the widow to the story of sorrows, which, however softened by time, were ever uppermost in her mind.

"My mother and myself were widowed by factions—plase God my little girl won't have the same tale to tell, for the Connels and the Lawlers might put salt to each other's potatoes without fear of fighting, now. It was a shocking thing to see the arm of brother raised against brother, only because as battle and murder war in the hearts of their forefathers they must be continued in their own."

"I was born a Connel, and almost the first thing I learned was to hate a Lawler, from the lip out; and yet hard fortune was before me, for the very first passion my heart felt, was the same love it feels still, for a Lawler; it has known no change, though it has known sorrow; the first knowledge I had of

the wild beatings of my own heart was when I saw that girl's father. Ah yah! it has beat with joy and terror often; but the love for my first love, and my last, was always one; and now, when all is past and gone, and that you, Mark Lawler, are in your green, quiet, grave, I am prouder to have been the choice of your own fine noble spirit, than if I was made this moment the queen of all Ireland's ground. O, lady! if you could have seen him! 'Norah,' said my father to me, and I winnowing at our barn-door with the servant-maid, 'Norah, keep your eyes on the grain, and not after the chaff, and don't raise them above the hedge, for there's many a Lawler will be passing the road this day on account of the fair, and I don't wish a child of mine to notice them, or to be noticed by them.' I intended to do his bidding, and whenever I heard a horse, or the voices of strangers coming down the boreen, I kept my eyes on the grain, and let the chaff fly at its pleasure, until a dog broke through the hedge, and attacked a little beast of my own; so as soon as that came to pass, I let the sieve fall, to catch my own little dog in my arms; there was no need for that, for HE was over the hedge, lighter and brighter than a sunbeam. Ah, then, I wonder is love as quick at taking in all countries as it is here? Mark Lawler didn't speak ten words, nor I two; and yet from that out—under the bames of the moon, or the sun, in the open field, or in the crowd, it was all one; no one but Mark Lawler was in my mind. I knew he was a Lawler by his eyes, and well he knew I was a Connel; but the love would have little of boy and girl love in it, that would heed a faction. We, who had never met till that moment, could never go astray in the fields without meeting after. Ah! Mary," she continued, addressing her daughter, and yet, in her simplicity, quite forgetting she had been proving the uselessness of precept by her own confession; "ah, Mary dear, if ye feel yer heart soften towards a young man, keep out of his way intirely, avourneen; have nothing to say to him, don't drive your cow the same road he walks, nor draw water from the same well, nor go to the same chapel, Mary, barrin you have no other to go to: there's a deal of mischief in the chapel, dear, because you think in your innocence you're giving your thoughts to God, and all the time, maybe, it's to an idol of your own making, my darling child, they'd be going; sure your mother's sorrow ought to be a warning, avourneen!"

"Yes, mother," replied the blue-eyed girl, meekly.

"Well, lady, my poor father thought I grew very attentive intirely to the young lambs, and watchful over the flax; but at last some of the Connels whispered how it was, that Mark Lawler met his child unknownst; and he questioned me, and I told the truth, how I had given my heart out of my bosom, and I fell at his feet, and cried salt and bitter tears until they dropped

upon the ground he stood on ; and seeing his heart was turning to iron, I, who had ever been like a willow in his hand, roused myself, and challenged him to say a word to Mark's disadvantage ; I said he was sober, honest, industrious, and my father was struck with the *strength of the heart* I took, and listened, until at last he made answer, that if a saint from heaven came down, and was a Lawler, he would not give him a drop of water to wet his lips. He threatened me with his curse if I kept true in my love, and thought to settle the thing out of hand by marrying me to my own second cousin ; but that I wouldn't hear to ; God knows I did not mean to cross him, but what could I do ? Mark sent to ask me to bid him farewell, or his heart would break ; I thought there could be no harm in blessing him, and telling him to think of me no more. Mary, avourneen," she said, again addressing her daughter, " If ye really want to break off at once with a young man, take warning by me."

" Yes, mother," was again Mary's gentle reply.

" At that meeting we agreed to meet again ; and so we did, until we got a priest to make us one. At first I was happy as a young bird ; but soon my heart felt crushed, for I had to carry two faces. My father was more bitter than ever against the Lawlers ; and my brother, ' Dark Connel,' as he was called, more cruel than my father. At last I was forced to own that I was married. I watched the time when my brother was away ; for one storm was as much as I could bear. My father cast me like a dog from the hearth I had played on when a child ; in his fury he knelt to curse me, but my mother *held a gospel against his lips ;* so I was saved his curse. The arms of a loving husband were open for me ; and until the Midsummer fair I thought my happiness was sure ; I worked hard to keep Mark from it, for the factions were sure to meet there ; he swore to me that he would not raise a finger against my father or brother, nor let a drop of spirits pass his lips. I walked with him a piece of the way, and I thought all pleasure in sight left my eyes when he waved the last wave of his hat on the top of the hill. As I was turning into our own field, a lark was rising above its nest, singing its glory to the heavens in its sweet voice, when a shot from the gun of one of those *squireens* who are thick among the leaves as spiders' webs, struck the bird, and it fell quivering and bleeding close to where I knew its nest was in the corn. I opened the bending grain to see if I could find it ; it was lying quite dead, and its poor mate standing close by. The lark is a timid thing, but she never minded me, and my heart felt so sick, that I went into my house crying bitterly.

" I could not rest ; I thought in a few hours I might be like that innocent bird ; and taking my cloak about me, I walked on, and on, until I came in sight of the fair green. It was a woeful sight to me—the shouts of the

showmen, the scream of the sellers, the lowing of cattle and bleating of sheep, were all mixed together—while the yell of the factions, every now and again, drowned everything in its horrid sound. I knew my own father's voice as he shouted 'Hurroo for the Connels—down with the Lawlers.' I saw him standing before Mark, aggravating him. My husband's hands were clenched, and he kept his arms close by his side that he might not strike. I prayed that God might keep him in that mind, and flew towards them. Just as I dropped on my knees by his side, he had raised his arm—not against

my father, but against my brother, who had drawn the old man back; and there they stood face to face—the two young heads of the old factions—blows were exchanged, for Mark had been aggravated beyond all bearing; and I was trying to force myself between them, when I saw my father stretched upon the green, in the very hour and act of revenge and sin. It was by a blow from a Lawler—the old man never spoke another word—and the suddenness of his death (for he was liked by the one and hated by the other) struck a terror in them all—the sticks fell to their sides—and the great storm of oaths and voices sunk into a murmur while they looked on the dying man.

"Oh! bitter, heart bitter, was my sorrow. I shrouded my father with my arms, but he didn't feel me; the feeling had left his limbs, and the light his eyes; however hard his words had been, the knowledge that I was fatherless,

and my mother a widow, made me forget them all! While some of the neighbours ran for a priest, and others raised *the cry*, my brother—*darker* than ever I had seen him—fell upon his knees, and dipping his hand in the warm blood that poured from the old man's wounds, held it up in the sight of the Connels. 'Boys,' he shouted, and his voice was like the howl of a wild beast—'Boys! by this blood I swear, never to make peace till the hour of my death with one of the name who have done this, but to hackle and rive, and destroy all belonging to the Lawlers.'

"And the women who war about me cried out at my brother, and said, sure his sister was a Connel; but he looked at me worse than if I was a sarpent, and resting his hand—wet as it was—upon my head, turned away, saying, '*She is marked with her father's blood in the sight of the people.*'

"I thought I should have died, and when I came to myself I found I was in a poor woman's cabin, as good as half-way home, with two or three of the neighbours about me; and my husband, the very *moral* of a broken heart, by my side. 'Avourneen gra!' he said, striving to keep down the workings of his heart; 'Avourneen gra! I had no hand in it at all. God knows I wouldn't have hurt a hair of his white head.' I knew it was the truth he was telling, yet somehow the words of my brother clung about me—*I was marked with my father's blood.*

And the Connels put the old man's corpse upon a cart, and laid a clean

white cloth over it; and carried him past my own little place—keening over it and cursing the hand that gave him his death: hundreds of the neighbours

mixed with my own people, my widowed mother and my dark brother following; and so they passed by our door; for miles along the road I could hear the loud scream of the mother that bore me high above the voices of all the rest. Oh! it was a horrid sound and a horrid sight!

"His death was talked of far and near; the magistrates set to putting down the factions, and the priest gave out from the altar, Sunday after Sunday, such commands, that, without flying in his reverence's face, they could not keep on at the fights in public; every innocent diversion through the country was stopped on their account; but though there was outward peace, yet day after day I was followed by the spirit of my brother's words; the world wouldn't put it out of his head, that Mark struck the mortal blow, and he turned his ear from me, and from his own mother, and would not believe the truth.

"For as good as two years, the husband, whose life was the life-beat of my worn-out heart, seldom left the cabin without my thinking he would never come back. I'd wait till he was a few yards from the door, and then steal out to watch him till he was out of sight. At ploughing, or haymaking, or reaping, his whistle would come over the little hill to me, while I sat at my wheel, as clear as a blackbird's; and if it stopped but for a minute, my heart would sink like death; and it's to the door I'd be. If I woke in the night, I could not go to sleep again without my arm across his shoulder to feel that he was safe; and my first and last prayer to the Almighty, night and morning, was for him.

"My brother was very fond of children, and though he had gone to live at the other side of the parish, I managed to meet him one evening and place little Mary before him; but his face darkened so over the child, that I was afraid *she might be struck* with an evil eye, and, making the sign of the cross on her, I covered her from his sight with my cloak: after that, I knew nothing would turn his hatred, except the grace of God; and though I wished that he might have it, whenever I tried to pray for it for him, *my blood turned cold.* I've often thought," she continued, after a pause, "what a blessing it is, that we have no knowledge of the sorrow we're born to; for if we had, we could not bear life. *I had that knowledge*; Mark never smiled on me that I did not *feel my flesh creep*, lest it should be his last. He'd tell sometimes of how things were mending, how there was much bitterness going out of the country; and though there was no talk of temperance then, he saw plain enough, that if men would keep from whisky they'd forget to be angry. And every minute, even while I trembled for the life of his body, the peace and love that was in him made me easy as to the life of his soul. At last I persuaded him to leave the country; a new hope came to me, strong and

bright, and I thought we might get away to America, and that, maybe, then he'd have a chance of living all the days that were allotted at his birth. I did not tell him that, but having got his consent, I worked night and day to get off: it was all settled; the day fixed; and none of the neighbours, barring one or two of the Lawlers, knew it, and I knew my brother would not hear it from them; and then my mother lived with him. The evening before the day was come, that time to-morrow we were to be on ship-board. 'I'll go,' says my husband, 'I'll go to the priest this evening, who christened, confirmed, and married me, and who knows all that was in me from the time I was born; his blessing will be a guard over us, and we'll go together to his knee.'

"We went; and though the parting was sad, it was sweet: we walked homewards—both our hearts full. At last Mark said, that only for me he'd never have thought of leaving the old sod; but, maybe, it would be for the best. I opened my mind to him then *intirely, and owned more than ever I had done before;* how the dread of the factions had disturbed me day and night; though I did not tell him how *my father's blood had been laid on me by own brother.* He laughed at me—his gay wild laugh—and said he hoped my trouble was gone like the winter's snow. Now, this is a simple thing, and yet it always struck me as mighty strange intirely; we were walking through a field, and, God help me, it was a weak woman's fancy, but I never thought any harm could come to him when I was with him, and all of a sudden—started, maybe, at his laugh—a lark sprung up at our feet; we both watched it, stopped to watch it, about three yards from the ditch, and while it was yet clear in sight, a whiz—a flash as of lightning—the sound of death—and my husband was a corpse at my feet."

The poor woman flung her apron over her face to conceal her agitation, while she sobbed bitterly. "The spirit of the factions," she continued, "was

in that fatal shot. Oh that he, my blessing and my pride, should have been struck in the hour of hope! Oh, Mark! Mark! long ago you, that I loved so well, were turned into clay—many a long day ago; and still I think when I sit on your green grass grave, I can hear your voice telling me of your happiness; the heart of the youngest maid was not more free from spot than yours, my own darling! And to think that one of my own blood should have taken you from my side. Oh, then it was I who felt the curse of blood!"

"And was it—was it?" we would have asked, "was it your brother?"

"Whisht!" she whispered, "Whisht, avourneen, whisht! *he's in his grave, too—though I didn't inform—I left him to God.* When I came to myself, the place around—the very sky where the lark and his soul had mounted together—looked dismal, *but not so dark as the dark-faced man who did it:* he had no power to leave the spot; he was fixed there; something he said about his father and revenge. God help me! sure we war nursed at the same breast. *No one knew it but me;* so I left him to God—I left him to God! And he withered, lady! he withered off the face of the earth—withered, my mother told me, away, away—he was *eat to death by his conscience!* Oh, who would think a faction could end in such crime as that!"

"Ah! people who live among the flowers of the earth know little of the happiness I have in taking my child, and sitting beside her on her father's grave; and as month afther month goes by, *I can't but feel I'm all the sooner to be with him!*" When she said this, it was impossible not to feel for her daughter; the poor girl cast such a piteous look upon her mother, and at last, unable to control herself, flung her arms tightly round her neck, as though she would keep her there for ever.

Again and again did her mother return her caresses—murmuring, "My colleen-das will never be widowed by faction now; the spirit is all gone, praise be to the Lord: and so I tell *him* when I sit upon his grave."

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